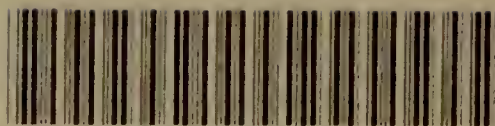


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OF LIFE

ELIZABETH HAMILTON-MUNCIE

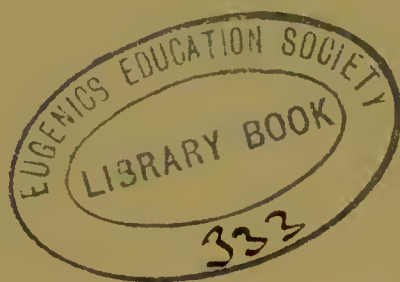


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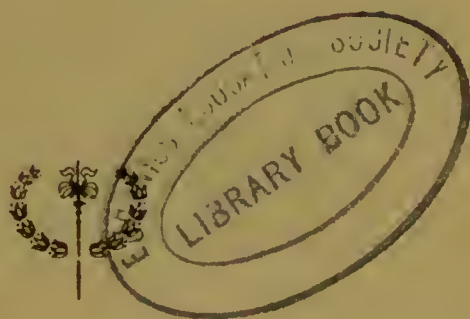


Cordially yours  
Elizabeth H. Muncie

# Four Epochs of Life

By

ELIZABETH HAMILTON-MUNCIE, M. D., PH. M.



[3rd ed.]

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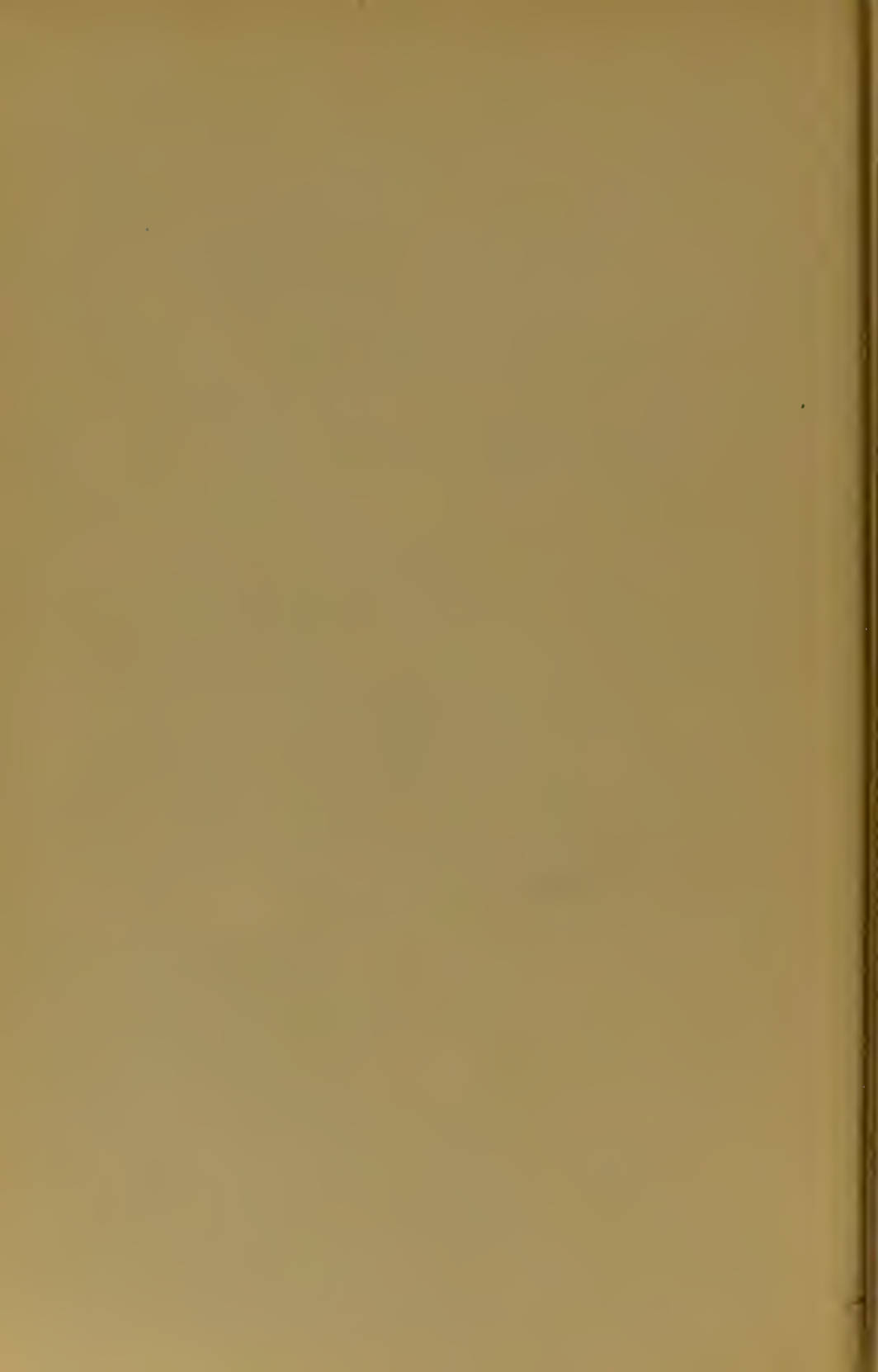
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## Dedicated to

Those parents who long to teach their children true principles of life; to young men and women whose love, consummated by marriage, should lead to life-long honey-moon; to the boys and girls before whom Life's wonderland is opening; and to my husband and my children, who, next to God, have been my counsellors and strength.



## Introduction

**I**T is a lamentable fact that ignorance is permitted to abound regarding the most important facts of life. A certain prudishness wrongly called modesty, has prevented the discussion of the problems of creation. Previous attempts to present the matter have failed in some particulars, but our author has approached the delicate subject in a masterful manner. This book will iron out the wrinkles now furrowing many a parental brow. The fondest mother may place this volume in the hands of her son or daughter, confident that the supreme facts of life will be properly presented to the developing mind.

The beautiful story has been so charmingly told that it must fascinate every reader. Not a trace of vulgarity, crudeness, or coarseness is to be found in its pages. Neither is it sentimental, soft, or repellent in the opposite direction. Our author has steered a middle course and taken her ship into harbor without jar or shock. All who read this book will be given exact information and, at the same time, be uplifted morally and mentally. It will give courage to the expectant mother, relieve the puzzled parent, and properly answer the wonderings of youthful minds.

Dr. Muncie has sustained her reputation for attractive speech and facile pen. Her latest work deserves the highest compliment and this, of course, is nothing short of repeated editions. We offer our sincere con-

gratulations to Dr. Muncie and at the same time, in the name of our common profession, thank her for giving us a volume which can be commended to our patrons.

ROYAL S. COPELAND.

New York Homoeopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital, Central Park West, New York City.



## Introduction

**T**HERE are no subjects which more vitally concern all the sacred interests of our life than those which are dealt with in the winsome story of this book. The relation of young men and young women before marriage; a white, clean life as the condition of marriage, and that white life as imperatively demanded of the man as of the woman; the sacredness of the marriage relation, so sacred that it demands protection against all unclean and licentious living; a supreme and permanent affection between two as the bond of marriage. These and kindred topics are treated in this book with such candor and skill as to rebuke all uncleanness and inspire purity. A reading of the book will compel to the conclusions that when the fire of honor in any heart is put out it cannot be kindled at a blazing family fireside, that the skeleton soul of the man who shivers through the ways of vice cannot be warmed before any future hearthstone, that the leper puts out his own family fire. These are conclusions which the youth need to have forced upon them.

The central theme of the book is one that has received but little attention from those who are competent to deal with it. Books have been written on the sex-life which, while not evil in their intention, yet have done more harm than good. They have not been frank and candid in dealing with the subject and so

have awakened or ministered to a prurient curiosity. The present volume indulges no mysteries and resorts to no disguises. It is ingenuous and deals with the subject in a most natural way. And yet there is not a crude or suggestive line in all its pages. The fine and refined tone and spirit of the author dominates the book.

Doubtless because of the delicacy of the subject, children are not informed by their parents of the vital facts of sex-life which they should know and which they have the right to know. Too often such knowledge as children do acquire of the facts of life's mysteries comes from those who are incompetent, either through ignorance or viciousness, to give it. This volume will fulfil an important, though indirect mission, in accenting the fact that mothers should inform their children on these delicate but vital subjects. No mother can read the chapters which relate how Dr. Ruth Lyon led her children to the knowledge of the secrets of their own life by unfolding to them the life mysteries of plants, fishes and birds, without being impelled to unfold the sacred mysteries which sometime will be unfolded to her child. The mother should unveil these mysteries. The task is too delicate and too sacred to be entrusted to other hands. It is the mother heart that speaks all through this book though the speech is recorded through the pen of a scientist.

The volume is timely. The development of the age demands it. The deep needs of our life demand it. It meets these demands and it meets them admirably. I have read the advance sheets of the volume and most earnestly commend it to parents and to all others who are interested in child life and its development.

The book is not a mere theoretical discussion of the vital subject so fascinatingly presented. It is a record of the conclusions of an expert. The author is a successful physician and a broad student of life.

There is no "preaching" in the book, but one cannot read it without a growing reverence for life and for its Divine Creator. The book will do more than correct evil. It will inspire good. It is not negative in a single line. It inspires purity of thought, nobility of purpose and energizes the whole being with the forces of purity and nobility.

Young people will read the book. Its great message is told in a fascinating story that holds the interest from the beginning to the end. While interested in the story the reader learns facts which may protect him against the evils on which many have fallen.

This charming book is full of good things winningly expressed. Parents will find it a valuable book for their children. It will be a golden possession for young people and it cannot fail to affect for good their after lives.

J. F. CARSON.

Central Presbyterian Church,  
Brooklyn, New York.

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## Preface

**T**HE suggestion of incorporating, in story form, modern scientific ideas concerning the most sacred things of life, in a manner that should help parents,—the natural guardians of the child,—to themselves teach their own children, was first brought to the author's mind through Dr. Mara Pratt-Chadwick.

The work has been a gradual development from ideas first set in motion by the indignation aroused in early childhood at the oft-recurring expression of her elders, "You must not, because you are a girl." The child heart rebelled at such injustice; for if a girl could throw a ball or whistle better than her brother, why shouldn't she?

Early in life, the writer assumed charge of some sixty children, and the importance of teaching them certain plain facts about themselves was impressed upon her mind and heart; but very soon she came to the conclusion, also, that the parents themselves needed teaching.

Attaining womanhood and motherhood, she learned from observation of her own children the great need of individualization in child training, and this conclusion was emphasized by the recollection of her own home and school life.

Over and over again, after having embarked upon her professional career, she saw how urgent was the need for proper teaching on the all-important question

of the relations of the sexes; for she was soon brought face to face with many heart-breaking physical and moral calamities which were evidently due to ignorance.

Casting about to find a way of prevention and escape, she saw that the fatal lie "Man's physical necessity" had led to license and false liberty, and held the key to the whole situation. It was plain, therefore, that the door of "two codes of morals" for men and women must be knocked down, exposing to full view the hideousness of the sexual vices that have secretly ruined countless homes and cursed innocent souls for generations.

In teaching youth the natural and sacred uses of being is one and a most natural and important open door to a solution of the problem. This preparatory work must be going forward while virile and vigilant effort should be made toward Legislative enactment, not only to obtain compulsory educational laws, but laws that also demand certificates of health before a marriage license shall be granted, the reporting of venereal diseases and, the destruction of the "White Slave" traffic and licensed prostitution.

Then will each man and woman's sin be his own responsibility, and not condoned by a Law that, in the very nature of it, adds liberty to license.

The writer cannot be true or logical and avoid the unpleasant side of this momentous question. Had we no prudishness and false ideas to face, born, as they are, of the guilt and shamefacedness of past generations, the statement of these facts would not be needed.

As it is,—parents cannot be aroused to their responsibility to their children until the veil of carnal security

is drawn, exposing to their view the hideous and increasing dangers to which their boys and girls, and all young men and women, are exposed.

Ignorance of a crime leads to an assumption that it does not exist. We cannot afford to turn our backs on an evil when knowledge will lead to the making of an effort to abolish it.

While this is necessary,—the writer has sought to hold above it all, and in strong contrast to it, the exalted privilege of parenthood, the glorious gift and power of motherhood, the energy and achievement of reserved creative force,—that to all humanity is given the power to be a creator, and therefore, from this marvelous power within, has sprung every great invention or glorious accomplishment of every nation and every age.

Therefore, her hope for this book is that all ages shall read and be led to dwell upon the best, and desire only the highest in life; and, also, that they shall see not only the ideal, but how to reach it.

Many of her friends, and others, among whom should be mentioned Dr. Mary Wood-Allen, have for years applied these principles in their own and other homes; watching the results, and learning therefrom that many may thus be saved from countless ills.

For eighteen years the author has dealt with humanity in its various phases of chronic body, soul and spirit sickness. She now sends forth this volume with the hope that it shall not only be the means of helping many young men and women to happy home making, but that it shall also have a part in arousing public opinion to the point of demanding sex teaching in our schools, by legislative enactment, if need be, and the



compulsory reporting of venereal disease, as tuberculosis and infectious diseases are now reported to Health Boards. While the latter may result in death, the former contaminates, in greater or less degree, the innocent and unsuspecting, and is a far greater curse to civilization.

With the exaltation of motherhood, and of woman to her rightful place, must come the knowledge that will save her and her babes from contamination; for knowledge will lead her to demand purity for purity in the future father of her children, and he will give it.

Parents must be freed from all false modesty, and helped to teach their children truths that should enable them to grow up pure and strong. This knowledge must be imparted in such a way that it will be impossible for the child not to understand, yet at the same time great care should be taken to avoid the shocks and surprises to which those who gain their knowledge from thoughtless companions are subjected, and to instruct so naturally that, in later life, the child will hardly be able to recall when first it became aware of the laws of procreation.

It is with these thoughts in mind that this book has been written. And yet it is not a treatise, but a story,—and a story which may be in great measure true of the thoughtful young men and women who may read it.

To Dr. Mara Pratt-Chadwick, who for many years has beautifully and tactfully taught these matters in various schools of the country, the writer is largely indebted for the Nature Stories, and also for frequent inspiration during the efforts she has made to give to the world a book that can be easily read by youth, and will

be of interest to all ages; while teaching truth on the avoided subjects dealt with in its pages.

Her task is finished. No claim is made to literary art. It is not for this the book was written; but just that it might bear a blessing to humanity. God grant it may.

E. H.-M.

Brooklyn Borough, New York.

# Four Epochs of Life

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## CHAPTER I

### THE QUESTION AND THE ANSWER

**R**UTH CURTIS and Robert Lyon were graduates of the same medical college, and having drifted from the mere acquaintanceship of classmates and fellow students into friendship, respect and love, they were contemplating marriage, the complex social problems of the day, and the financial difficulties of the would-be founders of a home.

The question of their serious discussions was,—“Shall we marry now, upon our present meagre income, supporting and inspiring each other through a period of financial sacrifice and struggle, or, shall we live apart—lonely and homeless,—till we have saved enough to found a home in comfort?”

In their dilemma they consulted Ruth's aunt Mehetabel, an eccentric old lady who was very fond of the two young people, but was given to terseness and to cynicism and inclined to throw cold water upon new ideas.

“If you were two men or two women,” she replied, “you could open an office together and work up a good practice,—maybe.”

Dr. Lyon made a wry face for answer.

"If we were both of the same sex," said Ruth, "we would not be lovers," womanlike allowing her heart to speak first. "You are as encouraging as the friends who ask me, 'Why do you marry a poor, struggling young physician?' People certainly are quick to hold the mirror up that we may see the stern realities of life."

Dr. Lyon laughed. "That's nothing, Ruth. All my male friends and relatives seem over-solicitous for me just now, wondering why I burden myself with a family so soon."

"Well," said Ruth earnestly, "we have reckoned the cost over and over again. We have priced desirable apartments and furniture. We have consulted with Aunt Mehetabel regarding 'the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker.' We have compared estimates with your expenses in your bachelor quarters at the hotel; and what is the result?"

"That two people are going to live for each other, and for the betterment of mankind," said Dr. Lyon. "We will rent the pretty first floor we saw opposite the park,—an ideal location for a physician,—hire a maid who can also serve as an office attendant when necessary, combine our meagre incomes, and work together. It will be no more expensive than our present separate maintenance."

"True," admitted Aunt Mehetabel, who had been listening intently, "provided that Ruth becomes any kind of a manager, and no children arrive; but you cannot lay up money and build a home with children dragging you down." Aunt Mehetabel glanced fiercely at Dr. Lyon, for he was a man, a species typical, to such

women as she, of devouring wolves. In these later years of her life, with youth far in the background, she made no exceptions.

"I see no reason why there should be children, until we are ready to welcome them," said Dr. Lyon quietly.

"You know, of course, that I do not approve of Ruth marrying," continued Aunt Mehetabel. "In the first place I objected to her studying medicine; but now that she has had her way in that, I feel that she should stick to her profession. Medical women, to my mind, are unfit for home-makers. I do not see, Ruth, how you are going to keep house and practise medicine at the same time." The old lady looked severely at her niece, as if she thought her words unanswerable.

Ruth smiled. "I fancy that for a year or so, Auntie, my practice will not be overwhelming. If I have my definite office hours, they should consume no more time than the average woman gives to social gossip and bridge whist."

"Really it seems to me," Dr. Lyon interposed, "that a woman could have no better training for the fulfilment of her duties of wife and mother than the study and practice of medicine. Young women are trained and fitted for every position in the economy of life but that of wife and mother. One would suppose that they were mysteriously endowed by intuition for maternity and its responsibilities. And what is the result? Misery and misunderstanding between husbands and wives, and a large percentage of neglect, sickness, suffering, and non-development of children born into the world."

"I see it is useless to object, or to discuss the matter longer," said Aunt Mehetabel with an air of martyr-



dom, taking up the lace on which she had been at work.

After bidding the quaint old lady good-bye, Ruth and Robert, still filled with the home-making spirit, crossed the campus together.

"Your aunt makes me feel cranky," exclaimed Robert, after walking for a time in silence.

"Oh, don't mind her," replied Ruth merrily. "Why, don't you know, 'her bark is worse than her bite,' and that very lace upon which she is straining her dear old eyes is a wedding gift for me?"

The result of all their questioning and planning was a quiet wedding. An hour after the words were said that made them one in name, hopes and ambitions, they crossed the threshold of their own modest apartment, where friends and relatives were met to greet them. Here, for a time, at least, should be their home,—a home of which every nook and cranny was dear to them, for was it not, in every detail, the expression of two brave hearts and two well balanced heads? After greetings and congratulations, Ruth proudly led her girl friends through the dainty rooms and, last of all, into the trim little kitchen, which, with its rows of shining tins, its jars of blue and white, and its general air of wholesome cleanliness, was her peculiar delight.

Meanwhile Robert, whose heart was literally throbbing with joy, was pointing out to his college chum, Jack, the marvels of the little apartment in which every inch and corner had been utilized in accordance with the modern methods of apartment-house builders. Following his proud friend from room to room, Jack felt a new interest surging through his veins, and, forgetting time and place, gave vent to a long, low whistle.

His thoughts were centered upon Annabel, a girl to whom, for some time, he had devoted his attentions. Would she be contented in such a "little crib" as this, he wondered. It was this thought, and an approach to envy, that caused the whistle like a long drawn sigh.

"Why don't you ask her, Jack?" said Robert, divining the thought of his friend.

"By Jove, old chap, I believe I will," replied Jack, slapping him on the shoulder, and then relapsing into a happy dream as they were joined by other guests.

Among them was Aunt Mehetabel, who had peered critically into every part of the little domain.

"How do you like it, Auntie dear?" said Ruth, approaching her.

"You are beginning very sensibly," she admitted with some reluctance.

"We mean to continue that way," replied Robert.

"I hope so, but we will see. I was late getting over, and now the guests are leaving, so I will say good-night, and I hope the Lord will bless you,—though I don't see how you are going to manage, unless the whole town fall ill."

The last guest had gone. Aunt Mehetabel, loved notwithstanding her oddities, was the last to leave. Then these two young people closed and locked the door, standing at last alone in this sacred place,—for sacred indeed it was to them, as home will always be to the true wife and husband.

"My Robert!" cried Ruth, as she threw herself into his arms, and buried her head on his shoulder.

"What is it, my darling?"

"I am your wife, Robert,—your wife! And oh! I am so happy!"

There are times when speech is desecration, times when love can find no word and soul-communion is the closer for the silence. Such a time was this. The benediction of a joy too sweet and deep for word expression, too sacred for other eyes to look upon, rested upon them as they sat together before the shrine of love in the "Holy of Holies,"—their own secret place, set apart by the most High.



## CHAPTER II

## THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY

“When baby comes the earth will smile,  
And with her springtime arts beguile  
The sleepy blossoms from their rest,  
And truant song-birds to their nest,  
To greet my guest.”

**R**OBERT and Ruth were still devoted lovers although three years had passed since they were married. These years had been replete with love and trust. Student comradeship and medical association surrounded them with an atmosphere of oneness in thought and hope. Together they had stood at the bedside of the sinning and suffering; of the mother in the sacredness of childbirth; of those whose weary life of struggle and poverty was closing, to reopen in that far undiscovered country where only the clear vision of immortality can see.

Through experiences such as these, these two deep natures had gone hand in hand, fighting grim death, soothing pain, giving good cheer, having rare opportunities of studying each the other's nature, and of entering frequently into that communion that makes great souls as one.

Ruth's mind had expanded into the broader understanding of those great laws of wifehood and of motherhood to study which the ignorantly prudish, or those who have always lived in seclusion deem indelicate, but

ignorance of which is, in reality, the rock which strews the shore of marriage with so much of wreckage.

Dr. Robert, with rare intelligence and understanding, had made a thorough study of marriage and parenthood from both the physiological and the ethical standpoint; and mutual understanding and brave facing of life's plain facts, had made both husband and wife doubly earnest and sincere in their medical practice. Theirs was the knowledge that is crowned with love; theirs a grand human passion, wholly sincere in purpose and sane in principle, and bestowing on them such oneness and contentment as can only come to those whose marriage vows are held sacred and are guarded by the angels of human knowledge and divine affection.

From the beginning of their married life both had recognized their mutual obligations, and had realized that it was a greater glory to hold and keep love and respect each for the other, than it had been to win them at the first.

On this anniversary day, they looked back over the three years with pride and thankfulness. Their practice had increased materially; they were prosperous financially, and now occupied a larger and more luxurious apartment.

Referring to this anniversary a few days before, a friend had asked, "Let me see, is it to be a wooden or a tin wedding?"

"Neither," replied Ruth. "Unless our friends surprise us a few days before or after."

"Pray why?"

"Our yearly anniversaries are special Sabbath days to us," she answered gently. "On this, our third, we

are going away together to the country, where it is still and beautiful, to be alone with God and nature."

"What sentimentalists," laughed her friend, "but I envy you, Ruth dear," and tears replaced the smile as she turned away.

On this anniversary morning, the shades were drawn at the home of Drs. Robert and Ruth, and a card swung from the office door, announcing that: "The Drs. Lyon will not return until November 1st."

"Yes," replied Aunt Mehetabel, when questioned by a friend, "the two silly lovers have gone for a wedding trip to the country, where they will be undisturbed."

Although each anniversary had overflowed with happiness, with sweet memories, and glorious anticipations, to-day, this "trio day," as Ruth called it with half hidden suggestion, there was a newer, happier light in her beautiful eyes than Robert had ever seen before. It told of consecration, deep, inexplicable, such as even he might never know. And as he looked and watched, he marvelled, as the true man always will, at the subtle mystery of coming motherhood.

The time had now come when, should God vouchsafe and count them worthy of such joy, they could afford to welcome a little child to their home.

Together they had talked of this for weeks, and made wise plans for the conception of the new soul that was to be.

"My college debt is cancelled," Dr. Lyon said one day; "my practice is assured, and so is yours. We have a nest egg in the bank, and I am able to carry heavy insurance for your support should anything happen to me, and you be unable to practise;" for Dr. Lyon was a man of sterling common sense, and re-

garded it as a practical duty toward the wife whom he so dearly loved, and the children she might consent to bear, that he should make immediate preparation for their welfare.

"And we may have the baby now?" said Ruth, her eyes dimmed by tears of joy.

"Yes, dear one; so far as human beings can foresee, conditions are for the best prenatal influence. You shall be free from care; it is now possible for me to be with you much of the time; and during the last weeks we will go together to the country, where all is sweet and peaceful, and read good and healthful books."

"And our baby; he will reflect all these prenatal influences, will he not, Robert? Tell me, are you too, supremely happy that we are to have a wee baby, just yours and mine, our very own? I wonder if you realize, darling, what it means to a woman who loves the father of her little one? How I shall love it, Robert. God pity the mother of children conceived against her will, and born without a welcome. Do you understand me, Robert?"

"Fully, my wife," said Dr. Robert reverently; for he was not ashamed of the mist in his eyes, as his lips moved in silent prayer of thanksgiving to Him who had bestowed such heavenly gifts.

"We must have no tears on our anniversary day; let us begin our playtime now," and smiles formed rainbows through the drops upon their cheeks, as, laughing merrily, they ran like happy children toward the great farm house.

"Oh see," cried Ruth an hour or two later, "my arm is strong enough to make me win a college game."

"Hard as the biceps of a football captain," answered Robert, as he looked with seeming great concern at the plump round arm held up for his inspection.

"Do you,—do you think our boy's will be like yours and mine, with their muscles of steel," asked Ruth shyly.

"I trust so," said Robert, smiling tenderly. "What a fine protector he will be for his baby sister when she shall arrive. But, we must not build too confidently, Ruth, lest we be disappointed in the sex. The theories concerning the predetermining of sex are not as yet established scientific facts. The diet to which you have so bravely adhered during the past three months, has proved, according to certain scientific men, to have at least great influence upon the predetermination of sex."

"I understand," replied Ruth, seriously. "I hope it will be a boy, this first child; but—" and again the unfathomable light glowed in her tender eyes.

"But what, dearest one?"

"I shall love it, regardless of sex, because it is ours,—all, all our own."

"Dear, brave Ruth!" and Robert stroked her hair in tenderness.

"It is so beautiful, so very beautiful, to come away out here together, close to nature, and have all these delightful earliest surroundings and influences for our little one. Afterward, when he is here, what sweet memories it will recall. If a baby came to us as a surprise or accident, as we often hear mothers say their children did, I should feel that I had lost something very sweet and sacred out of my life."

"This would be a very happy world, Ruth, if people



only understood God's real meaning in reproduction, and, even before conception, would study how to bless their offspring with moral and physical health."

A day or two after their return to town, Ruth and Robert were conversing in the twilight, when she slipped her hand into his, and said: "Oh Robert, what if—if it should not be? Sometimes it seems as though I were asking too much. You are so great a blessing to me; and now, this other,—it seems far more than my share."

"Not more than you deserve, my Ruth. Were old Dame Nature wise, she would be careful to give all her little children into the keeping of true women, such as you."

"Such words from you, Robert, are jewels more precious than any that the universe could give," said Ruth, in loving gratitude. "Still," she continued, "I believe there are few women who, deep down in their hearts, have not the true longing for motherhood. Very young girls who have not yet come to know the meaning of love for husband and child, often make flippant speeches which seem to us irreverent; but I have noticed that even these young girls, if by chance brought into homes where there are babies, are as tender with them as one could wish even were the little ones their own. I have always been grateful for the good fortune that brought my little sister to us when I was seventeen. I believe that her coming developed the mother love in me as nothing else could. I know it helped me to be a woman. I have often thought that there should be a new baby in every family when the first have reached their 'teens, to soften and arouse the tender side of the older ones at the time when they

need this awakening most. You know what a mother heart Elise has,—why Robert, she told me, only a few days ago, that when she and John were betrothed her highest ambition was to board at the Hershom House and sit on the piazza with the other society women, gossiping and doing fancy work. Above all things, she objected to being tied to housework and to crying children.”

Robert laughed heartily. “Whoever could believe that the dear, motherly, home-loving little Elise could be guilty of such thoughts. The contrast between those days and now is certainly most marked.”

“Yes; as it always is for those who do not have wise mothers, reverently leading them to love the true and necessary things of life.”

“That is where the great trouble lies,” said Robert sadly, “some mothers seem to think that when their duty as nursery maid is ended, all responsibility has ceased,—at least, if we may judge them from their actions. For instance, there is Mrs. Merrill, my new patient, killing herself by overwork in behalf of her two small children, while the two older ones, approaching adolescence, are left to learn the mysteries of life, as best they may, from schoolmates or street companions who, in their crude explanation, distort and desecrate the truth.

“There is deeper meaning than one fully comprehends in the biblical story of Eve’s responsibility for all evil. Were the mothers of the world, ‘wise as serpents and harmless as doves,’” continued he, as he placed some remedies in his case, “there would be no need of reforms of any kind. The one aim of some men seems to be to gather in the shekels so that, by

and by, they and their wives may take a long vacation, and the latter be surrounded with beauty and everything to make her happy."

"By the time our boy arrives, you will have made me the most selfish woman living," said Ruth tenderly.

"I shall not fail to remind you that it is all for the boy,—wholly for his prenatal culture," Robert replied, and, touching her forehead gently with his lips, he hurried off to see his patients.



## CHAPTER III

## FROM CAUSE TO EFFECT

DR. LYON'S first call after their return was upon a Mrs. Benning, a delicate, sickly woman, rapidly approaching motherhood. The doctor had grave fears for this frail woman, but with a word of good cheer, he bade her good-bye. "You will send for me very soon, Mrs. Benning," he said; and as he sprang into his carriage he thought of his Ruth, so happy in anticipation, such a contrast to the distressed woman whom he had just left, her poor heart filled with sadness.

"I wonder," he thought, "if people will ever, ever learn how they are cursed by enforced motherhood, unwelcome as in this case. In truth 'it were better for a man that a millstone be hanged around his neck and that he be cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones.'"

At midnight, Dr. Lyon's bell rang furiously, awakening husband and wife with a start. They had never become entirely accustomed to this startling midnight bell. Sometimes it meant only a thoughtless call from a selfish patient, but more often it rang in the solemn mystery of birth or death.

"I fear it is Mrs. Benning," said Robert, stumbling to the speaking tube.

"Please hurry doctor, will you?" said an anxious voice from below, following this appeal with an account of Mrs. Benning's condition.

"Oh why did you not call me earlier?" asked the doctor, "I will be there within ten minutes."

"I fear I shall lose that patient," muttered Dr. Lyon as he hurried from the house.

It was noontime when the doctor returned, with a look of sadness on his face,—for he had never learned to look upon his patients as mere "cases."

"She is dead?" asked Ruth, after Robert had awakened from a refreshing sleep in the cool, darkened room which she always had ready for such times. "How did it happen, dear?" she continued as she gave him a cup of hot milk.

"Only one more cruel example of unwelcome motherhood. Only a year ago, when Mrs. Benning was confined, I told Benning that his wife should not give birth to another child. Now the poor, tired little woman is at rest, sleeping, while her five motherless little ones weep. Think of it, Ruth, five children born within eight years! It is a crime to ask any woman to carry such a burden."

"But," added Ruth, "the wrong does not end with the mother's death. Think of those five unwelcome, unloved babies. Mrs. Benning was a good woman who, under right conditions for herself and for her children, would have been happy in her motherhood. But they were poor, their home was mortgaged, and little ones arrived so fast, that doctors' and nurses' bills remained unpaid. Under all this, what wonder that the woman's health gave way and the burden became heavier than she could bear?"

"Poor soul," said Robert, "she tried to kill herself when she found she was again to become a mother, and

one can hardly blame her; I fear this child, so illy formed, will be a degenerate should he live."

"How horrible!" exclaimed Ruth, "two of the boys already show criminal tendencies, and another is peculiar, sullen and morose. His teacher tells me he is responsive neither to praise nor punishment."

"It is cruel! cruel! cruel!" said Robert emphatically. "I wish it were possible to compel physicians, through legislation, to teach the laws of procreation under proper conditions. We shirk our duty because, if now and then one is brave enough to tell the truth, he is ridiculed by his confrères. There is no help that I can see except in educating men and women to a full understanding of nature's laws as they apply to the unborn child and the responsibilities of parenthood. But no," continued Dr. Lyon fiercely, "as a people we are so delicate, so refined, so modest, we are not permitted to instil right thinking and living into the minds of the young. Marriage has become so vulgar a thing (so it seems) that we must not mention it to polite ears. We may decorate our daughters, flaunt them before the eyes of men, teach them the art of decoying suitors, and rush them into marriage. There is no harm in these things; but if we seek to teach them the truth regarding self-knowledge, to direct and guide them into a life of purity and wisdom, we are immodest. Away with such false modesty! It is but a burlesque, a mockery of God's mandate, 'Wisdom is better than rubies.'"

"I agree with you, dear heart," answered Ruth, "but come to the dining-room, luncheon is ready, and we have something of which you are very fond."

"You are a trump, Ruth! I believe that every time

I am called out at night you get up to prepare something good for me."

"How wise to divine my secret!" and linking her arm in Robert's, Ruth led him to the dainty lunch table.

"By the way," remarked Dr. Lyon, after serving Ruth and himself, "I noticed there is a new theory in the Medical Journal regarding predetermination of sex."

"Oh! What is it?"

"After you have finished, you may read it aloud."

"As I do not indulge in all the goodies I have prepared for you, I will read while you are eating."

Dr. Lyon took the Medical Journal from his pocket, and handed it to her.

"Oh, I see you have marked the article," said Ruth eagerly. "Listen to this, dear," turning her back to the light, "Predetermination of Sex." One may well ask,—since there is so little really known regarding the predetermination of sex, what need to mention it? Practically there is none. It is mentioned however, for two reasons; one, because the Medical Journal aims to make its readers intelligent regarding all matters pertaining to self and parenthood; the other that it opens up a great field of thought and speculation. Statisticians tell us that the sexes are practically equal in number, taking the world as a whole. They sometimes advance this as a proof that Nature arranges matters quite as they should be, and that interference on our part is unnecessary. Some even go so far as to say that human intervention would be interference with God's plan. This reasoning, however, does not appeal to intelligent people. God or nature, whichever we may choose to call it, has given us intelligence

with which to overcome the crudity of natural laws; and it is our privilege, as well as our duty, to use that intelligence to preserve harmony in any given condition,—in this of sex as well as in all others.

“God has given us laws of gravitation; laws of heat and cold; laws of health and disease; laws of procreation.

“Does a man therefore not try to support his roof? Does he not artificially warm his house? Does he not bring to bear upon disease the knowledge of medical science? Shall he then blindly obey the wild laws of procreation, seeking to bring no light upon this one paramount law of life?”

“It is said that the great superfluity of female births in civilized countries is due to the inertia of parents, through the unhygienic habits of our social life, and that this is so not only of human beings but also of domesticated animals.

“This may not be true; but certainly there is some subtle reason for this inequality of sexes, and if science is some time able to adjust matters in such a manner as to bring about equality, it will be the better for the world.

“That light is substance, and that its rays, transmitted through different colored lenses, have a peculiar effect upon the human system, I have proved beyond a doubt. There is a certain chemical affinity between the male and female that is affected by those lights and colors. If I wish to fill a patient with animation and fire, I use water charged with sun’s rays that have passed through a red lens. Blue has a quieting and soothing effect; violet combines the qualities of both; yellow and yellow orange are nerve-animating.



"During the treatment to control sex I give the patient water that has been charged with the sun's rays after they have passed through lenses of different colors; and as a result of my experiments I have come to the conclusion that chromopathy will do away largely with the impracticable methods that many surgeons are employing to determine the sex of the unborn child."

"Now doesn't that sound like arrant nonsense?" interposed Dr. Robert, "although I confess it is interesting, and shows the trend of modern advanced and scientific thought. The time will undoubtedly come when some absolute method of predetermining sex will be established. Why not, when every other department of life is being illumined by scientific discovery? There seems no plausible reason why nature, uncontrolled, should be allowed to hold full sway in matters of sex and human reproduction. In all other fields she is being compelled to adjust herself to the conditions,—even though artificial,—of our modern and complex life. You will find in another part of the magazine a résumé of past and present theories concerning predetermination of sex. I have marked the article so that you can readily find it."

"I am thoroughly interested," answered Ruth, as she turned the pages. "Here it is. You mean the one commencing with the poor, superfluous girl babies of China?"

"Yes."

"In China superfluous girl babies are drowned, not, as we are apt to think, because of disrespect for women, but, originally at least, because of the Chinaman's deep sense of a woman's right to shelter and protection.

Accordingly, they believe, that it is kinder to the girl baby to drown her at birth than to have her grow up and struggle for existence in a world that teems with competition.

“ We should hardly recommend the Chinese method for America; but when we see the great mass of working women crowding, from necessity, into the industrial field, shoulder to shoulder with their stronger brothers, and often defeated in their struggles through physical weakness, one can but be moved to pity. We long for the time to come when science shall reveal to us some method by which more men, strong and brave to fight life's battles, may be born in civilized communities, so that woman may continue to dwell in the home as her heart makes her long to do, and that man may return to that chivalry which differentiates the gentleman from the brute.

“ Science has done much to throw light on this subject; and while it is not absolutely settled that the one sex or the other may be produced at will, the evidences seem to be in favor of this conclusion. Experiments have been made, almost entirely on animals, of course, and cases are on record in which satisfactory results seem to have been attained among the human race.

“ Experiments seem to verify the theory that at the time of conception the generative element which predominates either in amount or force, decides the sex of the embryo. This theory has two applications, the one depending upon how long after menstruation conception takes place, that is upon how far the egg has descended before becoming impregnated or fertilized; the other depending upon which of the parents is most energetic and vigorous at the time of conception.



“ To make this principle clear, it is necessary to explain that the ovum, or egg, comes from one of the ovaries—two small bodies situated on either side of the uterus—and in doing so it has to pass through the Fallopian tubes, which are connected with the uterus and are about four inches in length. To accomplish this it generally takes from eight to twelve days, so that conception, as a rule, takes place within ten days or two weeks after menstruation. Now if conception should take place soon after menstruation, the ovum is high up in the Fallopian tube; and the spermatozoa have a long way to travel. Only a few of them ever reach the egg, and they are not in sufficient numbers to cause a preponderance of the male element, and a female results. On the other hand, if conception takes place some time after menstruation, the egg is necessarily low down in the tube, a large number of the spermatozoa reach it, and it is likely that the male element will predominate. This may not be the case, however; for if the male is weak and not in a vigorous state, the spermatozoa would consequently have little power and be few in number, so that even if the ovum were far advanced in the tube, few might have vitality enough to reach and impregnate it. And yet again, if the mother lacked vitality and vigor the result might be the opposite, even if impregnation took place soon after menstruation, when the egg was high up in the tube.

“ The above theory has been advocated by such authorities as Professors Brooks, Daring, Ziru, Haben, Hofacker, Knight, Miles, Napier, Floss, Sadles, and St. Hilaire.”

“ Well, dearest,” said Dr. Robert, “ I think we have

had enough for the present, especially in view of our recent exhaustive study of Leopold Schenck,—and of the fact that my patients will have to wait for me if I do not go now.”

“Only just one moment more, Rob,” said Dr. Ruth. “Did you read the theory set forth by the author of the little book I brought in yesterday?”

“Why, no,” said Dr. Robert, “you forgot to give it to me.”

“Well,” answered Dr. Ruth, “he claims to have discovered an infallible method of predetermining the sex of any child except the first-born. According to his theory all the fertilized ova from the right ovary result in the development of male fœtuses and all from the left ovary result in the development of female fœtuses. He therefore holds that to secure a child different in sex from the one last born, we must first find the ovulation month of the last child. We then reckon alternately month by month, for he holds that the ova which produce male fœtuses alternate, month by month, with those which produce female fœtuses; but, unfortunately for the theory, he mentions elsewhere that, should fertilization of ova from both ovaries occur at any one time, the result will be two fœtuses, or twins, differing in sex!”

“Humph!” said Dr. Robert. “I should say that he was somewhat illogical.”

“Yes;” answered Dr. Ruth. “And yet, Rob dear, I feel that we should read up all we can upon the subject, and there are certainly many interesting facts set forth in this book. And evidently the theory seems sometimes to have worked.”

“Right, dearest one. But already we have read much that will take us many hours to digest, and for the present, my time is up. I really must go to my patients.”

CHAPTER IV

PRENATAL INFLUENCES

"When baby comes! Methinks I see  
The winsome face that is to be,  
And old time doubts and haunting fears,  
Are lost in dreams of happier years.  
Smiles follow tears."

"**R**OBERT," said Ruth anxiously one evening, a week after the sad death of Mrs. Benning, "it is now forty-two days and—and, well, nothing has happened. Do you believe I may dare to think our baby is coming?" Ruth's face was drawn with intensity of longing for that which seemed almost too sweet to be true.

"I see no reason why you should not hope, dearest; I have been watching you carefully, and have noted unmistakable signs of the gift we long for."

Ruth's lips quivered, her eyes grew dim as Robert held her in silence close against his heart. He knew the tears were but the reaction of a month of breathless expectancy, and that the rainbow of promise would shine the more brightly after the rain. When Ruth had become calm once more, Robert rang for the maid.

"Should any one call, recollect, we are at home to no one this evening.—Positively to not one person."

The maid gently closed the door. "My first duty," he thought, "is here with my wife and our baby."

"You are going to remain at home with me?" asked Ruth, her face glowing with happiness. "Oh I did so

wish you would, but I felt it would be selfish to ask you."

"Nothing you can do, Ruth, will be selfish from this day until our child rests in your arms. Everything we do now must be for this babe of our heart. No sacrifice,—should sacrifice be demanded of us—can be too great, if thereby it will make the boy (as we have called it) happier and stronger mentally and physically."

"I feel like a queen, my Robert; you—"

"Your king to command," responded Robert bowing low.

"A king indeed, with all the word should mean."

"Honored, madam, crowned through you with fatherhood, and the glory which envelops you is, in small part, also mine."

"Small part!" said Ruth quickly. "No, no! The beauty of it all is that each of us had our individual part in bringing about this long desired result,—this creation of a new being. What other women feel under like conditions, I do not fully know; but half the joy to me, darling, is that this little soul is yours and mine. It would seem selfish and unlovely, if, like a flower, I contained within myself all the elements necessary for the creation of another life; or if, like the animals, you the father, had no consciousness of what you had done, and I, the mother, no consciousness of the coming of this great, holy joy to me. Is it not divine, at a time like this, to be man and woman, husband and wife, conscious of fatherhood and motherhood?"

"My beloved, there would be better men in the world, better husbands, if all women thought and felt like you. Most women regard the father's part in the



scheme of creation differently, especially in relation to his place in married life."

"I know it, my Robert, and regret that it is so. I long to make them understand more clearly. It often makes my heart ache when I hear them talk of it, for they do not realize what they are losing by this lack of confidence and comprehension between them and their husbands; but not all husbands are like you, my Robert."

"Thank you for the highest compliment you could give. I fear the fault is with both, and that many, very many, husbands lack the reverent sense of God-intended reciprocity in married life that some wives do not possess. Should I forget, my wife, that you were a separate human being with rights of self assertion that it is my duty and my privilege to reverence and respect, I should fear I might lose your love."

"And were you like such husbands, it would break my heart. What an aching longing I should have to make you understand, and if, after trying long, I should fail, then I too think love would die, leaving life dull and heavy."

"God forbid such a tragedy. But it is time to protest; I remained to spend an unbroken evening with you, a happy one, and we have been dwelling in shadow fancies. Haven't I told you, young woman, for the coming eight long months your thoughts must all be beautiful and care-free? A fine beginning we are making. I shall at once assert my authority as your physician, as well as your liege lord whom you are bound to obey. Drive these gruesome ghosts far away and listen."

"I never promised to obey; you know I didn't;" re-

torted Ruth saucily, "but proceed, sir; I will be obedient this once, and it is always my delight to listen to you."

"The first command,—come here to my knee, for what I am about to tell you must be listened to at short range, and with my arms around you; and on your way, kindly bring that book from the corner of my desk."

"Oh how lovely; it is the book you promised to bring me on 'Prenatal Influence.'"

"What a wise young woman you are."

Handing Robert the book, Ruth curled up in his arms to hear the story which meant so much to the earnest prospective parents,—so much perhaps, also, to the little soul hidden beneath the loving mother heart.

"This especially appealed to me," said Robert. "You will recognize it, for it is from Omar Khayyám:

'The moving finger writes; and having writ,  
Moves on: Nor all thy Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all thy Tears wash out a word of it.'

"What a heart-breaking verse," said Ruth, "were we not trying and expecting, even to the last day, to perfect the gift assigned to us. The responsibility of it all often terrifies me; the thought that I am chosen to bring into the world an infant, a human being, with its passions, its desire for happiness and capacity for joy, or sorrow; that this child must take his or her place in the arena of life to meet temptations and obstacles greater than we can know. We may be spared to protect him to a certain point, but beyond that we



cannot go, save as our love has strengthened and shall still remain."

"Come, come, little wife, we are back in the shadows again. This will never do. I deeply realize all this also; but if we do our best, none could do more. We neither of us had special prenatal advantages, because the value of such knowledge was not known by our mothers; yet we have had three years of happiness that, even though they should end now, would ever be a heavenly memory. Just think, with all this fulness of joy, and the scientific knowledge and practice of prenatal influence, how much greater chance for perfectness our child will have. Its personality should strengthen it to thrust aside every temptation, and win the love of all humanity. With the personality that wins love, one stands master of his destiny."

Ruth looked at Robert with an expression of pride that spoke more loudly than words. What a living example he was of the picture that he drew in seeking to comfort her.

"Why look at me like that?" asked Robert.

Ruth smiled mischievously, "I was only thinking as I looked at you, dear, that if our baby is like you, I am willing to trust to the laws of heredity alone."

"Flatterer! But recollect that the frolicsome twists to which heredity sometimes resorts might result in the boy resembling you?"

"It is not one bit nice of you to be so unpleasantly personal. As a punishment you shall read to me."

"With pleasure; but do you not know that the boy would come even closer to my heart if he should look like you. Have you been following out the theories I mentioned to you last evening?"

"Yes; a difficult task though, when one feels so well and strong. I have not once allowed myself to become tired, and I feel equal to any task."

"That is well. Listen: 'Pregnancy should be a period of increased mental and physical vigor to the normal women still left to our race, just as it was in primitive days. We must recollect that, according to certain scientists, it is the influence of the first three months that impresses future physical integrity, although the theory has not been proven. We do not know, positively, that repeated prenatal influence is generally infallible. Then, even though some scoff, it is at least a duty the parent owes to the unborn to strive that this beneficence may rest upon the child's future.'"

"It is at least worth while to make use of these facts in influencing our child's future vigor and health," said Ruth, as Robert closed the book. "I wish I could enforce this thought on Mrs. Wiley," she continued thoughtfully. "When I tried to-day, she exclaimed, 'Good heavens! who would do my fall cleaning!' so no doubt the child she carries will be that pathetic thing, a child born tired. Do you know, it makes me sympathize with indolent people when I think of the mothers who prenataally exhaust their vigor by unnecessary or compulsory toil, just as Mrs. Wiley permits her fall cleaning to take precedence and thus drain her strength and imperil her baby's constitution."

"She will slave for it after it arrives, and people will say she is a model, self-sacrificing mother," replied Dr. Lyon, impatiently, "while the poor thing will make night hideous by its cries of weakness, and between walking the floor with the infant to hush its screams,

and slaving for it all day long, she will one day reach the limit of her physical endurance and leave the little one motherless, and dependent upon strangers."

"Why, Robert, I believe you are actually growing savage in your righteous indignation."

"What wonder, when I realize what women might do for the world, and how far they fall short? When I look at you, the wonder deepens that God gave to me the one wise woman in all the world."

"Not that, my husband, but just one who strives to do her duty, and is grateful for the gifts bestowed upon her. Shall we begin the reading again, dear, or postpone it, and consider what we have already read?"

"It is time for you to rest, so we will lay the book aside, and talk awhile."

## CHAPTER V

## THE SECOND HONEYMOON

“When baby comes! God make me good,  
And rich in grace of motherhood.  
Make white this woman’s soul of mine  
And meet for this great gift of Thine.  
In that glad time.”

SIX happy months have slipped away, the girlishness in Ruth’s face softening into the still more sweet and tender lines of motherhood; the brown eyes deepening in intensity, and the brooding mother-side toward her husband becoming more predominant.

One day Robert jestingly said to her, “How you are spoiling me, Ruth; why, when baby comes I shall be like the child of the old nurse’s legend, with my ‘nose completely out of joint.’”

“Bless your dear heart,” said Ruth, rumpling his wavy hair. “Don’t you worry; for no baby on earth, not even this one yet unborn, whose face I so long to see, can lessen my love for you. I know some women thrust aside the husband-love in favor of the child-love; but I cannot understand why they should do so. The two affections are so different, and yet they form a trinity of love.”

“God bless you, sweetheart,” said the doctor reverently, kissing her good-bye. “Now to place Dr. Smith in touch with my patients for our three months’ vacation; our renewed honeymoon in the Catskills.”

After he had gone Ruth superintended the packing of the two large trunks, tucking a book in here, a magazine there, sketching materials and paints elsewhere, and tenderly adjusting the delicate fabrics, laces and embroideries that were to be fashioned by her into tiny garments for the babe. What sweet influences would surround these last three prenatal months, up there among the pines. The happy flowers, the singing birds, the friendly chipmunk, the timid rabbit, in fact all living things, tuned to the song of reproduction, were to communicate to them their joy. For all God's creatures have a joy in common, and even the flowers have a language that may be understood by those who will.

So Nature was to talk and teach these lovers truths that should be reproduced in their child; while at the foot of the hillside, the glorious Hudson would ever lie glistening far beyond their vision, beautiful all the time, but still more beautiful at nightfall, illuminated by God's glorious sun as it sinks below yon western hill.

During the first three months, Ruth had religiously followed every law that should lead to physical perfection in their child. The next three she had been moderately active intellectually; now she was entering the moral prenatal period, and she and Robert were going up into the mountains where each sunrise and each sunset would be an inspiration; where they could read, study, and be nature's own children until June came, when they would return to await the coming of the baby, whose every throbbing movement thrilled the mother with joy and sent the color to her cheeks.

After a week of sunshine among the mountain tops,



our married lovers awoke one morning to the music of pattering raindrops on the window and a lusty accompaniment of wind. "We are in for a good three days' nor'easter," said the farmer's wife with whom they were boarding.

"How lovely!" cried Ruth, "for now we will not be tempted from the glowing fireplace and you shall read to me from the book on prenatal influence while I sew. I have been fearfully indolent since we came here."

"As I expected you to be," said Robert, bringing a chair and the book near the sparkling logs, for the day was cool. "Were ever two people so happy, so divinely happy in anticipating consummation of the highest human love?"

"I hope so," smiled Ruth, as she seated herself in the small rocker Robert had drawn close beside his own.

"Shall I read now, dear?"

"In a moment; but first I want you to look at this before I fold it. The last stitch of embroidery is finished. Isn't that a pretty rosebud falling over the shoulder?"

The big six-footer, magnificent in his strength, and overflowing with love and happiness, leaned forward and touched the garment lovingly, though for the last six months he had been often called to admire some such doll-like creation. "How exquisite! a little kimona, eh?"

"Oh I am so glad you remembered the name! How unlike other men you are! Most of them would have said 'I suppose it is beautiful, but all these things look alike to me.'"



"Thank you for the compliment; but why should I not understand and admire when your dear hands have fashioned them for our first-born. Certainly a woman's enthusiasm, at this time of all others, should be shared and appreciated. Probably the fact that it is not, is the cause of silence and misunderstanding in so many homes."

"I fear this is all too true," replied Ruth earnestly. "How can husbands and wives endure each other, unless they are true comrades? I am ready to listen now, if you care to read. Strange how this work, once so distasteful, is now a blessed privilege!"

Dr. Lyon opened the book, and his vibrant voice took up the theme that was of such vital interest to each of them.

"Intelligent human beings have no right to permit the law of reproduction to have free play, regardless of the needs of home and of society. Reason and science should be brought to bear upon this as upon all other human functions. The epileptic, the consumptive, the man with insane parentage, the one who, through his own sensuality, has forfeited his right to parentage, these, one and all, are by our present laws permitted to bring children into the world to struggle and suffer; and one wonders if we shall ever realize our duty toward the helpless, unborn child. The very least a parent can do, is to give the child the best possible prenatal influences; to count all temporary self-sacrifice as nothing in view of the awful fact of bringing a new human being into the world.

"By prenatal influence, we mean all influences, physical, mental or moral, which affect an unborn child. These forces are not only active during actual preg-

nancy, but the condition of father and mother, some little time before conception, helps to determine the character of the offspring.

“Heredity is that law by which permanent and settled qualities of the parent, or of remote ancestors, reappear in the child. But other forces than heredity are at work also, and these forces, which modify heredity, are called prenatal. The manner by which the influence is produced upon the father’s side is obscure, but the seed seems stamped with the imprint of his temporary condition of mind and body, so that these qualities have also a place in determining the character of the offspring.

“As authority we quote, first, the late Fordyce Barker, M. D., LL.D., one of the most eminent of American physicians. In a paper before the American Gynæcological Society, he says: ‘Maternal impressions may affect the development and character of the fœtus,’ and, speaking of the blood being the agent through which maternal impressions are conveyed, he adds, ‘food, medicine, poisons and diseases are conveyed to the fœtus in utero. Children are born with measles, scarlet fever, smallpox and other communicable diseases.’

“Richart says—‘It is by the modifications which the mother’s blood receives from vivid emotions that we must explain their influences upon the nutrition, the growth, and even the life of the fœtus, to which the blood is supplied through the placenta.’”

Dr. Lyon stopped reading, and closed the book. “I think we have all the scientific food we can digest for a while; there are some few pages more regarding prenatal influence, but they are of so sad a nature that I

do not care to run the risk of the mental honeymoon they might leave. After baby comes, it will be well for you to read them; for they will be of great value to you later on, when you resume your lectures to mothers. I know your ambition for the betterment of women and of all humanity will not lessen, but will rather be intensified by the little one, when he arrives. There is the call to luncheon, and I am as hungry as a sailor."

Tucking the sewing neatly away in its pretty basket, Ruth let her hand slip into her husband's as he led her to the dining-room.

## CHAPTER VI

## WHEN BABY COMES

"When baby comes! Now fades from mind  
All thought of self. The world grows kind,  
Old wounds are healed, old wrongs forgot,  
Sorrow and pain remembered not;  
Life holds no blot."

THOSE two "still lovers," as Aunt Mehetabel called them, returned home happy and expectant, the last day of June. It was only a few days later when Dr. Lyon, radiantly joyous, rushed like an excited school-boy into Aunt Mehetabel's parlor, almost crushing that dignified, austere old lady in his arms as he cried, "You must come over to the house immediately, Auntie, and see what a surprise we have for you."

For once Aunt Mehetabel forgot to reprove him for his "scandalous behavior!" and did not even notice the stray fly that came buzzing through the screen door which he had forgotten to close. In fact she was so agitated that she hardly recognized her own staid self.

"I will come at once," she replied, straightening her prim collar, and patting her silvery puffs.

"I will wait for you," said Robert, noticing the open door and closing it. "Only hurry, like a dear, for I told Ruth I would bring you back with me in the carriage if you would come."

"Did I ever refuse that girl anything that was decent? Anyway, she always had her own headstrong way."



THE TWINS, AS INTRODUCED TO "UNCLE JACK."





"Heredity, Auntie, from your side, eh?"

"Impertinent boy!"

Aunt Mehetabel, thanks to the assistance of the little German maid, was soon ready, and they drove rapidly away.

"Prepare for an immense surprise," laughed Robert, as he assisted the old lady from the carriage.

"I suppose," smiled Aunt Mehetabel indulgently, "that I am to see the most wonderful child ever born."

There was a mysterious twinkle in Dr. Lyon's eyes that she could not fathom, as he replied, "Wait, and judge for yourself. I will take you in at once to see her." And so impatient was he for the methodical woman to make her way upstairs, that he began to help her to remove her cloak and bonnet. With profound gallantry, he opened the door of what he termed his "sanctuary," and bade her enter.

The deep-set eyes of the old lady fell upon the little dimity-draped crib before she looked at Ruth, who lay upon her bed, pale but supremely happy. For once she forgot all laws of decorum, and cried out, "Laws o' mercy, twins!"

"Yes," answered Robert proudly, waving his hand toward baby Esther, "this is the baby that proves all theories of sex predetermination nonsense; and this,—our baby Lewis, proves those selfsame theories to be infallible truths."

Aunt Mehetabel looked puzzled; then turned and reverently kissed the face of the sweet mother. "One never can tell," said she, "whether that overgrown boy is talking sense or foolishness;" then, bending again over the crib, she took one of the little ones close to the heart that others thought half-frozen, and, as the

mother-love welled up within her,—as it does in the heart of every womanly woman when she clasps an infant to her breast,—tears dimmed her eyes, and she murmured so that none could hear, “Oh death; but for you, what might have been?”

Owing to her splendid vitality and perfect physique, Ruth rapidly regained her strength, and took up her duties as physician, with greater zest than ever before. She gave certain hours of the day to her office practice and other allotted tasks, for she had learned to be very systematic in her work, yet never for a moment did she ever neglect the tender offices of motherhood. When the twins were a year old, a college chum of Dr. Lyon’s whom they honored by calling him “Uncle Jack,” promised, after many invitations, to visit them, unless “pressing business should prevent,” and added that he hoped they would not be offended, should he be suddenly called away. At best he feared he could remain only two days and a night.

He arrived in the middle of the afternoon, and soon after Ruth betook herself to the nursery, to let the two men have a chance to talk about old times.

At dinner she appeared in a pretty white muslin dress, acting as hostess in her own sweet, quiet way, as if there were no twins in the house to cause her a moment’s thought. After dinner, she returned again to the nursery for a brief time, joining the men later in the drawing room. One evening, several friends who had met “Uncle Jack” during his earlier visits, were invited to spend the evening with him, and the time passed so pleasantly that everyone was surprised when the clock reminded them it was eleven.

In the morning, the same bright, care-free hostess

presided at the breakfast table. Jack eyed her keenly, but could detect no difference between her conduct now and when he had been their guest before the little ones came. Finally, his curiosity got the better of him.

"Did the babies give you much trouble last night, Dr. Ruth?" he asked.

"Trouble?" Ruth looked at him wonderingly. "Why, no, the twins never give us any trouble at night."

"Uncle Jack" looked astonished; but being a bachelor, limited in knowledge of infantile matters, he said no more.

During the morning Dr. Lyon took his friend up to the nursery to see the twins when they were being bathed. He felt that he had never seen anything more charming than their perfect little forms, like statuettes of rosy marble. Confirmed bachelor though he was, he took Lewis, and stood the laughing, crowing boy upon his knee. "Why Rob, he is a veritable cupid, already aiming at my heart. Don't these cherubs ever yell?"

Dr. Lyon laughed heartily, for he had been suspicious that Jack had only accepted their invitation out of politeness, and that the "pressing business" was held in reserve as an excuse for his departure, should the twins prove too much for him. He realized the truth of the statement that "an uncontrolled child is a menace to the republic."

Night came, and still his guest stayed on, although, he discreetly declared, "a telegram might arrive at any moment." Day after day slipped by, and still no tele-

gram, and no departure, until at last two weeks were at an end.

These twins were a great puzzle to him. One morning, at breakfast, he asked: "Say, Robert, how do you keep those precious kids from shrieking?"

"You would not have asked that, had you heard the boy yell, yesterday, when a bee lighted on his face. Gee whiz! you would not have doubted the strength of his lungs then, or his ability to screech."

"Heavens, man, I think even we would howl under like provocation. What I mean is, don't they ever fret and whine? For instance, when they want things, or do not wish to go to bed. I confess my ignorance, but I supposed babies cried all the time."

"I understand you, Jack," replied Dr. Lyon, "for unfortunately most babies brought up according to modern methods, or rather lack of methods, do cry."

"Don't you ever have to walk the floor with them at night?"

"That is a luxury our babies have never known. No, Jack! 'A Knight of Labor?' Not for mine, old man."

"Another unknown luxury, I presume," continued Uncle Jack, "is having someone remain upstairs with them each evening, getting them to sleep."

"The result of the right prenatal influence," said Dr. Lyon. "We taught them from the beginning to go to sleep when they were placed in their cribs, or at least, not to cry. A wise mother once told me she never allowed her baby to associate getting a thing with crying for it."

"Another thing, if you will pardon the personality," continued Uncle Jack; "Dr. Ruth always looks as neat and sweet as she was before the little ones arrived.

She never comes to breakfast carelessly dressed, as I fancied all young mothers did; nor does she ever show signs of nervous haste, as if in a hurry to return to the nursery."

"Possibly I am never anxious, because I spend some time with them before I come down to breakfast," answered Ruth.

"Then, too, I see no difference in your way of spending the evening."

"That is my time," interposed Dr. Lyon. "What would become of me without my other half and partner to talk things over with me, and to consult with me about important cases?"

"Yes;" continued Ruth, "I promised myself that my husband should never lose my sympathy or aid through the excuse of motherhood. It is hard for men to enter into all the yearnings of a mother over her offspring; and when a man finds his wife a slave to the nursery, he is all too prone to seek comfort and appreciation elsewhere. Personally, I feel, and try to impress upon my women patients, that when a wife neglects her personal appearance, her reading, her husband, her social duties,—all, or any one of them,—for her children, her husband has just cause to make complaint."

"Well, Dr. Ruth, if all women, or even one other, were like you, I would not long remain a bachelor."

"There are many others, even better than I, Jack; only you men are so queer, some of you. If a brave, practical common sense woman come half-way to meet you, you shun her and fly to some frivolous nonentity, who plays with your heart as though it were a toy, and probably flings it away in the end. Is it men's



egotism that makes them fear a wife who is their equal?"

"Say, Dr. Ruth, I never looked at it in quite that way, but I believe you're right. We are prone to be cowards and egotists at heart, no matter how good our intentions may be. I confess that when I came, it was with fear and trembling. I was prepared to fly at the first outcry. But babies like these,—why they are angels! I would like to stay and play with them all summer. How did you conceive such children? Or is it heredity?"

"Not entirely," replied Ruth, seriously. "We believe in prenatal influence; and besides, I had my ideals of what I wanted my children to be. It will not tire you if I explain?"

"Tire me? On the contrary, I am deeply interested."

"I am going to give you a regular sermonette," laughed Ruth; "so, as we have finished breakfast, let us adjourn to the piazza, for I want to make you wish you were a benedict and father; one with little ones like ours. There were certain characteristics with which I wished our children to be endowed; for while we can trust Mother Nature with the proper balancing of the masculine and feminine qualities, there are other things to be considered."

"That reminds me. If I am permitted to ask a question; have we not as many hysterical men as women?"

"I contend," interposed Dr. Robert, "that men are more given to hysteria than women."

"A woman's hysteria," said Ruth, "is generally



manifested in excessive tears, inordinate laughter, or demands for attention."

"A man's," continued Dr. Lyon, "shows equal lack of self-control over temper and appetites, and even more unreasonable demands for attention. I have a case of this sort in hand now. He is a man who spends his time in taking advantage of any who will trust him, through what he calls 'high finance'; while his wife is, in reality, the mainstay of his business. She is at present taking entire charge of his affairs during his illness, and is not only a brave, devoted woman, but has given abundant proof of superior executive ability. Yet, in order, apparently, to impress her with his own supreme importance, he harps continually upon the supposed inferiority of women, and frequently works himself into violent hysteria, maligning his best friends, and heaping abuse upon her. Remonstrance only gives him opportunity to misapply scriptural quotations in substantiation of his claims. He is a poor, worthless, hysterical creature, and is, in addition, hopelessly dishonest. To tell the truth, even now, though he is seriously ill, he lies there trying to conjure up excuses for not paying his bills."

"Not only that," added Ruth, "he always finds someone to pity and to believe him when those whom he has swindled find him out. It was such instances as these that made me more anxious that, if God should grant us children, they might have self-poise and self-control, lack of which portends incipient insanity in some form. Therefore, all through pregnancy and, indeed, before, we tried to live up to all noble suggestions; and my ideal for my children, as they grew to maturity, was that they might be also equipped for

God's eternity. I was anxious, too, that my boy or girl should have a head that would win the approval of expert phrenologists; for, notwithstanding the ridicule that some have heaped upon it, I have great faith in that science."

"So have I," answered Robert earnestly. "I wanted the child to possess a happy blending of mental qualities, a perfect co-ordination of faculties. Great genius may be desirable, but I would rather my child were no genius than have him lack those other faculties development of which is essential to make genius effective. I felt, too, the importance of the relation that exists between physical and mental characteristics, and the consequent desirability that the former should be indicative of strength and virtue. Deny it as we will, the deep, kindly eyes that speak volumes of love and sympathy, yet can flash with fire if just cause be given, and that let nothing of real interest escape that can be treasured in the store-house of the mind; the tender, yet firm mouth; the resolute chin; the spiritual forehead, not too high, indicating ability to advise on spiritual as well as worldly matters; the well modulated voice, with a minor tone even in laughter; all these must fit him to take his place in the world."

"Not quite ideal," said Dr. Ruth, "but there are many such, thank God, though unfortunately, they do not form the majority. Such men will not tolerate the plea of moral delinquency as an excuse for omitting a necessary part of education; and can be approached for guidance without being surprised or shocked."

"If I mistake not you included both sexes in your ideal picture at the beginning," said Jack, "but you

have given only the qualities you desire your son to possess at maturity. What of the daughter?"

"I would have her his equal mentally, physically and morally."

"Make her superior to man, eh?"

"No; but assuredly his equal. Then, and then alone, will they be true soul-mates in the higher, nobler acceptance of that much maligned word; then too, will there be better understanding and fewer cases of divorce."

"What do you think of young women, healthy, strong, and beautiful to look upon, who are lacking in moral sense and intellect?" interposed Dr. Robert. "I deem such women a menace to the community."

"It is such as these that make many men determined not to marry," said Jack earnestly. "This last day with you two has been soul-inspiring and a revelation. Here is Dr. Ruth, watching devotedly over those darlings in the nursery, having her regular office hours, doing her surgical work in the private hospital, thoughtful even of the most lowly, and doing it all with perfect grace and ease. And you, Bob, lucky dog that you are!. what wonderful strides you are making along scientific lines. I already see your name appearing on the scroll of fame."

"What I accomplish that is worthy, I owe entirely to my wife," replied Dr. Lyon reverently.

"I will not have you say that," answered Ruth, warmly. "I flatter myself that I have not retarded your progress, but to your own noble self and your high principles is due your rapid advancement."

"Here come the twins," cried Jack, joyously springing down the steps at one bound as the maid appeared

with her young charges. Esther stretched up her arms to him with a bewitching smile and a coo of delight, and he quickly had her in his arms. "I am so glad, Dr. Ruth," said he, "that your rules are not so severe as to forbid my petting these children."

Ruth laughed. "You have learned that these children are coddled and loved as all babies ought to be, but not by strangers indiscriminately,—that I strictly forbid." And raising little Lewis in her arms, she covered his rosy face with kisses, as the most old-fashioned of mothers might have done.

Uncle Jack left that evening, assuring his friends that no matter how often they invited him, he could never refuse on account of those blessed twins.

"Dear old Jack; he's a fine chap," said Robert, as they drove home after leaving their guest at the station. "If Annabel had been a worthy woman, instead of a society flirt, she would have gained a prize; but, she will pay the penalty of her ignorance and foolishness."

"Don't you worry, Robert. I saw a light in Jack's eyes which was a prophecy of wedding cards within a year, if the right woman should turn up."

"One like you, sweetheart."

"Flatterer; I verily believe you grow more sentimental every day."

"Well; some things do improve with age, you know."

Scarcely six months had passed when Ruth's premonition was verified by the receipt of invitations to Jack's wedding. In a personal letter he requested that some of their lectures be sent him to enable him to become a better man, a better husband, and a better

father. "For," he added, "I may not be blessed with twins, but even though they arrive in instalments, I want them to be as much like your ideals as possible. 'The girl,'"—his pet name for his betrothed—"wants to meet Dr. Ruth, and have a heart to heart talk with her before our marriage."

"He has found the right one at last," smiled Ruth. "I shall at once send him an invitation to be forwarded to her, asking her to spend a week or two here in town with us. It will be a good time for her to get extras, also, for her trousseau."

"You are sure it is not putting too great a tax upon yourself?" asked Dr. Lyon solicitously.

"No, Rob, I shall plan accordingly."



## CHAPTER VII

## "WHY OUGHT I TO BE 'SHAMED?"

**D**R. RUTH had been giving one of her monthly parlor talks to mothers; and they were privileged, at the close of the lecture, to ask any question relative to the subject under discussion.

A cultured woman, a New Englander by birth, had been surprised by what she termed "the broad thought of the lecturer," although she highly respected her ability as a physician, surgeon and teacher.

"Dr. Curtis-Lyon," she said, rising from her chair, "as we listeners are privileged to speak, do you not think that sex knowledge should be kept from children until they reach adolescence? Do you not believe that to withhold such teaching until that period would add to the simplicity, innocence, sweet dependence and loveliness of children, seeing that there is so little true sentiment abroad in the world?"

"I appreciate your thought," replied Dr. Ruth gently, "but in this as in all other problems, we must face 'The God of Things as They Are,' as one writer puts it, and in doing so, we must admit first of all that in America children are 'precocious, unduly excitable, and full of restless curiosity.' Our rushing, noisy commercial spirit does not foster quiet thinking in children or adults. Let me read you this extract from a medical journal, for it sets forth exactly my own ideas upon this subject. 'No child of even ordinary powers of ob-



servation, fails, early in its young life, to learn certain facts regarding the sex question. All too often, while scarcely more than an infant, it imbibes a vague sense of shame through unwise remarks made to it relating to its own conscious acts. Again, it is sure to come into contact in its school life with children who are victims of sexual perversion. These perversions may be the result of impure inheritance; or they may be acquired through polluting experiences. They may also be the result of physical conditions of which the parents are ignorant, such as the necessity in the case of either boy or girl for circumcision. There are many such children in the world, and the innocent child, however carefully guarded it may be at home, is quite sure to learn from them a version of sex life which a true parent would hardly care to have them know.

" ' Since, then, it is hardly probable that a child kept in ignorance by its parents will escape from perversion, there is but one reasonable, sane course for a mother to pursue, and that is to forestall the demoralizing instruction it would otherwise receive from others by delicate, reverential teaching from her own lips.' "

Dr. Ruth stopped for a moment, and asked, " Is this article of interest to you all? Valuable as it is, I do not wish to weary you. Will those wishing me to continue please signify by raising the right hand? "

Every hand being uplifted, she continued, " ' One child, whom the writer knows, was taught these things in conjunction with the coming of a new baby into the family; and such an event provides an ideal opportunity for any mother. The little boy was told, not long after conception had taken place, that mother was carrying beneath her heart a little baby; that it would

grow heavier and heavier as the time drew nearer for it to come forth into the world, and that he must therefore help and protect her during the long months to come. The effect upon him, in the development of manliness, tenderness and chivalry, cannot be estimated.

“‘Granted, then, that each mother must save her own child, this being not only her privilege but her duty, the question that next arises is, how shall the story be told? Just how, no one authority can dictate; each mother must decide for herself, as her own best judgment prompts.

“‘First of all, however, as a general and unfailing principle, let these lessons be taught honestly. When a mother tells her child that a stork brings the baby (pretty legend though it be), or that the doctor brings it, she sets upon her child the seal of untruth and impurity. Some day he will learn that his mother has deceived him, and that behind her instructions lies an element of secrecy; and secrecy with its companion, prurient curiosity, is the cause of much unrest and sin in later life.

“‘Secondly; let the child be told scientifically, that its attention may be arrested, and a sane, intellectual interest be developed, which will stand in later years as a firm, true basis for whatever biology it may be taught in its more advanced school life. Thirdly; let it be taught æsthetically. No greater wrong can be done a child than to rob him of the æsthetic side of sex life, inasmuch as it is that which differentiates the crude physical passion of the brute from the expressions of love in the human being. The two great life forces in the universe are life, which preserves the in-

dividual organism, and love, which is the continuer of life; for it is the nature of love to draw to itself, for its own, that which is loved.

"The æsthetic sentiment should, then, be developed in the child, since through it his taste is cultivated; and, as some have said, a man's taste is a greater safeguard than his moral nature; for to a man of fine feeling perversion of love's great law becomes repulsive, and so temptation to low living is removed through negation.'

"To lay the foundation for such fineness of nature, let the truth concerning the story of life be taught, like other subjects in the school curriculum, in harmony with the child's own epochs of mental culture; first through vehicles of imagination, then through the personification of plant and insect life,—throwing round about it such poems and myths and sensible tales as shall beautify and enhance the whole.

"A little later in the child's life, new interpretations may be added; and, as adolescence approaches, let the mother stand ready to usher her child into the great mystery of life as it really exists in the world, pressing upon men and women with a force, all powerful, all pervading, all commanding.

"At this period, the child,—a child no longer,—comes into a personal sense of the life which he has so long known in part. He begins, now, to fully realize the personal force of it all. He feels himself a part of the community life, which before had not been quite real to him. He feels new and strange emotions burning within him; new hopes, new fears, new ambitions, new desires. Love, too, may be experienced, and the man child or the woman child may, in an immature

way, gain further knowledge, through his own experience, of the great love life that lies everywhere round about him.

“At this period, the mother needs to pray for Divine wisdom in guiding her child in ways that shall help, not hinder, drawing his confidence, and never repelling it. High ideals of chivalry and of devotion are now essential. Books and stories, also, which show forth the suffering which comes both to man and woman from the wrong use of this great power, and the joy and soul fulfillment that come through the glorification of the same.

“‘We are born twice; once to exist, and once again to live,’ said Rousseau; and when the song of true love sounds in the heart of a human being, then, and not till then, does he live truly.

“For this great song, then, lest it become a miserere rather than a jubilate, let us prepare our children; and in preparing, let us lay an early foundation in conceptions which, while honest and scientific, are yet fanciful, imaginative and æsthetic.”

“You have silenced all my objections,” said the New Englander, rising; “but now I wish to learn like the children; I want to know the tales of nature, and how to be wiser in the guidance of my little ones?”

“Thank you,” replied Dr. Ruth, “for your words are an inspiration to me. I will tell you the answer I gave my little Lewis one night, as I was putting him to bed, when he asked me whence the baby came to the home of his little playmate, Wallace. This first little sex talk to my boy I hope to make the foundation of a series of Nature Stories that should make the mother’s task less difficult. Wallace’s mother had told him that



' the baby grew in a rose bush ; ' and his sister had said that ' a stork brought it across the big sea. ' Being still unsatisfied, my Lewis went to my Aunt Mehetabel, who was horror-stricken, and exclaimed, ' You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Lewis, asking such questions. ' Then it was that he came to me, the thought of mystery still predominant, and, as I tucked him in bed, whispered his experience, and his curiosity. ' Why ought I to be 'shamed, movher dear? Is it naughty for babies to come? An' is it naughty for little boys to ask? An' does Wallace' movher an' his sister jus' have to guess because they doesn't know, movher? ' Little wide-awake Esther was also on the alert. ' An', movher, ' she said softly, ' why did Wallace' movher laugh when I told her I was goin' to ask my papa to bring me a wee baby sister? Please 'splain? '

" Certainly darlings, I will tell you all about it. "

" Movher always tells us everyfing jus' true, " cried Lewis.

" Yes; only truth shall be told you if you will come to your papa and your mama and ask them all the questions that puzzle you; and they will try to tell you all about it. Will you always remember that? "

" Yes, movher, always! " exclaimed both in chorus.

" I tell you, mothers, that compliment of faith in my mother honor touched me deeply as something that should be treasured and held sacred. It caused me to listen prayerfully to my little Lewis as he told me how he and Wallace had looked the rosebush all over and found no broken buds or branches. I assured the children that this, like the story of the stork, was untrue.

" ' But who did bring the baby? ' questioned Esther. ' Please 'splain. '

“ Having anticipated the day when such a question might arise, and believing that mysterious questions—no matter at what age they may be asked,—should be answered delicately but frankly, I realized that the time had come to begin the unfoldment of the truth to these wee children; so I sat beside them in the twilight and began my story. ‘Once upon a time,—’

“ ‘Oh, brovher, a really truly fairy story!’ cried Esther, clapping her hands.

“ Yes darling, a fairy story that is all true.

“ There lived a good fairy called Dame Nature to whom God gave the care of all living things; she watched over the plants, grasses, trees, fishes, animals, birds, and, most holy watch of all, over boys and girls, and men and women. ‘I give all these things into your care,’ said the Master, ‘and, through your commands, they shall grow, each of their kind, and beautify the earth.’ So Mother Nature began her work by commanding the sun to give of its warmth and light to all the grasses, making them glad; then she asked the rain cloud to let fall soft showers upon her fields and woods, and the grasses and trees looked up and smiled, and all the earth became very beautiful. By and by the winter came; the plants withered, grasses grew brown and dry, and the leaves, clothed in gorgeous splendor, fell to the earth. So months passed, and Spring again breathed softly. ‘Now,’ said Mother Nature, ‘all my beautiful plants, grasses and trees will spring to life again.’

“ Day after day the patient mother waited in vain, until, disheartened, she sought the Master with her story of woe, asking wherein she had failed, leaving the earth desolate.



" 'You forget the great law of life,' reproved the Master, 'that all things should grow old and die; neither can they ever return to earth. Go back to your work, and once more I will breathe life into the plants, and into all things which lived before, and bid them put forth leaves and blossoms; but you must teach them that to continue beautifying the earth year after year, each living plant must pass life on to a baby plant. If you will humbly bow your ear I will whisper the great secret to you.'

" 'Movher, what was the secret?' queried impatient little Lewis, snuggling closer to me.

"The message was, 'Omne vivum ex ovo;' meaning that all life comes from a tiny seed, contained within herself by the mother of every baby grass-blade, plant and tree, and so on through the different kinds of living things; and from this seed springs the little offshoot or child of the parent. So Mother Nature hurried back to her plants, trees, and other living things, and cried joyfully, 'Lift up your hands and rejoice, for again the Maker of all Things will breathe life into you, and you shall take on your beautiful colors and grow.' Just then a soft wind swept over the earth. 'Listen;' said Mother Nature reverently, 'the Master's breath of life is upon you.'

"Some tiny leaves began to show, and a faint tinge of color crept over the brown grass. If one listened intently, one could hear a triumphant chorus from all growing things: 'We live again, we live again, thank God we live again.'

"Baby vines twined their creeping fingers around trees and stones; little leaves fluttered in ecstasy, and the grasses whistled in glee.

“ One day Mother Nature cried, ‘ You have played through your youth. Now that you have reached maturity, you must recollect that winter again approaches, with death in its wake. Listen to me earnestly, for never again will the Master breathe earthly life upon you if you die now. So each mother in its separate kind must form for itself a little seed, and when it is complete, each father of like kind must touch the seed with his own life; and lo, from the seed shall spring forth a baby plant when Spring shall kiss it awake, and each baby plant shall bear the form and color of its parents, according to their kind. It is so the Master desires that each shall live on forever, and the baby seed shall be warmed by the earth and the falling leaves or the drifting snows.’

“ Into the heart of every grass plant, and tree, and all living things, came new joy and adoration for the great Father of them all. So every mother at once set to work to make tiny cradles for her baby seeds, to shield them from cold and storm; and a marvellous change came over fields and forest. Odd blossoms and tassels flaunted to the breeze, then were tenderly folded, one by one, into seed cradles which held life eternal.’

“ It was thus I talked to my babies, until the little eyes began to droop; while the lips murmured the heart’s appreciation, ‘ What a boofiful sto-ory that is!’ and this first nature talk was ended; as I now end my message to yourselves.”

“ Oh, please do not stop! ” was the unanimous cry.

“ It is late, and I have already over-stayed my time; but I hope you have been helped to a new conception of life.”

"We have indeed; and we shall anxiously look forward to reading the Nature Stories."

Dr. Ruth smiled. "I fear," said she, "that you must exercise a little patience, for the book is not even ready for the press."

## CHAPTER VIII

## SPRINGTIME NATURE STORIES

**D**R. LYON and his wife devoted all the time possible to the children during the days of Spring, and often took them into the fields to gather flowers, that at bedtime they might talk to them of their mysteries.

In the garden at one corner of the broad piazza, stood a Flowering Currant. One morning Lewis called to his father, "Come, Papa, come quickly; the Currant Bush is covered with blossoms before the leaves have come. Do not leaves always come before the flowers?"

"No, my son; it seems that when Mother Nature, whom you love so well, told the plants the secret of life, this little Bush listened so intently, and such a well-spring of love sprang up in her heart,—love such as your mother has for you and sister,—that she could not wait to hear the end of the message, but just made nice, strong cradles at once, fearing winter might come too soon and her babies be frozen before she could take them in and blanket them softly and warmly; and, in her haste, she forgot her leaves, and everything else but the one great thought of her babies. The Lilac standing near, becoming anxious, said to the bare bush, in a neighborly way, 'You must hurry, dear neighbor.'

"'That is what I am doing,' replied the Currant Bush; 'am I not getting my blossoms ready as fast as I can?'

“‘Blossoms! Goodness, friend, where are your leaves? My leaves are fully out and my buds almost ready to open.’

“‘Don’t you bother,’ replied the Currant Bush, ‘I may surprise you by blossoming first.’

“‘Without leaves? You cannot, for see how long it takes to make the leaves.’

“The Currant Bush did not deign to reply to this; but kept steadily on with her work, saying to herself, ‘the Lilac does not understand; she does not know.’

“Then when the Lilac awoke one morning, she glanced in astonishment at the Currant Bush covered with a blaze of yellow glory; every branch covered from end to end with glowing flowers. The Lilac was so surprised she could not even rustle her leaves.

“‘It is all right,’ smiled the Currant Bush, ‘I have learned that it is the way of our family to send out its flowers first, so they will not be crowded by the leaves.’”

“What a pretty, truly story!” said Lewis, drawing a long breath. “It’s as wonderful as the one last night about the stamens and pistils of the flowers being the fathers and mothers; the stamens sending the pollen to fertilize the little seed that it may grow into a flower; the tiny seed with always its wee cradle to rock in. I love you, Papa, for telling me these nice stories.”

“Do all papas and mamas tell such nice stories as ours?” asked Esther. For answer Papa Robert kissed the little woman in silence.

Next morning it was Dr. Ruth whose attention was called by the children to the Morning Glory blossom; with its pistils standing strong and brave.

"She is watching her babies hidden in their cradles at her feet," said Ruth.

"And oh," cried Esther, "here is the papa stamen reaching up his pollen as if he wanted to give it to the mother pistil for her wee seed babies. See how she turns to him with longing for her babies, bending her pretty head to get the pollen."

"Here comes the wind," said Mother Ruth. "Watch closely now, and see what happens, for the Morning Glories seem to call 'Come help us, gentle wind.'"

For a moment the wind paused and there was a balmy sweetness in the air. Then whispering to the papa Morning Glory, he gave him a gentle shake, and the stamen nodded, 'thank you,' and sent its pollen flying through the air, much of it resting on the head of Mother Pistil; who sang, 'Now, little seed-babies, awaken;' and she dusted the pollen over them softly as they lay cradled at her feet.

One day Esther and Lewis planted a bean, and when they looked next morning, it had not grown, so they uncovered it. The second and third morning they did the same, but still they were disappointed.

"Dear me," said the little Bean; "they will kill me, uncovering me so often. I shall all dry up instead of softening in the damp earth as I should."

Fortunately for baby Bean a four days rain came to her, and she had a chance to grow. Her tiny covering softened and fell off; her two cotyledons separated sufficiently for her to stick out a baby foot and push herself upward through the soil where she could have a view of the garden. She lay resting on top of the earth when the children discovered her.

"Why how strange!" said Esther, "brother, we



must have forgotten to cover her over, and the poor thing will get cold."

"Maybe we did," said Lewis. "I will run and get my little hoe and cover her up again."

So they left the Bean-baby with a nice blanket of earth over her, much to her disgust.

Two days later the children came again to the garden, and the Bean-baby lay on top of the soil, looking up at the sun.

"It must be all right this time," said Lewis, "for the bean has split open, and see, there's a tiny sprout."

"What funny feet the baby has!" exclaimed Esther.

When they came again the sprout had shot upwards and was beginning to put forth tiny leaves.

"Our work is done, now the leaves begin to come," sighed the little cotyledons, as they fell down into the brown soil and went to sleep.

Another time Esther and Lewis planted a little brown pea in the garden. They waited even longer than for the bean, and still it did not appear.

"How poky slow it is," said Esther, digging her boot into the earth.

"I am afraid it is dead," answered Lewis.

The baby Pea heard them and whispered as though it thought they might hear, "No, no, no, impatient children. I am not dead; but very much alive here beneath the dirt; just you wait and see."

"We've waited forever for that baby seed to be born," said Esther some days later.

"It's fourteen days, I counted them," said Lewis.

Next day two little leaves poked up saucily, like little ears, listening to know whether it was safe to come all the way out into the light.

"This baby does not behave at all like the Bean-baby," said Esther, who had brought her mother to see the cunning leaves.

"No," said Mother Ruth, "babies are not all alike. The Bean-baby and Pea-baby have different work to do down in the earth. The Pea-baby has to send out many roots before sticking out its head; the Bean-baby comes up more quickly because it has but one root."

"Oh, that's it, brovher! We understand now," cried Esther.

In a few days the Pea leaves stood high upon a stalk with other leaves trailing after them, and all the time they grew larger and larger. As they grew, they put out little thread-like fingers and clung to the fence that they might keep up and travel far. On and on they ran; branches coming out beside the tendrils, until, after a time the fence was covered with creeping vines, for somehow other Pea-babies had sprouted and grown up, and underneath the ground the roots were growing lustily. Buds came; and at last, one morning, looking from the window, Dr. Ruth called the children to see the fence covered with green, and dotted with pretty blossoms of pink, white and purple.

"How beautiful! Oh, Mama, may we take a basket and cut some for the table?"

"Yes, darlings, run along and we will surprise Papa with a bouquet when he comes to breakfast."

"But the seed cradles," said motherly Esther, her tender heart relenting.

"You will not cut all the flowers, and others will bloom from day to day; and, strange to say, the more you pluck the more new blossoms grow."

A week later Esther came running in—"Mama,

Mama, the most beautiful cradles I ever saw are those made by the Pea mother. They are like emerald wax, and the babies lie like green pearls inside, for I opened one to see;—the dearest little things wif black eyes, and the movher is so good, for she has stuck ev'y cradle so tight together that it hurt my fingers to open them."

"Mother Nature is a wise teacher," replied Ruth, her hand resting on the head beside her.

## CHAPTER IX

## SPRING BREEZES

SUCH a commotion as there was beneath the soil when the March Wind blew his trumpet. "Haloo, —haloo—ooo—ooo—ooo!" All the little seed babies in the earth heard the call to waken. They began at once to bestir themselves; and after a time one little head peeped out to look around.

"'Spect they heard blue-birds," said Lewis, from his pillow.

"Yes," replied Esther, "and when blue-birds come, it is time for dear little Crocus; isn't it, Mama?"

"Listen now, children: At the foot of the Birch tree, who was already sending out his fresh, green leaves, which he had made ready for the springtime. A little Snowdrop appeared, and it looked so sweet and delicate that even the March Wind did not blow hard upon it. Then little Miss Hepatica,—so thrifty she gets her leaves ready the winter before,—came peeping out and found snow still lying in the shady places; but she looked such a dear homebody that one might have thought she had lived in the snow all winter. Young Birch was somewhat saucy, so one day, spying the little flower in the grass at his feet, he said: 'You are a very pretty young lady, Miss Hepatica; but I do not like your leafy costume. It looks thick and weather-beaten. Why do you not have fresh, new leaves like mine?'

“ ‘Laugh at me, if you will, Mr. Birch; even though I must say it is poor taste. Mother Nature bade me prepare my leaves last fall, and they have slept all winter beneath the snow. But you cannot boast a beautiful flower like mine, dear brother Birch.’

“The Birch shook its leaves merrily. ‘Wouldn’t I look rather strange with blossoms like yours, young lady?’

“ ‘No more so than I, sir, with leaves like yours,’ replied Miss Hepatica haughtily, and she snuggled down in the dry grasses and soon was fast asleep.

“ ‘What a dear, nice, little Hepatica,’ whispered the Birch. ‘After all I love that humble little flower, and shall spread my branches over her so that the warm, spring sun will not wilt her while she sleeps, and when winter comes, I will see that she is well blanketed with my brown leaves.’ ”

“Humph,” said Lewis, “didn’t little Miss Hepatica have relatives?”

“Yes,” answered Mother Ruth, “she has a dear, little sister called Anenome, although they are not very well acquainted. It is said a fairy once overheard Anenome talking to sister Hepatica, asking her how she ever made her leaves grow and spread out so early in the spring, so that she had nothing to do but blossom; and Hepatica answered her, as she had answered the Birch. ‘I made my leaves ready last fall, so I have nothing to do now but bloom and sleep. But, do not feel bad, sister Anenome,’ continued Hepatica, generously, ‘for your little, fresh leaves are very beautiful and help to set off your dainty, pink blossoms. Truly, sister, I often wish Mother Nature would be less severe and let me have new spring leaves.’



"Mother Nature, who had been listening, though they did not know it, said kindly, 'Do not envy each other, children, for each is doing what is right. All the world loves the early flowers of Hepatica; and I would not like to lose the tender beauty of the leaves of Anemone, that give promise of the dainty flowers so soon to follow.'

"Now, my little nodding Hepaticas, go to sleep," smiled Mother Ruth, kissing her children good night, "for it is time you were in slumberland."

Next day Esther and her father found a Marsh-marigold out in a swamp, growing close beside a Skunk-cabbage, and though the child did not notice its beauty so much as its novelty, she took it home to her mother.

"Thank you, daughter, for this lovely Sunset Gold."

"Sunset Gold!" exclaimed Esther.

"Yes, dear; see the richness of the dark green leaves and the little bunches of flowers, yellow as Buttercups."

"But, Mother," questioned curious Esther, "why does Sunset Gold grow in a swamp?"

"I will tell you," answered Papa Robert, taking the little girl upon his knee, "for Mother is tired to-day. Down in the swamp lived a small plant, with quite large flowers and rich, green leaves, which it kept clean and shining. Its nearest neighbor was a vulgar Skunk-cabbage, which made the locality very undesirable; but unfortunately the nice, green plant, with its cleanly nature, could not move. One day, a Dandelion seed came flying through the air and floated to rest upon the happy little plant in the swamp.

"'Who are you?' questioned the Swamp plant.

"'I am a Dandelion seed.'



“‘Oh, I have heard of you,’ said the Swamp flower. ‘I am glad to meet one of your family. I have heard that they are very beautiful yellow flowers that live in the sunny meadows and hillside.’

“‘Very true,’ replied the Dandelion seed.

“‘But why are you here in this strange place?’ asked the Swamp plant.

“‘The wind picked me up from the hillside and tossed me so high in the air that I was frightened; so on and on I flew, as fast as I could, until, quite out of breath, I stopped to rest in this cool, shady place. You must enjoy living beside the water.’

“‘I should,’ said the Swamp plant sadly, ‘were I as beautiful as the members of your family. If I had as lovely a color as they, I think I should be quite content.’

“‘I have heard,’ comforted the Dandelion, ‘that the sun brings the golden yellow to the Buttercup; perhaps it might to you also if you asked it.’

“‘I will,’ answered the Swamp plant, hopefully.

“Next morning, when the sun arose, the Swamp plant lifted up her head and besought the gift of color. ‘Dear little flower,’ said the Sun, ‘I fear you have not recently looked in your brook mirror, or else you would know that when I showered gold upon your sister, the Buttercup, I gave some to you also.’

“Bending to the brook, tears of joy welled up from the heart of the Swamp flower, as she beheld the reflection of her wealth of green and gold; and she became the happiest and brightest of flowers.”

“Wasn’t she a funny girl, never to look in her mirror?” laughed little Esther, hopping down to go prepare for luncheon.

"She certainly was not a flesh and blood young girl," smiled Dr. Lyon, following with his eyes the lithe, alert figure as it left the room.

After luncheon, the children spied two little lilac buds on the top of a twig, and pulled the branch down where they could see it. "Oh, Movher, what secrets are they whispering to each other, with not another bud near enough to hear? I think I hear one say it is growing very warm."

"And the other says, 'Spring is near,'" laughingly interposed Esther, "'cause I felt his warm breath across my lips this morning.'"

"And I heard the other say," continued little Lewis, "'I am sure the sun is high, for I felt warm through my blankets, both the green one and the white one.'"

Next day the two children went early to visit the buds, and Ruth pulled the twig down that they might the better see the little leaf-buds.

The following day, the greenest of little leaves floated themselves saucily before the children's eyes. So it was that Esther and Lewis grew hand in hand with their parents, into the unfoldment and mysteries of life. Its poesy and its prose strengthened both the moral and physical sides of their nature; developing the mental without forcing.

## CHAPTER X

## PISTILLATE AND STAMINATE FLOWERS

LIKE all children, Esther and Lewis were very fond of the Pussy Willow, and never tired of stories about these odd plants, in which the father stamen and the mother pistil do not dwell side by side. For they had learned that there are plants and flowers and trees in which it happens that the stamen is in one flower and the pistil in another, or again the stamen is on one side of the plant and the pistil on the other side, or the papa stamens all on one tree and the mama pistils on another.

These two fortunate children had learned, little by little, things of which older people are often ignorant. It was to them an ever widening world of knowledge. Carefully guided by their parents, they were now learning that even though the father and mother flowers may live very far apart, as sometimes the willows do, the same inevitable law of nature still works on and on,—the mother preparing the seed-babies, the father sending the pollen to touch them to life. It may be the wind he invokes as a messenger, or some flitting insect, who stops for a moment's rest.

The parents no longer told these stories simply as such; but wove into them more of scientific facts, that they might be better prepared for life and intelligent appreciation of those great forces which govern the universe.

It might be the west winds that rocked the cradles; or it might be the colder east, which was always careful not to freeze the willow-tree babies with her cold breath; and even the rough, old North Wind was cautious not to harm them, though he shouted teasingly: "Jack Frost will bite you! Jack Frost will bite you!" The Mother Willow nodded gracefully, "You won't harm my babies, Jack."

Then along came March and the South Wind sighing, "Willow—ou—ou, Willow—ou—ou."

"Listen," whispered the mother Willow, "the soft wind croons 'Willow—ou—ou,' to waken my little ones who are sleeping."

She reached out her long arms to the South Wind; and lo, her babies' little heads peeped forth and cooed, "Willow—ou—ou."

The sun smiled upon the soft, furry heads, and the breezes caressed them. Mother Nature, well pleased, cautioned, "Keep on your fur hoods, for it is yet too cold for little babies to come out without them."

The dear obedient little babes of the Willow-tree kept on their hoods for several days, even though the birds laughed at them and sang, "Fie! Why wear those hoods?" But the Willow babes could afford to wait, for one day the sun became very warm, and the bonny South Wind murmured softly, "You good babies; take off your hoods now, for springtime has really come." Then the babes pushed back their furry hoods and loosened their golden hair, and covered all the mother trees with glory. The birds were so amazed at the change that they forgot to sing for four or five minutes. Then they danced and warbled with the golden Pussy Willows until twilight.

## THE-FIRST-DANDELION-THAT-EVER-WAS

"Please Movher," said Esther, who had run in with a handful of golden Dandelions mixed with those of feathery white, "it is bedtime now, and won't you tell us if these with white hair like Aunt Mehetabel are aunties or grandparents of the pretty yellow ones?"

Mother Ruth set a taboret by their beds, and placed upon it a Japanese bowl filled with the Dandelions they had brought.

"Now that you are each safe in your beds, children, Mother will talk to you. I told you about the Willows sometimes causing the papa and mama Willow to live far apart; so, delighting in variety, Dame Nature crowds many, many families into one little flower growing upon a single stem. Such is the Dandelion; a fine illustration of gregarious living;—that is, many living in a small space. A bouquet of beautiful flowers upon one stalk. Tomorrow, when it is light, take the magnifying glass and examine the flowers of one Dandelion, and you will find that every little part is an odd shaped flower with pistils, stamens and all. In a plant like this, it is very easy for the Dandelion father to send the pollen to the mother; and probably that is why thousands of Dandelion children are sent out over the fields to make homes for themselves.

"There is a legend to illustrate this. It says, 'One morning, The-First-Dandelion-That-Ever-Was awoke to find her yellow head had turned white during the night. For a moment she was so shocked that she could not move; then, feeling the juice still running in her veins, she leaned over and looked at herself in the brook once more; but alas, her yellow hair had gone, and worse than all, while she stood bowed in sorrow a



brisk wind came singing across the field, and being frolicsome, it rushed on the Dandelion and bent her nearly to the ground, crying,—“Oho, oho, come with me!”—and when the Dandelion lifted herself, what do you think had happened? The wind had stripped her quite bald-headed. This was more than the poor Dandelion could bear, she even did not have courage to watch her white, plummy hair floating up the hillside with the boisterous wind. As she stood grieving, Mother Nature appeared.

“‘Tut, tut, little Dandelion, look up and I will tell you something. Don't you know that the end of every white, plummy hair is a little Dandelion seed-baby in a wee cradle, and that they must fly away to find a home of their own and care for themselves, for how could you ever care for such a brood? So, if they did not fly away King Winter would destroy them, smothering them in his warm, white blanket so that you would sleep on forever. He covers the scattered babies too, but only to warm them to new life that your name may not die out. One day they will stretch themselves in their little cradles until the cover bursts; then they will push up through the earth; fresh leaves will spread out and cling to the soil just as yours have done, and there will be buds and blossoms, and afterward, the white hair indicating that the little cradles are again ready to float. So it will be year after year, because it is the will of the Good Father; so do not worry any more for your dear babies; some of them may lodge in some dirty, crowded street, where human children are congregated as your babies are, but in city filth, instead of country purity. These stray children of yours with their smiling, golden faces, peeping out from some



crack of the pavement where soil has lodged, may be a treasure of golden hope to some weary, crippled child; or some one sunken deep in vice may see them and be led back to the fields, and to the path of righteousness.'

" 'Soothed and comforted, The-First-Dandelion-That-Ever-Was sank to sleep amid her enfolding leaves.' "

" There's a dandy little fellow,  
Who dresses all in yellow,  
In yellow, with an overcoat of green;  
With his hair all crisp and curly,  
In the springtime, bright and early,  
A-tripping o'er the meadow he is seen.

" Spick and spandy, little dandy,  
Golden dancer of the dell,  
Green and yellow, happy fellow,  
All the children love him well.

" Through all the bright June weather,  
Like a jolly little tramp  
He wanders o'er the hillside, down the road;  
Around his yellow feather,  
The gypsy fireflies camp,  
His companions are the woodlark and the toad.

" But at last this little fellow  
Doffs his dandy coat of yellow,  
And very feebly totters o'er the green;  
For he very old is growing,  
And with hair all white and flowing,  
A-nodding in the sunlight he is seen.

" The little winds of morning,  
Come flying through the grass,  
And clap their hands around him in their glee;  
They shake him without warning,  
His wig falls off, alas,  
And a little bald-head dandy now is he."

#### BEADS ON THEIR SILVER THREADS

One day Dr. Lyon and his wife were out for a walk with the children, when they came to the pond in the

meadow below the house; its surface bordered deep with green scum.

"Isn't it horrid?" exclaimed dainty Esther, turning up her little nose.

"It's awful dirty," added Lewis.

"Let us look and see," said Dr. Lyon. "If my memory does not fail me, you thought the Arrow Arm and the Skunk-cabbage were horrid, until you learned the secrets hidden beneath their rough exteriors."

The doctor drew out some of the long, green threads upon a piece of wood and showed the children how beautiful they were.

Dr. Ruth took a microscope from her bag; "look through this, children, and tell me what you see."

"Oh, see!" cried Esther, who was the first to look, "it is really a live plant!"

"Yes," said their father, "one that lives and reproduces itself year after year. This tiny plant has the same life-giving power as the splendid rose, the chrysanthemum, the dahlia, or the phlox. Look closely and you will see that lying side by side on each long, green thread are tiny cells like a string of beads. These little cells lie thus for a long time side by side beneath the warm sun, then, when their cell cradles are ready, these long shreds,—one a mother shred, the other a father shred,—turn to each other like those of the plants of which you have studied; and the stamens and the pistils are drawn toward each other and meet."

"It is nature's way," said Ruth, taking up the story. "They are unconscious of cause or effect; but she knows the mother cells cannot live on forever, beyond the summer heat and winter cold, and that they could not find food for themselves, for all things upon the

earth and within the waters must sleep some time; and so she bids the fathers and mothers pass their life on to the children that shall grow to be like them; and for this purpose, they must unite the cells hidden within the green shreds, that their children may spring up and cover the waters with the brilliant green emeralds that sparkle in the sunlight; thus, obeying Nature, the shreds look toward one another joyously, reach out toward one another ever farther and farther in welcoming, just as did the stamen and the pistil in the Morning Glories, and all is well. Mother Nature knows that father and mother cell will blend into one, the father giving of his own life for his offspring, until by and by they throw off the hard little covering which has protected them; the long, green shred fades away, replaced by the baby cell made up from the union of a father and a mother cell, and the little new life sinks to the bottom of the pond; happy and safe it sleeps, quietly awaiting the coming of the spring; then it will awaken, bound up to the surface, and, in turn, spread out long, shining, green threads."

"Dear babies," murmured Esther, hugging her dolly close in her arms.

"But, Papa, some fathers and mothers keep alive, don't they, just like you and Mama do, after their babies come?"

"Yes, darling," answered Dr. Lyon, drawing her close. "It is only these unconscious parents that die after bestowing life upon their children, except in rare cases. All these parents we have talked of in different ways perpetuate themselves, either through direct contact, the help of the wind, the birds, or the bees. To some Mother Nature has given wings to fly; to others,

plumes, as you already know; to some hooks which cling to the clothes of people and the wool of animals, that the seed cradles may be born far and near and dropped in strange places. She causes the pretty, blue Flax-flower to coat the tiny cradle of her babies with a waxy substance; so that when the rain falls and makes them damp, they stick to anything that touches them,—an ant with a crumb, a field-mouse hunting food, a bee seeking honey.”

“Then there is our lovely Goldenrod,” said Ruth, “each separate seed has a cradle that fits so tight it is called an akene. The Goldenrod mother makes these so rough outside that they stick to the clothes of people, the wool of animals, or feathers of a bird, until they see a nice home where they drop into the grass and cuddle close until spring. But to be doubly sure that her little ones shall be carried to new homes, she places a little plume on every akene, so that if no living thing come near to take them, the first strong wind will float them through the air. Mrs. Aster does the same with her own pretty seed-babies; until, when Autumn comes, the air and earth are filled with these seed cradles, each of varying kind, according to its birthright. The Marigold, Thistle, Clematis, Cat-tails, Cranesbill and the Milkweed spilling hundreds of plumed seeds. The Thistle, like the Dandelion, is composed of many tiny blossoms; so, until it is time for the tiny akene at the bottom of each flower to fly away, the little plumes are hidden away behind rough, thorny scales. Poor Thistle! so light and airy, despised by husbandmen in all lands, except in Scotland, where it is the national flower of those sturdy people.”

"I like them all, even to the Thistles," exclaimed Lewis.

"So does I, brovher!" said Esther.

"Loving Nature, in tune with its every phase, my children, cannot go far astray," said Ruth, as they turned toward home.

"And tonight, Mama dear, we begin with the fishes, do we not?"

"I think so. Some one has compared life to a stair-case; at the foot are the simple creatures, so torpid one can hardly believe them living organisms. Step by step, life-forms become more complex, higher in structure and function and intelligence; until at the head of the stair-case stands man; man, with his highly developed mental and moral nature. Tonight, my little man and woman, after our few years' study of the fields, and woods, and all that grows therein, we will begin on another landing of the stair-case; so scamper in now and prepare to join us at luncheon."



## CHAPTER XI

## UP LIFE'S STAIRCASE

THE children's hour had come, and the little ones, after their bath, slipped on their dainty bath robes and brought cushions to their mother's feet, where they might sit with their heads on her knee.

"It's fishes, tonight, isn't it, sister?" cried enthusiastic Lewis.

"Yes, dearies," laughed Mother Ruth; "the first landing on Life's Staircase."

"And it must be broad enough for four, for Papa's going to climb too," said Father Robert, entering at that moment.

"Oh: we are so glad. Both will tell us the story now."

"There was great excitement in the waters of the sea," began Dr. Ruth, "because the sun had smiled warmly down upon all the little fishes, telling them Spring, with the spicy, South Wind, had returned. The banks of the river were laden with flowers and grasses, and bushes were coming to life. The fishes heard, and coming to the surface inhaled the fragrance. A handsome Stickleback, the most graceful fish in all the sea, looked towards the school of sea fish of various kinds and saw a pretty little Miss Stickleback who, he was sure, would make a gentle Stickleback wife and mother. She in turn gazed at her fine admirer and thought, 'He is the most attractive Stickleback in the sea, and would



be a good father for my children.' The two swam alongside through the shining water, and, as they swam, they loved each other more; for Mr. Stickleback was kind and chivalrous, and, in his eyes, she was so sweet and thoughtful. 'Let us go and build a nest,' suggested Mr. Stickleback.

"'How lovely!' replied Lady Stickleback, 'for I have two little sacs of eggs ready to lay in the nest; you can feel them here just under my skin.'

"Mr. Stickleback ran his fin along her side, 'I do not feel them, but I am glad that they are there. Let us hasten to make a nest for them; we will not be as careless as many fishes, who deposit their eggs in the water, then run away and leave them.'

"'Perhaps they do not care for their babies as we shall do,' said Lady Stickleback.

"Mr. Stickleback was very proud of his young wife when she said this, for all who are affectionate, whether fish or man, like a motherly wife. These two fish parents set to work to build their nest, almost after the fashion of a bird's-nest; and, when it was complete, the mother swam over and over it, and down into it, pouring her burden of eggs therein, until her task of love was finished. Mr. Stickleback looked at the nest approvingly, fondly thinking of the school of little Sticklebacks that would swim the waters later on; so he poured his spawn over the eggs, fertilizing them just as the fathers of the flowers give the pollen from their stamens to the mother pistils, whose seed-babies sleep in the cradle at their feet.

"Sometimes strange looking fish came toward Mother Stickleback, but the father fought them gallantly, until they were glad to flee to foreign waters;

and the harder he fought, the more vivid scarlet he grew, his green stripes shining like bands of emerald, until he looked very gorgeous in his scarlet coat trimmed with white and green. While he fought to protect his loved ones, a Star-fish and Sea-cucumber came sailing by. He thought for a moment they were going to join in the fray, but they were too wise to engage in a contest with Mr. Stickleback, although the Sea-cucumber,—in its anger at being misunderstood,—spit itself out into the water, leaving its empty shell floating behind it; the Starfish not to be outdone, blew himself up as if filled with gunpowder, and the fragments were carried away by the tide.”

“Do the fish freeze when the ice fills the river and the lake?” asked Lewis, still wide awake.

“No,” answered Dr. Lyon, taking up the story; “certain fish have certain climates and waters in which they make their home and rear their family. The Bass love best the quiet, clear waters, where, after fanning away with their fins any sticks or dead leaves that lie in the white sand underneath, and picking up the pebbles and carrying them away in their mouths, (perhaps taking days for the task), they lay their eggs, where, after the spawning, the sun can shine warmly and hasten the development of their babies. It is so all fish life is continued according to place and climate, just as plant life is carried on; the seed of one and the egg of the other, requiring fertilization by pollen or spawn before it becomes a living thing, each according to its kind.”

“And the frogs that sing ‘chug-chug?’” murmured Esther; “are they fishes too, Papa?”

“No, dear,” replied Dr. Lyon, “they are one step

higher on the Staircase of Life. When the moon is shining on the water, Mr. Frog sings his bass serenade to Miss Frog, whose voice he thinks sweeter than any other sound in all the world. He puffs himself up with importance until his eyes almost bulge out of his head when she answers his call. They talk together in a low chug-chug, until, becoming very enthusiastic, they sometimes emit almost a roar. Night after night they talk and sing together on the banks of the meadow pond, till, bye and bye, as the long days lengthen, and the air becomes intensely warm, the mates dive down into the water together searching for a safe place to deposit their precious eggs; for the frog mothers have only a few eggs, instead of many, like the fishes, so they must use the greatest care. These eggs are coated with a jelly-like substance that holds them together, balancing them so nicely, that they will neither float away nor drop to the bottom of the pond. The moment Mother Frog deposits her eggs, the father pours the fertilizing fluid over them; for he, too, is anxious they shall live. The two then leave their nest, going away together in search of food,—perhaps a breakfast of flies or bugs, which they consider rare luxuries. The frog parents are not endowed with memories, so these two forget all about the nest and spend their nights singing and eating, until one day, happening to paddle near the nest, lo, little black-tailed creatures were darting here and there across the water.

“‘Strange things,’ said Mother Frog suspiciously; ‘what are they? Do you suppose they are good to eat?’

“‘Why, it was just here we laid our eggs, was it not? Let’s snap at them.’

“‘I do not recollect,’ answered Mother Frog.

“Puzzled, they went back to the bank to find food they were sure was good, and join the Frog choir,—already assembled. When they went back a day or two later to where they had seen the odd little tadpoles, the tiny creatures had grown, and eyes and mouths were forming. Father Frog still was puzzled, so he roared his loudest, ‘Chug-chug-chug!’ but they were not frightened away at all; for they knew that when their tails dropped off, they too would be able to sing as charmingly.

“The man in the moon chuckled; the clouds scurried over the sky and the birds tittered a story which had been told them by a bird from some foreign country about a frog with a pocket on her back. The father fertilizes the eggs and places them one by one in this skin nest on the mother’s back, where she can keep them nice and warm.

“‘They are wiser than these foolish frogs that do not know their own tadpole babies,’ warbled the Oriole.

“‘But not half so wise as birds,’ replied the Blue-jay, proudly rustling his azure wings. ‘Mother Nature herself,’ he continued, balancing himself on one foot, ‘has admitted that nothing in the world is more beautiful than we, active, full of life and song, trilling through forests, meadow and garden; and we must be very cautious that not one egg be lost; for we each give forth but a few,—so dainty and delicate, that wicked children, and men who think themselves wondrous wise in the study of birdology, love to find our nests and steal them.’

“‘Or some gluttonous creature might find them for a feast. Why do you know that in some countries the



people are so savage they even steal the nests of birds, which they have builded of the most choice materials, and use them for food.'

" 'Mother Nature said also,' continued the Jay, rocking back and forth on a fragrant balsam plant, 'that we are higher up in life than those horrid frogs who make us weary with their attempts at music; and like the blossoms of rare fruit trees, thousands of which never become fruit at all, we too are so precious that our valuable eggs which perpetuate our race, must be most carefully shielded.'

" 'Yes, and that,' chirped the Oriole, 'is why inside all birds, as in the fish, there is a sac. But in birds it is at the end of a tiny tube. The eggs form in this little sac, and the father pours the fertilizing life-fluid down through the little tube upon the egg; then the little baby life is enclosed tightly in a shell and this rolls out of the tube into the nest. Isn't it beautiful?'

" 'And how happy the nest building,' warbled the Jay, preening his feathers, as his mate flew to his side, for they had begun their nest building, and their plumage was growing glossier and more beautiful each day, as does the plumage of all birds at mating time; and the father bird's voice is always most entrancing at this period. How proud Mrs. Blue-jay was of her mate as she flew to his side, bearing a silken string in her beak. Mr. Jay looked at her, and thought her the most beautiful mother-bird he had ever seen.

" One day a mother Robin cuddled down in her nest, and when she left it, behold, the eggs—one, two, three, were laid. Three priceless little eggs, containing each a tiny egg-cell of the mother and sperm-cell of the father, which had blended into one; and in those eggs

the tiny fledgling birds were forming. Day after day either papa or mama Robin watched over the nest, brooding over it to keep the eggs warm, sitting as patiently still as if all their life hitherto had not been spent in continual movement. There was no more singing, twittering and hopping about, for their parental responsibility was heavy upon them, and papa Robin never once fretted, scolded or remained long away. So the days sped by, until, listening intently, the mother heard a weak, 'peck, peck,' on the little shells beneath her; her wings fluttered so with excitement she could hardly wait for her mate to return from his quest for food; but when he arrived, she bade him listen; then they sang excitedly, hopping about, waiting until the little bare heads with their great gaping mouths should peep out, when another task of love and watching would begin; the father hunting eagerly for larger measure of worms and insects to fill those great constantly open cavities. These bird parents thought their children the loveliest in the world, for they were very like human fathers and mothers. Perhaps this is why we love the birds so tenderly."

"What a boofiful story!" cried Esther, clasping her hands; "and I'll love birds more than ever."

"So'll I, sister. But finish the story, Papa," said Lewis, his eyes trying hard to keep company with his open ears.

"It is almost ended, and my birdlings should have been in bed long ago. The papa and mama Robin watch over the baby birds until their feathers have grown, then teach them to try their wings that they may make their own place in God's great plan of life. The birds are stern parents too, for if any of their chil-



dren are lazy and refuse to fly, they sometimes push them out of their nest and thus compel them to become self-reliant."

"I wouldn't like that," said sympathetic Esther.

"Neither do I," said Lewis. "But the papa and mama birds did not die, did they?"

"Oh, no, my darlings," answered Mother Ruth, rising and encircling her babies in her arms; "and sometimes the birds love each other so much and find their first home so beautiful that they return year after year at nesting time. Come now, it is time for good night prayer and kisses."

## CHAPTER XII

## THE NEW BABY

"May Life to you, my baby dear,  
Be full of love and pleasure,  
And earnest work that gives us here,  
A fortaste of the treasure  
Which you, God grant, in Heaven may store,  
To deck your crown forever more."

IN the later stories which the parents told to the children, they endeavored to teach them the unfoldment and dignity of Nature, and of God's eternal plans for all His creation, from the most noxious weed, to the flowers, fishes and beautiful birds which He had endowed with the instinct to plan for, and cherish their young.

In this way, step by step, they had kept them hand in hand with nature and science regarding the reproduction of living things, from the unconscious prodigality of procreation of flowers and fishes to the sensate care of more precious life, reproduced in lesser numbers.

The lessons had made a deep and pure impression upon the plastic child minds, expanding from the flower stage to the mating of the birds; and their young brains not being over-burdened with an accumulation of sex facts, the spiritual side was always foremost.

They also taught the children that the lower types of life were lacking in father and mother love; the love that gladly renders up its own life in sacrifice for its offspring.

"Poor little babies," said Esther softly; "do they ever feel lonesome and wish their mamas and papas would love them?"

"No," replied her mother, "they have at once to struggle for a living, and build a home for themselves; their span of life is so short. The mothers and the babies do not know what love means, and often the parents do not know their own children."

"I am glad I know my mother;" and little Esther cuddled close to Ruth, while Lewis, not to be outdone even in love, crept slyly up and slipped his arm around her neck.

"It is only in the higher types of life that babies love their mothers," continued Mother Ruth. "The proud old rooster is ignored when the frightened chicks brood hastily under the mother's sheltering wings; and big Tim hates his kittens because he does not know that they are his. He, like old Crower, the rooster, fertilized the eggs instinctively, at the command of Mother Nature, when mother cat and mother hen made ready; but without affection in either case."

"I want to know things and be a papa that loves his children like our papa. Don't we, sister?" said Lewis, as he straightened up to his full stature in childish emphasis.

"A love greater than this no man can know; except love for the Divine Master," interposed Dr. Lyon, entering unexpectedly.

"Then brother and I must thank God every night that He made us boy and girl with a papa and a mama that know us," said Esther, earnestly; while Lewis drew a chair for his father, and both children clambered to his lap.

It was thus, day by day, Dr. Ruth had prepared her children for the sweet secret, which was shared only by husband.

After bidding the children good-night, they sought the library. Dr. Robert, putting his arms around his wife, led her to a divan made soft with many pillows. "Rest here, dearest, you look tired."

Magnificent in his strength, Dr. Lyon could yet be as gentle as a woman, and to-night it seemed to Dr. Ruth that she had never loved him more. She had never learned to accept his delicate attentions without a heart-throb of love and gratitude for the great white soul of him. They had never allowed themselves to drift into that familiarity, so often seen between husband and wife, which eventually leads to contempt. There had been, through the years, always the same sweet courtesies, the appreciated and appreciative kindness.

The husband prized each token of affection that came from his wife,—each wonderful grace and tenderness; all the brooding mother love,—even more than in the first days of their married life.

After the doctor had adjusted the pillows comfortably, Ruth closed her eyes, and with her hand clasped in that of her husband, rested a moment in silence, listening to the music of the pines, as it drifted through the open window.

"To-morrow night, my Robert, if you do not mind, I shall remain a little longer in the nursery, for I am going to confide our secret to the children," she said, opening her eyes. "You may come later, dear, and enjoy their happiness."

"Blessed, unselfish, wise mother," answered Robert, as he pressed a kiss on her hand.

"Blessed? Yes, truly; for God has bountifully given me of peace and love through you; and as the waves of the ocean sweep ever wider, touching farther shores, so through our children we have been blessed in their influence over other children and over other mothers, not favored, as I have been, with scientific training, wide views of life, and the best husband in all the world,—a husband who is ever my inspiration and a strong staff to me."

"As all other husbands should be. I received a letter from Jack to-day, and he says, 'I am just beginning to learn how sweet and full life is. The boy is our delight, and as like your little Lewis as training can make him. He is so self-reliant now, and so little care, that we are considering making plans for the arrival of his sister.'"

"Splendid!" exclaimed Dr. Ruth, "That is all the result of the twins."

"God bless them!" answered Dr. Robert emphatically.

The next night, when the children were cushioned at mother's feet,—their favorite place,—she laid her hand tenderly on each little head, saying, "To-night, I have something to tell you, darlings, more beautiful and sweet than any fairy story you have ever heard."

"Oh, oh, Mama Ruth, what is it?" they chorused, with wide-open wondering eyes.

"A wish long desired by you is to be granted."

"Oh, we've wished for so many things," said Esther.

"Is it a sail boat?" asked Lewis excitedly.

"No, that will come when you are just a little older.



This is something I heard you and Esther say would make you happier than anything else in all the world."

"I know, I know," cried Lewis, jumping to his feet and nearly landing on the tail of the cat.

"You don't mean—oh, Mama, you don't mean a really truly baby sister?" queried Esther, in a tone of quiet instinct.

"Yes, my dears, I mean a really baby brother or sister; we cannot know which it will be, but the mystery makes it only dearer when it arrives, no matter which it is."

"But how do you know, and where is it?" asked Lewis, as he danced in glee.

"Now, my children, you remember, do you not, how we watched pussy carrying her little kittens close to her heart, and my telling you that every human mother carried her babies so, and that this made them very precious to her?"

"Yes, I remember," answered Lewis, slipping his hand into that of his mother.

"Well, dear ones, mother too is carrying, very close to her heart, a tiny baby; and when it is large enough it will come forth to twine its little fingers around yours, and coo and smile at you, asking your love and protection."

Tears were unconsciously trickling down little Esther's cheeks as she arose quietly and kissed her mother. "I cannot talk, Mama, it is so,—sweet."

"And Papa is baby's father?" exclaimed Lewis, as he threw his arms about his mother.

"Yes, children; all human mothers have a right to choose the father of their child; as one day, long ago, I chose your father as the one I loved best in all the

world, all-worthy to be the father of my children." The mother's arms circled the little forms and held them close to her.

"And will it come very soon, next week may be?" urged Lewis, whose mind was always for quick action.

"Not that soon, my dear. The birds and kittens and puppies are born in a few weeks after the father fertilizes the little eggs; but a human baby is so very, very dear to Mother Nature, that it takes her a long time to perfect its soft, clinging arms, its dimpled hands, its sturdy pink limbs, its rose-bud mouth and wondering eyes and the little convoluted brain that must expand with knowledge as the body strengthens and develops."

"You are sure this baby is really coming to see us?" asked Esther,—so hard was it to realize the great joy and sacredness of the event.

Papa Robert just then entered, and looked prayerfully upon the little group, which was to him a picture of loving faith. "Why this quietness? I expected to find a gale of glee," he cried cheerily.

"Oh, Papa, I am too happy to even clap my hands for joy," said Esther.

"And, Papa, Mother holds close to her heart a little brother or sister for us," explained Lewis, rather soberly.

"Why, my young man, you surely are not sorry?"

"O! no, Papa; but think of it, a real, live baby, all our own,—yours and mother's, sister's and mine! We are so glad," exclaimed both children in one breath.

Then came the reaction; and the two danced and clapped their hands, bubbling over with joy. For a few minutes they circled round and round the room, then

back to their cushions at their mother's feet, like home-coming doves.

After a moment's pause, "Papa is glad, too," said Dr. Lyon; and the children sprang upon his knee. "To show Mama that we are sincere, we must help her to carry the burden of love until it is born; for it will not be easy for her to carry the little one in its cradle as it develops day by day; and you, my son, are going to show what a little man you are, and be very thoughtful, obedient and helpful. You and I will begin our sacred duties tomorrow, my boy. We must not let Mama stand or walk very much; or become very tired or lift things; and when the baby has become so heavy that she has to lie down some of the time we must be always ready to wait on her. We must begin tomorrow, my Lewis."

"O, Papa, I will be so good!" cried impulsive and warm-hearted Lewis, for he recalled how, that very day, he had pretended not to hear when his mother called him. The child's lips trembled, for the chivalry in him was aroused, child though he was, and the man-soul within him was touched.

Father Robert saw, and knew that the first divine seed of tender reverence for motherhood was planted in the boy's heart; and he knew the child well enough to be sure that from that moment, the thoughtless child would be his mother's warmest champion.

"And I will help Mama too; I can make pretty things for baby, and do lots," said Esther.

"Indeed you may help Mama," answered Mother Ruth, kissing the serious upturned face good-night.

"Now, scamper away to bed, and dream of the baby," admonished Dr. Lyon.

The children walked rather slowly and thoughtfully away, instead of "scampering."

"Please, God, bless our baby and all of us, and everybody, and help Papa and Lewis and me to help Mama," whispered little Esther, as she finished her evening prayer.

"And please, Father God, make me a good boy to Mother forever and ever," murmured Lewis.

"Amen!" said the father. "Now go to sleep at once, for you are to begin tomorrow to take care of Mama and the baby while I am at the office."

Lewis straightened himself up. Already he felt that he had grown to be a man. To think that he shared with his father the care of his mother and the baby! What boy wouldn't become a man with responsibility like that upon him? And there wasn't a little boy in all the world who fell asleep that night so happy or so full of manly resolutions, as did little Lewis Lyon. Nor was there a happier little girl than sister Esther. She had become one in a fellowship with Mother,—and a dearer brother and nobler father than hers could not be. Her little child heart,—ennobled by sharing this secret, throbbed as it never throbbed before.

## CHAPTER XIII

## WHAT ALL GIRLS SHOULD KNOW

SEVERAL months later, Dr. Lyon joined Esther and Lewis at the "Children's Hour." He realized he must tell them the new birth was near; so, drawing them to him, he said: "Dear children,"—then his voice tightened a little,—"I want you to make a special prayer for Mama tonight. I can not tell you a story, for my father heart is thrilled with all the mystery of the world. Do you remember that Latin sentence which you learned years ago in your Nature Stories, 'Omne vivum ex ovo,'—which means—the whole world's cradle is an egg?"

"Yes, we remember," answered Esther.

"And we," continued the doctor, "and all things are a part of that mysterious egg, the world, until one day we break through the shell to be guided and watched over still more closely in that new world which the great Father has provided for us all. Perhaps, before you wake up in the morning, Mother may have given you a little brother or a little sister. Good night, my babies,—father's strength and helpers."

When the children were alone, each one was deeply moved by sympathy for suffering, mingled with a quiet, but joyful expectation. Dr. Robert returned a little later to see if they were sleeping, and halted to listen, as Esther's sweet childish voice was heard to say,

"Brother, don't you feel sorry for Papa?"



"Yes, sister," replied Lewis; and there was deep pathos in his voice, and evident attempt at self-control. "Papa felt bad like we never saw him before."

"I know it, Brother," said ever-reasoning Esther. "Don't you remember when Mama told us about our baby, you asked her if it would hurt for it to be born? I remember tears came in Mama's and Papa's eyes, and they looked at each other almost like they do sometimes when we say things; I felt just like crying."

"Yes, whispered Lewis, "I felt a big lump in my throat."

"Well," continued Esther, "Mama said 'Yes, it costs mothers physical pain, and fathers can't do much but feel dreadfully sorry 'cause they couldn't bear the pain instead.'"

"I'd rather be the Mama," said brave little Lewis.

"So'd I," replied the not less unselfish Esther.

Lewis, responding to that natural instinct in the normal human being for action to relieve pent up emotions, said determinedly, "Let's go and help. Come on, Sister."

The more intuitive and less impulsive Esther, said firmly: "No, Brother, we'd be sent back. We can't do any good there. But we can tell God all about it, and He cares. We know He does, 'cause He cares for the sparrows."

"Yes, I know," said Lewis, as he jumped back to his own little bed. "I was telling God all about it when you began to talk."

"So was I," said Esther. "I have been talking to God about the baby and Mama and all of us and everybody, ever since Mama told us they were going to give us a little baby."

"So have I," said Lewis; "but I don't want Mama to be hurt, and Papa to feel bad."

"Neither do I; but, Brother, Mama said that mothers don't care at all, because they are so happy when they hear the baby cry, and see its little face."

This suggestion was too much for the imaginative mind of Lewis, and he exclaimed, "Listen, didn't I hear a baby cry?" Both were very still, to listen, and Dr. Robert, who had been listening with a heart almost bursting with mingled anxiety and gratitude, returned to the room of mystery, and love, and patient hopeful suffering.

After administering to the happy expectant mother with words of cheerful tenderness, his mind reverted to the twins, and again he stood outside their door, just in time to hear Lewis say, "I can't sleep, Sister. I am so afraid Mama is suffering and Papa is feeling bad. I wish we could hear the baby cry."

Dr. Robert opened the door, saying: "Why are not my babies sleeping? Mama and Papa are in God's hands; and He who has blessed them with such a dear little girl and boy as our Esther and Lewis, will now care for us all. Let's tell Him all about it. Then my children must go to sleep."

It had always been a blessed season to these children, when, after correction, repentance had been reached; or when any question of importance was to be decided, mother or father knelt with them to tell the Heavenly Father all their heart secrets.

This one occasion brought around them an atmosphere of practical blessedness that was to influence their entire life and action. Esther and Lewis knelt one on each side of their noble father, and his strong

arms enclasped each little form. Each little breast heaved with deep feeling, and the strong man found relief, communing with his God, as he poured out his soul:

"Our own Father and Creator, we are glad that Thou are ours; and that Thou hast loved us so well, as to give Thy Son to live upon this earth and to suffer for our sakes. We are glad that He is our Redeemer, and we are His; that Thou carest so much for our suffering and need, that Thou didst plan with Thy Son, our Saviour, to give us the Holy Spirit to dwell within us, helping us to bear all things. We thank Thee,—thank Thee, too, that Thou dost count us worthy to suffer, as well as to have joy and gladness. These little children Thou hast given us will place their Mama and their baby in Thy keeping. They will rest them there and go to sleep, knowing that God will bring them, in the morning, whatever joy He knows to be for their good, and for His eternal glory."

"Yes, Jesus," said trusting Esther, "we will."

"Yes," whispered Lewis.

"Good-night. God will bless my children while they sleep," said Dr. Robert, and he pressed a warm kiss upon each little forehead, and hurried from this uplifting hallowed scene to the bedside of his loved one. She felt the rest and peace he brought; and was strengthened.

Next morning, as the children came down stairs expectantly, hand in hand, Dr. Lyon met them saying simply, as he greeted them, "Our baby is here,—a dear little brother."

"Oh, goody, goody!" they exclaimed in excitement.

"Be quiet, children; for mother is weak and weary.

But she is waiting for her Esther and Lewis to see their baby brother."

"We'll be as still as two little mice," whispered Esther.

"Two little mice are very noisy, sometimes," smiled Dr. Lyon, as he took a hand of each and led them into the sanctuary of motherhood that they might see the little one now cradled in its basket of blue and white, which Sister Esther herself had helped to prepare. The little girl involuntarily stretched out her arms as she looked down upon the tiny dainty face; and Lewis, instinct with manliness, turned with longing toward the bed. His mother answered the look he gave her with a radiant smile of understanding.

Dr. Lyon returned with the children to the breakfast room, where, for nearly an hour, they talked and made plans for the beautiful little brother, as if they were all of one age and had common interests.

"Our baby is prettier than a picture baby," said Esther.

"And your mother is more beautiful than any picture could possibly be," replied the father, tenderly.

"Ten times more so," said Lewis, not to be outdone in lavish affection.

So the years drifted happily by. Dr. Ruth, in due time resuming her medical work and her lectures. All loved the strong, tender woman, who was a never-failing help and comfort wherever she might go.

Aunt Mehetabel was more proud of the youngsters than she would own, though baby Edward seemed to hold a special place in her heart. She often came to

sit on the doctors' broad piazza and watch the children play.

"How those children do grow!" she exclaimed one day, when the twins were twelve and a half years old, as if she had noticed it for the first time. "Seems to me they shoot up like Jack's fairy Bean-stalk every day of their lives."

"Are you ready to move to the country with us, Aunt Mehetabel?" asked Dr. Robert, who came out in time to hear the remark. "The school year is nearly ended, and it is time to put those two young animals out to grass, so we must make up a jolly family circle for our country home."

"I don't mind going back to the country for awhile," replied Aunt Mehetabel with some asperity; "but I do not understand any of your new-fangled ways of raising children."

"Well, Auntie, even if you don't understand, your bright mind can reason from cause to effect and see that, new-fangled or old, they have been a success so far, and your Ruth has the nicest children you ever saw."

"Ruth, I saw Miss Archer to-day," continued Dr. Lyon, turning to his wife. "She came into the office after school; so I broached the subject of her coming to the country and acting as tutor to the twins."

"What was her answer?" asked Ruth, eagerly.

"She was so surprised at first that she didn't know just what to say. It would make a radical change in her plans, but she needs the rest; she is tired and over-worked, and I think she will consider it favorably."

"I do hope so," replied Ruth, "for then I shall feel that time is not being wasted."



"Why, Ruth, my wife, does old tradition still stalk like a ghost before you, making you think that for a girl to enter high school at fourteen is the one most essential thing in the world?"

"You know I do not think that, you malicious scoffer! A wise tutor, who recognizes real values and how to conserve energy, would not retard the physical or mental development of her pupils, would she?"

"I succumb when my Ruth grows sarcastic; and I sue for pardon."

"Granted, but with a penalty. You must escort me to the Y. W. C. A. parlors, where I lecture to the girls to-day."

"You have made the penalty an honor, lady mine."

That evening, after greetings and a few minutes' social chat with "her girls," as Dr. Ruth fondly called them, she took up the thread of her lecture,—

#### "WHAT ALL GIRLS SHOULD UNDERSTAND."

"You know, my dear girls, how conscientiously we have reviewed the different forms of life, learning that in its lowest forms there is no consciousness either of self, parenthood or offspring. These lower forms have no particular moral or æsthetic quality; and, as we rise step by step, we note that what may almost be called automatism is gradually superseded by some conscious sense of choice in the selection of a mate; next dawns conscious fatherhood and motherhood. So in all the processes of nature the best comes last.

"Conscious fatherhood and motherhood result in love, the foundation of the home, and upon the home

depends the welfare of the nation. To become true and conscientious mothers, it is positively necessary to understand the anatomy of the human reproductive organs of each sex. The human mother has what are termed ovaries, from ovum, an egg; because from the ovaries a tiny egg is expelled every twenty-eight days after the attainment of pubescence. It is Dame Nature's intent that the ovum shall, in its egress, meet with a fertilizing fluid (you recollect how the pollen fertilized the flowers) that shall give life-impetus.

"The human mother also has a pear-shaped organ called the womb, or uterus, where, should the little ovum become impregnated with life, it can remain securely protected and nourished by the mother's life blood, until at the end of nine months it has become fully developed into a perfect miniature human being, ready to descend through the vagina to take its place in the outer world.

"Leading from the ovaries to the womb cradle are the fallopian tubes, along which the ovum travels on its journey to meet the life-giving element which can only be supplied by the father.

"I shall not dwell longer upon anatomy, leaving you to study it at your leisure; for it is of greater importance that you know the relation of these organs to every part of your life.

"When a girl nears the age of thirteen or fourteen, she is approaching what is termed, 'the age of puberty'; a time when variously physical and mental changes take place, indicating that Mother Nature is preparing her daughter for menstruation and possible motherhood. The first ovum ripens and is ready to be expelled; so nature supplies extra blood to the uterus

or womb, which throws off its innermost lining, exposing the small blood vessels whence comes a discharge of blood called the "menstrual flow." Many girls of modern times experience more or less physical suffering at the menstrual period; some of them even undergoing torture; while, in other cases, the flow is as regular and as natural as the calendar months come and go.

"Again there are cases where irregularities occur; either the flow appears at intervals of a few days, or is omitted for months; but the normally healthy young woman menstruates regularly for three days each month, suffering comparatively little inconvenience.

"Much of suffering and broken health is due to the reluctance of mothers to prepare their daughters for this important period of life, and to the timidity of girls in approaching their mothers. I have known of cases where girls had not known that they should menstruate, and have been so ashamed, that they felt they had committed some unconscious crime; while others, fearing that something had gone wrong, and imagining that something must at once be done to stop the flow of blood, have done themselves almost irreparable injury.

"Many physiologists believe that painful menstruation is confined to civilized women who lead a sedentary life, and that it is due to unnatural and unhealthful modes of living. They hold that, from generation to generation, these abuses have steadily intensified the punishment, until now, as an accumulated inheritance of the follies of their ancestors, they bear a yoke most difficult to shake off.

"Among civilized races the Hebrew women are most uniformly physically sound, especially those who ad-

here strictly to the Mosaic laws; for no modern science has formulated a system of hygiene more perfect than that taught by Moses for making a strong race.

“First among the obstacles that prevent many girls from becoming physically ideal, are certain inherited tendencies and conditions which render perfect development impossible; these traits often standing so obstinately across their pathway as to prevent either a healthful or pleasurable development of mind and body.

“The second danger is the lack of sufficient out-door life and muscular exercise in the open air and sunshine.

“The third is unhealthful dress, including tight garments of every kind. The bones and steel harness of past generations, for the acquirement of the oldtime wasp waist, have produced a debilitating effect and unfortunate inheritance to women of today, and the foolishness of some women of the present generation, in this respect, is bound to cause injury to children yet unborn.

“It not infrequently happens that lifelong suffering is the result of accidental stoppage of the menses. So delicate is the relation between the brain and the womb, that excessive emotion, intense excitement, violent grief, anger, fear, anxiety or mental depression, often avert menstruation and bring on serious chronic disease.

“Each recurring period is nature’s renewal of her promise to bestow the gift of motherhood when the time comes for its bestowal; and, instead of being regarded as a nuisance, it should fill the child heart with gratitude that she is at last in truth a woman. Some prominent professional women, well known socially, have stated, through the medium of one of our prom-

inent magazines, how motherhood has been the last step in the education through which they have learned to understand humanity at large. Madame Schumann-Heink has said, 'A thousand times blessed is the woman destined to bear children! How gladly do I tell you that it is purest, holiest bliss to call one's own such a beauteous gift from Heaven.'

"Madame Schumann-Heink knows whereof she speaks, for she has a large family for whom she has fought her way through extreme poverty and ill health to success, competency, health and fame.

"Edith Rockefeller-McCormick states, 'When we waken to the realization that the baby in our arm is our own, that we have the right, the privilege, the honor to be called 'mother,' we find that something new is within us, a love so different from any that we have experienced before—a pride, a jealous care, a great overwhelming joy. How wonderful it is! A little soul loaned to us to love and to care for. What great confidence God has put in our love and our wisdom to make us such a gift.'

"Mrs. Frederick C. Schoff, president of a national association of mothers, and mother of seven grown children, remarks, 'When God gave to women the holy task of mothering the human race, or nurturing the little ones whose lives are immortal, He placed on her brow the crown of her life. He gave to her the highest use which humanity can perform. To work with God in developing a human soul is a responsibility that may awe any woman. Yet that is what motherhood means.'

"The thought, however, that most concerns you now, my dear girls, is that if you are honest with yourselves, you will say, someday,—and perhaps you have



said it already,—that you feel within you new emotions, new depression, new exhilaration; an unrest and a longing for something you cannot express; a loneliness and failing sense of enjoyment of things which were once of vital interest and complete happiness to you.

“You have come to a self-conscious feeling of shrinking and being ill at ease. You have become too old to be with the children, and are still too young to enter into the life interests of your elders. You long for different books,—it may be for poetry, song or romance. You have, perhaps, taken to verse-making yourself as an outlet for all the longings within you. Possibly you feel religious unrest with its fever upon you, and a great yearning for some rock to which you may cling.

“Do not be discouraged or alarmed; for it is the old, old experience of every sensitive girl soul crossing the threshold of girlhood into womanhood. It is the travail of the woman-heart within you being born into maturity and all its mystery. Little by little you will adapt yourself to new sensations and ideals, until the effervescent, careless joys of childhood are left far behind you. In place of the loneliness so hard to endure, let the thought never leave you that ‘this too, shall pass away,’ and you will finally mature into sweet, thoughtful womanhood.

“Be honest with yourselves; look this matter squarely in the face, cultivate self-control, clean thoughts, and do not be troubled that these periods of emotion and unrest, which are the products of physical maturing, are intensified during menstruation.

“Never permit physical depression to master you, nor indulge in the luxury of self-imposed martyrdom,—declaring that others are unkind and you are misunder-

stood. Do not allow your natural activity to be paralyzed, or self-pity to possess you. Self-pity is a monstrous destroyer of all usefulness. Flee it as you would the earthquake. The moment a girl gives way to it, that moment she begins the work of destruction. Say to yourself firmly, 'all these strange emotions are the result of my physical development, not yet perfectly established; and I will not yield to them; then in time, I shall become a brave, strong, useful woman.'

"With all earnestness I warn you to avoid hysteria as you would Satan himself. Hysteria is an insinuating disease of both body and mind, directly or indirectly associated with the menstrual function it grows upon one like the drug habit; based upon selfishness, it manifests itself, in its earliest stages, in an abnormal craving for sympathy.

"Some foolish girls used to think fainting and hysterics delicate and refined, but let us be grateful that this idea has passed away.

"Hysterics sometimes begin in real or fancied grief. If the emotion is encouraged, self-pity, enervating and destructive to nerve poise, enters the field, and the individual loses self-control, laughing, crying, fainting, or going into rigors or spasms. None but the ignorant are ever deceived thereby, and physicians or intelligent people have very little respect for such shallow natures.

"Hysterics, indulged in for years, undermine the health of mind and body, producing nervous prostration, feeble-mindedness, and insanity, and should be avoided as one would the plague. You may deceive those who love you, for a time, but when they learn the truth, and know that you could control yourself if you would, disgust may kill the affection that you crave.

"There is a hysteria that has a cause outside of the emotional desire for attention and dominance, or that born of self-pity (the result of mistaken home training). This form is serious for the patient and for all concerned. Often misinterpreted by the medical attendant, it is here the doctor's place to discover the cause, and apply the proper treatment,—which is often surgical,—while there is still vitality enough left in the patient to ensure success.

"I find in your question box to-day the question: 'Do young women need a chaperone?' If a woman has been properly trained and educated by wise parents, she is generally safe alone. She who needs a chaperone at all when at a social function, will go wrong whether she have a chaperone or not. If she have an elder brother to accompany her when traveling, she is indeed fortunate, as a right-minded, manly brother is always an excellent escort.

"While one shrinks from the bitter truth, it is a sad fact that in every community, in factories, business offices, colleges, and even churches, there are men who look upon unchaperoned girls as their natural prey; and innocent girls must be taught to shield themselves against these libertines when they go out into the world. For in this country especially, there are many young women who are forced into business competition for self-support, and possibly also the support of parents or small brothers and sisters.

"Country girls, trustful and ambitious, fill our cities, seeking employment; and the parents who fail to put a shield of truth around them are *criminal*, for there are large organized bodies of men, and even women, who make a business of sending out attractive men and

women to lure girls into their nets, and ever after hold them as white slaves. This infamous trade has become the curse of every large city, and, in fact, its branches reach out even to the small towns and villages, and the girl who lets herself be lead away by a stranger, whether man or woman, may bitterly rue her foolishness.

"Another danger against which I would warn you, is answering 'Personals' published in the newspapers. Some of you may be tempted through a spirit of fun; but I know that many of these are from this same remorseless organization of white slave traders.

"In this land in which so few restraints are placed upon our girls, young women should highly prize the limitations which wise parents put upon them because of their love for them, and should not demand the exclusive right to judge for themselves in questions relating to sex.

"It should be our aim to make our girls independent, with self-respect as their protective chaperone, and teach them wisdom that they may not fall victims to the lures of the libertines. Even the most foolish of girls feels the sting of disrespect; and every young man has far higher respect and feels a far greater sense of delicacy toward the young woman who is not permitted to go out with him alone, until her parents have made his acquaintance, and are satisfied that he is a fit companion for their daughter.

"In closing, let me implore you to cherish high ideals, looking forward with tender anticipation to the time when you will be happy with the only joy that can really fill a woman's heart,—let those scoff who will at motherhood, it is yet the highest glory we can know to



give birth and training to those who shall be noble and useful men and women.

"Some of you may never marry, for life-mates pass us by sometimes like ships in the night, perhaps because we are not over-anxious, while others, in their haste, mismate. Nevertheless, firm as the everlasting hills, stands the fundamental principle that love is essential to fulness of life.

"Men and women are suffering today because, directly or indirectly, they have been unjustly dealt with, wrongfully educated or not educated at all, along sex lines.

"This beautiful instinct upon which the happiness of human life is based, has been degraded, abused, outraged and cheapened. It has been prostituted by people without ideals and with perverted tastes, while others have scorned it as carnal and unworthy,—something that should be crushed and killed, or else regarded with an indifference which they do not really feel.

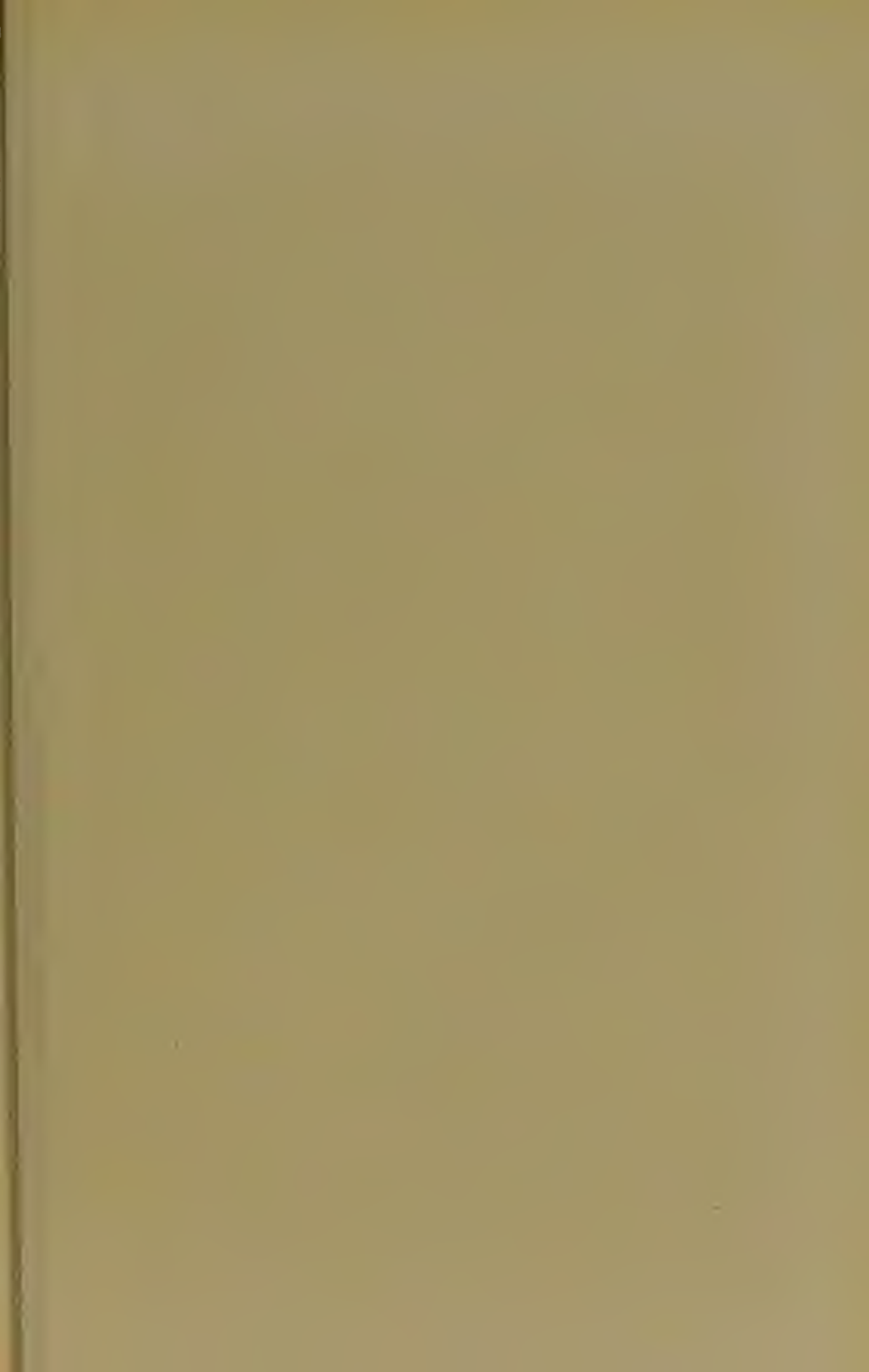
"There are few who have the purity of spirit to realize its meaning to men and women, to nations and the whole world. We forget God's mandate when He created man and woman, and said to them, 'Ye shall increase and multiply upon the earth.' It is not by chance that we find, implanted in the human heart, the natural, home-making instinct,—an instinct which, alas, in the complexity of modern life, has been crowded down into the dark corners, and, in many cases, seemingly destroyed.

"The day is not far distant when there will be free, frank, honest teaching everywhere, enabling young men and women to understand their physical, as well



as their mental selves. In that day parenthood will have become a science, and the whole story of sex life, with its wonders, beauties, and joys, will be as simple in its understanding as reading and arithmetic. Many changes will then take place in our social laws and customs, and among other things, it will be considered a shame to bring weakly, sickly children into the world.

“Our honored ex-president Roosevelt has said: ‘The greatness of a nation lies not in its army; its money; its possessions; but in its homes; for, within its homes, and by the mothers, are the men of a nation made,’ and John Ruskin has written that ‘the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed, and happy-hearted human creatures.’”





## CHAPTER XIV

## A TALK WITH THE TEACHER

THE first day of rose-garlanded June, the Lyon family set forth like a gay caravan, bag and baggage, the favorite "homey" pictures, books, furniture, piano, organ and children's toys all en route to the new home on the farm.

Aunt Mehetabel bade her friends goodbye with many forebodings. "I do hope it turns out all right, only I feel in my bones that the children ought to have stayed to get their certificates of promotion; but it is hard to tell which has the queerest ideas, Ruth or her husband, about the subject of child-training."

"Think so, Auntie? Why, what is a certificate compared to a good healthy coat of tan?" smiled Dr. Lyon, who had just entered to see if Aunt Mehetabel were ready. "Are you ready to be off?"

"Yes, I'm ready, and I suppose you will be quoting that pet verse of yours next," retorted the old lady,

"What is so rare as a day in June,  
Then if ever come perfect days,  
Then Heaven tries earth, if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays;  
Whether we look or whether we listen  
We hear life murmur or see it glisten."

"Well done," applauded Dr. Robert.

"Humph! I ought to know it, after having it dinned in my ears every June for at least fourteen years. I may tire of the country and return at any time."

The touring car came whizzing up, and Aunt Mehetabel was soon comfortably tucked in with Dr. Ruth and Miss Archer; the children in front of them. Dr. Lyon sprang up beside the chauffeur, and away they flew to the country. Nebbie, the family cat, an esteemed member of the Lyon household, purred serenely, comfortably settled on Dr. Ruth's lap. His huge body was safely secured in his roomy bandana traveling bag, gathered gracefully about his sleek furry throat, and secured by a new crisp red ribbon, which he recognized as becoming to his jet black coat and spotless "shirt front." Nor, in his joy and pride, did he forget to properly distend his whiskers, in a manner that not only expressed his satisfaction, but also excited the admiration and laughter of the children. Nebbie had traveled with the Lyon children every summer of his life, and, like the wisest of cats that he was, had learned all the arts of cultured catdom.

In a few days all were fitted into their respective places in the great farmhouse, and the household machinery was in perfect working and playing order.

One evening Dr. Lyon and Miss Archer stood watching the sunset from the broad piazza. "Is it not glorious?" questioned Miss Archer, her pale wan face taking on a tinge of color. "This is living. Talk of Italian sunsets, how could they be more perfect than the sky yonder, reflected in the bay in even richer hues?"

"I thought you would enjoy it," said Dr. Lyon quietly, "and recollect, you and the children are to live the simple life, close to Nature, until September,—regular savages. All of us need relief from civilization, and we are going to enjoy it right here, now."



"But I shall feel I am wasting your valuable time," remonstrated the conscientious Miss Archer.

"Nonsense; you have the work habit fastened upon you so relentlessly that you need to strike off the tentacles before they become more strongly imbedded. Do not forget; for the next three months you are my patient; after that we will lay our plans for work."

Grateful tears dimmed the tired eyes of the teacher, for she fully realized that she had nearly reached the limit of her strength.

"She is a living illustration of the broken-down woman," said Dr. Lyon, as Miss Archer strolled down the path toward the bay, hand in hand with Esther and Lewis; for Dr. Ruth had just joined him on the piazza.

"Born of parents who could not afford the luxury of good care for their children; ambitious, goaded by the need of becoming self-supporting as early as possible; studying without intermission at the time of the attainment of puberty; never halting in her high school life during menstruation; becoming a teacher at twenty-one; on her feet and forcing mental energy all day long, sick or well; no wonder her youth has flown, leaving her almost a physical wreck."

"It is certainly to be deplored by every right thinking man and woman," agreed Dr. Lyon, earnestly. "Unfortunately, our school and labor systems are turning out many just such wrecks every year; and, as if this were not enough, no account whatever is taken, in our public schools, of the fact that each child is a separate entity, having its own peculiar mental and physical constitution, and therefore requiring that its curriculum and also the manner in which it is taught shall be adapted to its talents, its possibilities, and mental and

physical traits. It is to one an incessant source of wonder and indignation that, at the very time when children should be treated with the greatest possible care, as being more susceptible to outside influences than the most delicate scientific instruments, they are forced through the same processes as though they were so many rough castings all from the same mould."

"Well," continued Dr. Ruth, "there are two children laughing and scampering down that field, that are not going to be sacrificed to such an educational system while we have breath to protest. I would rather see our Esther in her coffin than have her grow up the undeveloped creature, physically, that many women are today. It is criminal; it is barbarous."

"Worse than that," protested Dr. Lyon, bringing his hand down vehemently upon the arm of his chair, "for barbarians had at least physical perfection of development, which was something in their favor, even though they were not pruned and polished intellectually."

"Yes, Robert, it is a disgrace to our twentieth century, with all its vaunted scientific knowledge, that we pay practically little attention to the one thing on which all life, progress, and greatness of individual and of race depend—the healthy parenthood of the nation."

"There seems neither wisdom nor chivalry left in our land," continued Dr. Lyon. "We seem to forget the excellent instruction of the ancient Greeks regarding women and their care. We can not afford to ignore the lesson, handed down through ages of experience, that a noble race springs only from healthy noble parents."

"Possibly, Robert, we are wasting energy on such protests, but I cannot think so; even could we save

one woman from passing on weakness of body and brain to future generations, our work has not been in vain."

"I am glad that you are, in this, as in all things, in harmony with me; for as I said a few moments ago, I would rather lose our dear little Esther now, before the bud blossoms into womanhood, cruelly as it would tear our hearts, than have her become a half developed woman, breaking beneath the first strain of motherhood, and possibly settling into chronic invalidism."

"Alas, too true," replied Dr. Ruth, "and I feel as if I ought to cry out a warning against women overtaxing their physical strength at these periods, as well as against their marriage to men of unclean lives, thus risking the reaping of a dreadful harvest of confirmed invalidism. And if it be true, as some declare it is, that there are more women than men in the United States, and we must reduce the number of men by ninety out of every hundred, leaving only ten worthy to become fathers, we surely have a most difficult problem to face, —Economic, Industrial, Numerical and Physical. In such circumstances a woman can hardly dare hope for the matrimonial proposition. I think I hear the first tinkle of the dinner bell, and I see Miss Archer and the children playing 'tag' as they come up the path."

A day or two later, Miss Archer found Dr. Ruth Lyon alone, and ready to talk; so she approached her upon the topic which still puzzled her.

"Dr. Ruth, would you kindly explain to me exactly what your theories are with regard to this period of your children's lives? For fifteen years I have taught children at the pubescent age, and in all this time, so far as I can tell, neither superintendent, principal, nor even any great educators have sounded a word of warn-

ing regarding this critical time in child life. Through experience I have learned that at this age children acquire knowledge rapidly, and I fear I have taken advantage of this, sometimes, to push them forward. At no period during the school course is more crowded into two years than during the last two of the grammar course; so necessarily we have to force these human plants as the florist forces his hot house flowers to early blooming."

"Oh, the shame and ignorance of it all!" exclaimed Dr. Ruth, "I am glad of the opportunity to explain to you what I believe to be the correct treatment of the pubescent child. You know that nature has certain periods which she devotes to the development of some one part of the physical organism. At one time it is the teeth; at another the stature; and at still another the weight; until at the age of thirteen or fourteen comes nature's crowning work—the development of the reproductive organs. Previously, these have lain dormant, nature desiring to put all the energy of the child into building up a good physical foundation—vigorous, sound in every part—that it may reproduce healthy offspring for the perpetuation of humanity and the nation. With the development of these organs, the soul itself expands and bursts forth in all its sublime beauty. The boy's ideas of strength and manliness develop; he feels himself a living, working power in the community; he is restless and rebellious, his powers wrestling within. He builds great schemes, as he plans for the future. His brain awakes to its full grown vigor, ambition inspires him; he can work as never before. You have observed in your teaching how some boys, hitherto slow and stupid, become at this



time energetic and alive, taking hold of their studies with a will. Their parents, encouraged, and proud of this change, and ignorant of the physical cause, do not interfere, but spur them on with praise as if there were no limit to what they could attain if they so chose.

“Equally great changes come to the girl. It is now that the girl’s form changes into graceful, rounded curves and suppleness. Eyes grow luminous in a half concealed mystery and joy of living, and, if the health be good,—and every girl has a right to vitality and strength,—the skin becomes velvety in texture, with soft peach-like tints. Childish things may lose their charm in a day and be replaced by the longings and ambitions of maturity. Hope soars like the lark, bent, in its gladness, on reaching heights unreached before. Talents hitherto dormant flash out unexpectedly into dazzling brilliancy. Today we have the rosebud, to-morrow the opening petals drinking in the dew of knowledge, the sunshine of hope, the vitality fed from the well-spring of youth, and becoming a river of life. Many an indifferent child becomes a brilliant pupil at this time, and many an apparently hopeless child gives unmistakable signs of ambition and talent. This is as it should be; for, whether we like to admit it or not, whether we have false ideas or true, the sexual organism is the foundation of everything that is strong and brave and generous; the foundation of physical endurance and intellectual achievement, of virility both physical and mental.

“The girl, at the pubescent period, needs to live close to nature where the air is unpolluted; out among the trees and bird-songs, with all the wide space of the fields for tramping ground. Give a girl such surround-



ings, and you are bestowing upon her a rich heritage, a corner stone for spiritual moral and physical life, fitting her for woman's sacred mission,—motherhood."

"How blind I have been," sighed Miss Archer. "Ignorantly following a profession I have always considered one of the most noble!"

"True, for what do we do?" continued Dr. Ruth. "In conscious or unconscious lack of interest, we assume control of this splendid vigor and turn it into artificial paths, ignoring the accumulation of power Mother Nature meant to be used in building up vigorous organism. In our zeal for accomplishment, we pervert the blood supply, and force energy out of its natural channel. Noting the new intellectual brilliancy, we push the child along these lines, drawing the blood from the reproductive organs to the brain, stealing the strength from these new developing organs, and using it to further what the modern school system fosters and applauds—one of this system's brilliant pupils, a bud forced into flower too soon, and rapidly withering upon its stalk,—a child, thanks to the modern cramming falsely called education, trembling with mental and physical exhaustion."

"Oh, if I could but live my life again!" exclaimed Miss Archer anxiously. "How I do wish that I had known these things before!"

"Yes, it is a great pity that teachers unwittingly steal from nature's storehouse to build up the knowledge of Latin and Algebra and a thousand other things of comparatively little importance, exhausting the reservoir of strength, perverting the blood currents, misappropriating nervous energy, and, in place of a healthy human being, producing one whose reproduc-

tive organs are only partially developed, to remain henceforth only half alive mentally and physically. You may cultivate the brain and polish it to a certain tinsel brilliancy, but in so doing may have defrauded the life centers of youth.

"A child is like a delicate musical instrument whose highly tensioned strings may easily be made to snap or jangle into discord, and the instrument itself may never recover from the strain it is unnaturally and ignorantly forced to undergo. If only we could secure statistics of the condition of the reproductive organs of eighth grade prodigies, what a great light might be thrown upon the physical wreckage of both men and women.

"Step by step the work of physical weakening goes on through high schools and colleges, and no one holds up a warning signal crying 'stop the strain of study, and do not work during the days when developing womanhood needs undivided vitality.'"

"If only every school would plan its curriculum so that young women students might be free to rest on menstrual days, especially during examinations, which are brain exciting periods!" interposed Miss Archer. "But no, I recollect only too well my own experience, doctor. When the ovaries were hard at work and needed every drop of blood which nature could supply, I had to study and undergo examinations; then, to pay for the defrauding, there were blinding headaches and general depressions, and I crept about like a creature benumbed, almost longing for death. Latin and Greek were like murderous giants, crushing me in their cruel grip. I feel it is not higher education that is ruining modern women, but cruel disregard for the most simple laws of sexual hygiene."

"Very true," replied Dr. Ruth; "it is an endless subject and I fear that I am wearying you. It is of vital interest to Dr. Robert and myself, and our four hands seem so powerless to stay the evil. If, like the women of ancient times, those of today were proud of their capacity for motherhood, looking upon menstruation as a sacred function, and realizing that incomplete sexual development and its consequent illnesses are to be deplored, and that to be the mother of sons and daughters, strong, morally and physically, to carry on the affairs of the nation, is a thing to be desired, then parenthood would become a glory and a crown and precocious attainments would be considered a drawback.

"When high school and college courses are lengthened during the most critical period of youth, health and perfect physical development being counted as pre-eminent, then, and not till then, will we have a perfect race, whose women shall be worshipped by their husbands, revered by their children, and glorified by the nation. Could we but realize the truth, we would see that the mothers are the corner stones of republic and empire, which either totter and crumble because of ill health, sinking politically, socially, and morally, or stand firm and strong against every beating storm, according as weakness or strength are characteristics of the mothers of the race."

"But, Dr. Ruth, have the fathers no part in producing good or evil stock?" said Miss Archer.

"Oh, yes, indeed; and because of this, our girls should know the dangers that threaten them and their future children through marriage with impure men. I will hand you some of the literature published by the American Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis,

which deals with this question, and has called it the "Black Plague." If a woman is infected with either of the foul diseases arising from an impure life, she becomes unfitted for motherhood.

"When I tell you that eighty per cent of inflammatory diseases peculiar to women have come to them as a direct result of infection; and that thousands of women are rendered invalids for life because their husbands, in their thoughtless, ignorant youth, have gone astray, you will see how important it is that the matter should be plainly dealt with, and our girls be warned against the dangers that threaten them; for not only are healthy women made invalid, and often sterile, but children, and children's children have to pay the penalty. It is but too true, in this respect, that 'no man liveth to himself alone.'

"It is because of these hideous facts, and what they mean to the family, church and nation, that Dr. Robert and I have been urging upon the mothers of the school of our little town, the necessity of true sex teaching in the home and school, as the only safeguard for our children.

"There can be no better equipment against these evils than knowledge; for statistics show that a large percentage of men first contracted these diseases while still in their teens, being totally ignorant of results."

"How early, then, Dr. Ruth, should children be taught these things?" asked Miss Archer.

"I believe they should be taught these most sacred truths of their being, according to their mentality, and in so natural a manner that they no more know how they came into the first or foundation knowledge than they know when they learned to eat. The very spirit

of curiosity,—the questioning attitude of the child's mind,—is indicative of the Creator's plan for him to know, and also for his natural guardian to be his natural instructor in this, as in other things. I do not mean that the whole truth should be told at once, as some conclude. The child mind is not ready for all the facts of life at one stroke. It reasons philosophically, and if it be taught to understand the processes of life in the plants and lower animals, it will, in most cases, come intuitively and reasonably to an understanding of the plan for the perpetuation of the human family.

“My idea in writing the Nature Stories for children is based upon this belief; and my hope for them is, that every mother shall read and begin to impart them to her little ones as soon as their infant minds can listen to any story.

“Mothers, and their elders generally, seem very anxious to fill the tender minds with the Santa Claus myth, and then wonder when they should tell the children of God and divine truths, as they are revealed in nature!

“I believe, also, that every child should be likewise led by its parents into a consciousness of at-one-ment with God, so that they will know that they are one with Him, even though they may not be able to say when the new life began.

“Thus equipped, there need be no anxious moment when the boy or girl takes his place or hers in college, home, or business life.”

“Oh,” exclaimed Miss Archer, in a tone of pity and regret. “If only all parents and children could come under such teaching. It all seems so plain, and sane, and natural.”



## CHAPTER XV

### PREPARING FOR COLLEGE

THE summer holidays passed all too soon, bringing September and its renewal of school work for Miss Archer and her pupils.

One day Dr. Robert Lyon placed a syllabus in the teacher's hand saying, "Kindly fit your pupils for this course. I leave all to your judgment regarding their work with this one restriction, that there shall be only a few hours study each day and no evening work for Esther during the three days each month that nature calls its own. On those days her mother will find congenial passive occupation for her."

"Will it not retard her advancement?"

"How hard it is for us to rid ourselves of the fetters of old time ways," smiled the doctor, looking into her anxious, questioning eyes. "I think you will find the child only the more receptive, the more quick in thought and action because of this three days' rest once a month."

"How many years will it take to fit her for college at such a rate?" sighed Miss Archer doubtfully.

"That I cannot tell; but whether the time be long or short, it will bestow upon her powers of endurance and a strong body, so that what she may lose in time for study now will be atoned for by extension of youth and by unimpaired mentality at the far end of life. It does not matter to me if the children do not enter college until they are thirty, so long as they gain that vigor

which no amount of work can exhaust after they are physically matured."

"All shall be done as you direct," answered Miss Archer, still wondering at the strange parents, so prodigal of time. Her own youthful days had been always crowded so full of work that they were not half long enough, and she had been compelled to steal many hours from sleep in consequence. Just then Dr. Ruth entered and took up the conversation.

"What are you two debating about now? You ought both to have been lawyers."

"We are laying out the preparatory course for the children along the lines which we have decided shall be enforced," replied Dr. Robert.

"And I suppose, dear Miss Archer thinks it mere chimerical dreaming. Still, Miss Archer, you know our beliefs, and our insistence that from conception until eighteen, nature's behests should be held paramount."

"Fortunate, fortunate children!" exclaimed the teacher, after Dr. Robert had bade them good-bye for the day.

"Yes," replied Dr. Ruth. "Yet all children should have this blessed privilege, and will have during the 'Millennial Reign,' enabling them to gain strength and courage, that their efforts for success may not be continually hampered and paralyzed through poor physical conditions. Your lowered vitality, my dear Miss Archer, and your present inability to reach your best, are results of the old methods; but cheer up,—you will gain physical energy during your stay here."

"It is only too true that I sadly need more energy," replied the teacher, laying her weary head against the

cushions piled behind her, for she was tired, although the day had but just begun. "God forbid that your Esther should ever be like me."

"You are a brave little woman!" and Dr. Ruth laid her hand gently upon her head. "I am so glad that we are able to make these years easier for you, and by and by we hope to see the roses in your cheeks again. Meanwhile," she added, as she took up a piece of needlework and seated herself by Miss Archer, "we protect our children by teaching them plain facts, 'broidering them with sentiment' as I am embroidering this strong practical linen with silken floss, making a combination of beauty and earnestness by uniting the silken flowers of romance to the strong fabric of practical common sense; for to my thinking it is true sentiment, controlled by virtue and truth, that moves the world. No moral battle ever was won, no habit of fine feeling developed and established, through cold, calculating, intellectual appreciation alone. Some greater power and incentive is required, cultivating and elevating the spiritual as well as the moral and intellectual."

"Oh, Dr. Ruth, am I capable of becoming such a mentor to your children? You and Dr. Robert have indeed honored me far more than I deserve."

"We are the best judges of that, Miss Archer. I only want those children of ours to learn now, that they are standing at the portal of physical manhood and womanhood, awaiting entrance thereto with joy and pride combined with the reverent knowledge that a great and holy gift is about to be bestowed upon them,—the gift of reproductive power, the sacredness of creation, of fatherhood and motherhood, and that as

they pass through this opening portal they will behold Life's wonderland opening before them."

"Why do you not go out and preach this to the world?" asked Miss Archer, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks. "Surely it is your duty and your privilege."

"We must live first and preach second. We are now in our infancy and have, along these lines, only our theories to preach. Some day, when our children have proved the practicability of our teaching, we hope to be used to help humanity on a large scale by writing or lecturing. I am keeping records, and occasionally have a vision of a book that shall prove a blessing to the world. Does this sound egotistical or presumptuous?" asked Dr. Ruth.

"No, indeed," replied Miss Archer. "You should get that book out immediately. I cannot see where you could find time for another interest; and yet you seem to have a faculty for making time for, and being interested in everything and everybody. So I know that, if you could see it to be your duty, you would find time to write the book."

"Certainly," answered Dr. Ruth. "If the book is to be, it will be written; but such a matter is not lightly to be taken in hand. But to return to the subject of teaching, or 'preaching' as you called it. I do sincerely believe that teaching mere facts does not necessarily make good men. We cannot group spider, fish, frog and woman all in one biological category. No; the child must be taught that only a few elements of the first three are to be found in the human being, and that men and women are endowed with faculties given only to the highest of God's creatures.



He must learn that between fathers and mothers of men there should be deep, abiding love, atoning for the sacrifice and pain of motherhood by the tender support and watchful protection of the father during the pre-natal existence of the helpless, dependent, miniature man or woman. He must be taught that the devoted mother broods over the tiny child more tenderly than the bird over its nestlings, always ready to immolate herself upon the altar of parental sacrifice."

"I understand; because of this great mother-love you would have me teach the boy reverence and readiness to serve women, and to regard motherhood as a most sacred thing."

"Yes, Miss Archer, for such teaching creates purity of thought, chivalry toward all women, and pity even for the fallen; for in the latter case they will fully comprehend the heartache that comes to an awakened, wronged and sorrowing woman. With children properly informed there is no fright or rash attempt at concealment when they come to 'where the brook and river meet,' as Longfellow so beautifully has it,—only the figure of speech should have applied to either sex. Then secrecy would not blight the whole future of the child, as too often happens now."

"But people,—parents,—need more receptive minds, a greater willingness to teach their children vital truths that will save them from the pitfalls into which their own ignorant feet had stumbled," interposed Miss Archer. "While visiting my home last month, I tried to talk of these things,—of your teachings upon this subject. At first the seed fell upon barren soil, but finally, by much gentle harrowing, it found some fertile lodging places and burst into life."



“ We can only be patient, my friend, and unflinchingly carry on our purpose. You recollect those lines of Tennyson,

“ ‘ Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose  
runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process  
of the suns.’ ”

Several days after this conversation Esther entered her mother's study. A new light, pure and unabashed, glowed in her beautiful eyes as she said gently, “ I am a woman now, Mother.” A new dignity expressed itself in her whole bearing, and in the use of the word “ Mother,” instead of the usual “ Mama.”

There was no irritability, no sullen wonder, contempt, or defiance, such as all too often mark this crisis in young lives among the masses of neglected children; for Esther had been properly taught that she should accept this forecast of the maternity that might some day be hers as proof of the glorified divine power of creation.

All through the day the maiden remained very quiet with that far-off look in her eyes, as if she were seeking to lift the veil of the future. Her mother watched her without seeming to do so, and did not question, but when she kissed her good-night, the daughter drew her mother down upon the bed beside her, saying softly, “ I mean to be always a good woman, and some day to be a mother, dear and sweet and good like you.”

What wonder the mother's heart swelled with emotion too deep for expression, and that her eyes were misty with tears. Those words were more than recompense for all maternal anxiety and sacrifice.

A month passed by, and the other twin soul sought the father, a look of new manliness upon him. Father and son had been confidential friends since that evening, six years previous, when Dr. Robert took the boy upon his knee and told him of the expected new baby and explained the mother's need of protection and helpfulness from both son and husband. Since that day they had vied with each other in sharing that noble service; and throughout these years of comradeship there had been no barriers between them. It was but natural, therefore, that when the boy felt the awakening of manhood, he should seek his father for sympathy and counsel, feeling himself fortunate that he could be honestly and reverently advised at this critical period,—a benefit he would appreciate still more in his maturer years.

What would this world become if all boys could be so taught and saved from the debasing experiences that come to those who learn from the polluted lips of chance companions, or through the obscene literature which, in some mysterious manner, so often finds its way into the hands of even the youngest boys?

"So old Mother Nature is drawing my boy still closer to his father?" asked Dr. Robert, after Lewis had confided in him. "*We* are both *men* now."

Oh, if parents could but realize the potency of that small word "*we*," and what a unity of strength it implies. "*We*" are conquerors as we struggle shoulder to shoulder across the battle field of life.

Dr. Robert realized this, as he took the hand of the boy close in his own, and added, "You little dream now, my boy, of the swarm of temptations that will beset you, so I want you to let me be henceforth, not so much your father as your elder brother, guiding you

across the treacherous places that I had to cross alone and without the teaching you have had, my boy. Thanks be to God that I did not tumble in headlong. Shall we pledge the new friendship, my new-man-son, —the new confidence?"

"‘Sure’ we will," responded Lewis, squaring his shoulders, as if to strengthen them for any burden he might have to bear.

"Never hesitate to come to me whenever you are troubled or in doubt. Recollect that I was crossing the stepping-stone from boyhood to youth not so many years ago, and have not forgotten that what seemed silly to confide to another was oftenest the cloud that developed into a storm."

"Sure, I'd come to you about everything just as I always have. I wish other fellows had a father like you. I can't see how any boy could ever want to go wrong after such training as you and Mother have given me," said the manly Lewis.

"Thank you, my son. It gives your mother and me heartfelt satisfaction to see you and Esther so appreciative. You have always been a comfort and a joy to us; but back of all, the great object of living is for eternity; and I must at this time emphasize what I have so often said, and that is, you should never fail to take Christ, as your Lord and Master, into all these councils, remembering always that you have within you the gift of the Holy Spirit, not only to comfort, direct, and guide, but also as the Source of Real Power to energize you, and that through that Spirit you may overcome every obstacle. Recognizing this power, you can never be a 'cad' or a 'namby pamby;' you will always be a man."

"I am too fond of sport and fellowship to ever be a

'cad,' Father; and I have too many faults to let conceit get the better of me, or to feel too confident of my own strength outside of the Divine. So do not worry, Pop."

"No, my Lewis, I shall not worry. I know about what sort of a youngster you are. Will you go along with me to make some professional calls?"

"Will I? Just you wait until I get my cap."

With the fleeting years, the Lyon children attained manhood and womanhood easily, naturally, and heartily, thanks to the priceless privileges of simple living and practical teaching, given by their parents.

Miss Archer, despite her fears, found there was no real loss of time. Her pupils readily accomplished the average amount of work. Beginning preparatory work when twelve and a half, they dropped the useless burden of the eighth grade studies, thus enabling them without crowding to enter upon their college course when they were eighteen. At this time Lewis Lyon was the straightest, strongest and most manly youth in the vicinity, while Esther had developed into a firm, well-poised, womanly maiden. When the two were ready for college, an institution was chosen where the co-educational spirit was truest and strongest, and where regard for natural talents and their subsequent development was the rule, rather than the pernicious cramming that so blindly seeks to force the square peg into a round hole, and results in sad misfits—blacksmiths who should have been physicians, and physicians who ought to have been blacksmiths.

"It will bring out the chivalry of the boy," said Dr. Ruth when they were talking it over. "Lewis has al-

ways been taught that nothing so marks the true gentleman as courtesy toward the opposite sex, and we cannot afford to have him attend a college where this teaching will be lessened through association with the masculine element only. I also wish Esther to have right-minded boys for companions, as well as right-thinking girls.

"Each sex needs association with the other for proper all-round development of faculties. It is true that in certain studies girls excel, while boys show greater aptitude in others. These differences are again a result of accumulative inheritance resulting from environment. They are rapidly being out-grown, and will soon reach the level of individual differences rather than sex differences, as they are now supposed to be. This will right itself when we shall have established an educational system that shall individualize, and shall foster, rather than hamper, or even blot out from many sensitive natures, the originality that should have full liberty for development. A co-educational college is the one for our children."

"Better put her in a school where she will study books instead of boys," suggested Aunt Mehetabel, sternly. "She'll be getting engaged by the time she graduates if you put her into what you call a 'co-educational college.'"

"I do not wish her to study to such a degree that she will get out of touch with simple human relations," replied Dr. Ruth. "What if she does become engaged? It is something I hope will happen, sooner or later. If it be to a college man whom she sees informally each day, and whose tastes are in harmony with her own, would it not promise a happier union than one based



upon the shallow opportunities for real knowledge of each other that society allows? ”

“ One would think you were sending Esther to college purposely to get her married off, the way you talk,” retorted Aunt Mehetabel, who, although softened toward what she called “ the Lyons’ queerness,” could not always follow their theories with logical interest.

For a moment Ruth remained silent, in fancy living over again her own delightful college days, her meeting with Robert, their companionship and friendship, eventually ripening into love. What happier fate could she ask for Esther than a repetition of her own experience when she found Cupid a member of the college faculty? “ Well, Aunt Mehetabel,” she continued, recalling herself to her aunt’s rebuff, “ even if I did choose a college for Esther with definite reference to her matrimonial opportunities, would it be any more crude and vulgar than the schemes of the average society women, who load their daughters with jewels and costly raiment, and set them up in the market place to win the highest bidder? ”

“ Maybe not, maybe not,” hesitated the old lady. “ I think I’m losing my faculty of argufying with you headstrong parents, Ruth, and things are not as they used to be when I was young.”

“ Thank heaven!” exclaimed Ruth, “ for you certainly passed through the Refiner’s fire of suffering, and fortunately came out of it pure gold,—even though still a little rough along the edges.” Dr. Ruth crossed over to her aunt, and leaning over kissed her wrinkled cheek, saying, “ You’re a darling Auntie, if you cannot always agree with us; and we love you for your goodness.”

Time is no idler, and before this busy, happy family

was aware the time for departure to college had arrived. Signs of breaking up and return to town were everywhere. Trunks and bags strewed the veranda, while other belongings were being packed in a huge van for transportation to the city.

The last hours came; those minutes that drag so heavily—dread of good-bye weighting the tongue and staying the feet which long to step out and away, yet dread to leave familiar environments and companionship. Having completed his final tasks, Dr. Robert called to his son, "Come, Lew, let us tramp down to the woods for a good-bye chat."

"Sure, Pop; it was just what I wanted to do, but I thought you were too tired."

Some well-meaning parents come in on the home run, as it were, and give a grand final lecture of instruction and warning to their children regarding temptations and sexual problems, just as they are under the excitement and heart ache of leaving home for the first time. While this is better than the silence of other parents, it is an unwise method, for the youthful human mind has not the power to absorb all this vast knowledge at once, any more than to absorb all the intricate problems of mathematics in a day.

Fortunate Lewis Lyon had been prepared for life by teaching that was to prove a strong wall of protection and faith.

"It is a sweet privilege to bring you out here into God's temple to bid you be strong, strong as the oaks over there which storms may bend but never break. Even in your secluded college life you will find much of evil; but since, at four years of age, you questioned the mystery of the coming of little Wallace's sister, we

have tried to prepare you for this going out into the world, that you might wear an armor of purity against the shafts of evil. We have not desired for you the purity of ignorance, but that which comes from scientific knowledge, combined with true manliness and honor. It has been largely with this end in view that we have sought to give you children perfect physical development."

"I understand, and can't half thank you, Father. It was for this, I know, you brought us out to this beautiful country home, even though it meant inconvenience and sacrifice for yourself and Mother; and the memory of it will be a blessing to us always."

"Dear boy, your gratitude touches me deeply. I would rather have seen you in your grave than have you a puny moral or physical weakling; for perfect physical and sexual development aids all that is highest and noblest in life, and without it there is little mental energy, and no vigorous thought or feeling. If you be healthy in body, mind and spirit, you will have all your passions under perfect control, and you can then, with God's help, become master of your destiny. You will without doubt meet men who will scoff and look at these things from a different viewpoint,—men to whom sex life is a huge joke. It is such men, without reverence for women or virtue, who have weighted the world with an immeasurable burden of sorrow, sickness, suffering and despair."

"Yes, I have already seen some of these things," replied Lewis sadly.

"I do not want this last talk to be a sad one, my boy. You alone can choose your path, and you must be your own master, but you know that our prayers and love

are with you always. Remember, my son, that there is never any excuse for immorality; and when you come into contact with women do not forget that though other men may differ from this opinion and boast that any woman may be won, a good woman can be won through love and love alone. A man who plays upon such love for his own selfish pleasure is a brutal coward who commits a vile, low crime. The love of a good woman is unselfish,—it is the divinest thing in nature, a continued self-renunciation. To desecrate such love is to trail in the mire of lust the highest and purest of God's gifts to his children."

"Mother has told me of women to whom such a grief comes bringing awful mental agony, the prostration of hope, courage, will and ambition, and long years of heartache."

"Nor is this all, Lewis, for it is not always the love of the woman for the man that crushes her life. She has often strength to bury that memory; but in the woman's heart has been aroused the truth; the fountain of self-knowledge springs up within her and she drinks to its full the bitter cup of rue. There awakens a longing for pure, sanctioned, wifehood and motherhood, and throughout her earth life that woman's heart yearns for her own. She sees the budding flowers, the mating birds, the innocent love of the pure and true, and her heart cries out in rebellion that she must always walk alone, trying to hide the scarlet letter branded upon her breast through the self-indulgence of a conscienceless libertine. Should temptation assail you, my son, think of that letter seared into the tender flesh of every wronged woman, and turn away.

"We are almost back to the house; promise to write

often and to question whenever doubt or ignorance beset you, and I shall never be too busy to answer you. I see your sweet mother coming, and the car is waiting at the door for you and Esther."



## CHAPTER XVI

## A PLEA FOR ADOLESCENT GIRLS

ONE day after the Christmas holidays with their good cheer had passed, and Esther and Lewis had returned to college to work with renewed zeal, Dr. Robert Lyon received a social call from the superintendent of the public schools, an old family friend.

"Thought I would drop in a minute, for I knew you must be lonely after those fine children of yours had gone."

"Lonely? Well if it were not that we are busy every moment it would seem as though the days had been stretched to an interminable length since their departure."

"Fine children, that boy and girl of yours; splendid illustration of what right environment and teaching can do for young people. Hardly five per cent of our school girls have the robust, well developed figure and vigorous, graceful carriage of your Esther. Nor have many boys the square shoulders and erect manly presence of your Lewis.—No cigarette shoulders there!"

Dr. Lyon responded, "Yes, I have some natural parental pride in the twins. This morning I was noticing the boys and girls as they entered the school building, and I felt deep indignation and resentment as I thought how poorly prepared most of these children would be to face the battle of life.

"I tell you, Mr. Stanley, the work of teaching sex

truths, neglected as it is by the parents, should be taken up in the schools. Furthermore, parents should be made to see that the body supports the mind, and should be the first consideration with regard to the growing child's well-being and future development. I sometimes think we have gone 'intellect mad.'"

"It is a fact, Doctor. But what can I or any of the teachers do? The school curriculum must be covered. The parents feel that the child must plow through it without rest or diversion. Many times I have tried to explain to parents that while this curriculum stands for what wise and thoughtful experts consider a liberal education, there is no school law which can claim that a child shall cover it in four consecutive years. It is the fault of the parents as much as the schools that girls are forced through their studies at the pubescent age. Every high school teacher of my acquaintance regrets this urging forward of the tender human plants during the most trying period of their lives, and I sincerely believe that every superintendent would encourage mothers to extend their daughters' school life for the sake of their perfect physical development."

"If you feel that your co-workers are in sympathy with your ideas, why not arrange a course of lectures for parents, teachers and the children themselves, that shall direct them all into the right paths?" interposed Dr. Lyon.

"A good idea! I will do all in my power to further the plan and see if we cannot overcome the erroneous ambition of those parents who storm about the pressure of the public schools, yet, through their vanity, strive to have their children excel those of their neighbors. Within the sanctity of home—while they berate the

pace of study the schools have set, claiming that their children are being killed with cramming—they urge them on, for to such parents a high percentage in school is far more glorious than vigorous health and mental capacity to fill a woman's place in the world, with virtuous strength of body, mind and spirit."

"You express my sentiments upon this subject, fully," replied Dr. Lyon. "Your words are proved true each day by the great number of growing girls who are brought to Dr. Ruth. Most of them are upon the very verge of nervous collapse, when they ought to be pictures of health. 'They are worn out by over-study,' sigh the mothers; but let the doctor even hint that the regular school curriculum is a rich feast spread before the children, which, properly studied, instead of being rushed through, would develop the brain in proportion to the rest of the body, and they throw up their hands and exclaim 'What else can the poor things do but rush through? My daughter must graduate with her class, and the time for study is all too short.'"

"Does Dr. Ruth advise that girls leave school entirely at this period, and under such conditions?"

"No; this is rarely necessary. What the girl needs is an even balance of mental and physical development. If parents could be made to realize what pubescent health means to the young woman's future life, and to that of the children with which she should some time be blessed, it might easily be arranged for a girl to continue study to the end of the curriculum without destroying her health, or impeding her growth."

"Do you think if I called the mothers of our high school girls together some afternoon or evening, that Dr. Ruth would talk to them upon the subject?"

"I will send for her, and you shall ask her for yourself."

"If she consent, may I place myself and the people under obligations to you still further, by requesting you to give a similar talk upon the boy question?"

"I will certainly be glad to grant your request; for one may well question which of the two sexes need most earnest, honest instruction along these personal lines—the girls whose chance information so utterly unfits them for their high calling in life, or the boys whose companions may so pervert and pollute their minds that they have no conception of real manhood. It seems strange to me that the one fundamental, all-essential thing in life is left untaught in the home. Parents should be the first to reveal the spiritual sacredness of life's functions; but if they will not, then the State, in self-protection, should take the matter up and command, in the public schools, the teaching of sex knowledge by those equipped to give it, as it now insists on the teaching of science, mathematics and English."

"You are right, doctor; and I may add that reputable physicians are the people who should be appointed to teach these facts, that they may be taught in a scientific manner calculated to win the respect of the young people, and to insure obedience. There is a deluge of books in the market, touching upon the mysteries of sex life and exhorting boys to right living, but many of them are lacking in convincing statement."

"Yes," answered Dr. Lyon. "Boys of today do not like sermonettes or prudish sentiment. The wholesome, normal boy demands straight-from-the-shoulder facts regarding himself; and he has a right to receive



them. Well, here comes Dr. Ruth to welcome you, and as it is the dinner hour she will wish you to join us, and then, if you like, we will discuss arrangements for the lectures."

"I will need no coaxing, for it is a feast of reason and good cheer one always finds at your hospitable board."

It was arranged that a meeting should be announced for an afternoon of the coming week, and that all the mothers of the high school girls should be invited to come to one of the class rooms for a "heart to heart talk" with Dr. Ruth Lyon.

The large well-ventilated room was filled when the doctor entered and took her place upon the platform.

"Dear mothers," began Dr. Ruth, "I have not come here to lecture, so much as, figuratively speaking, to take each of you by the hand and first of all congratulate you that you are mothers, then remind you that God has placed in your keeping spotless young souls, and that upon you rests the responsibility of keeping them spotless, by filling their tender, trusting minds with the highest ideals of purity, from infancy to full maturity. Your mission—or rather, let me say, the greater part of your mission—is to plant the garden of your children's minds with God's own flowers of purity and true nobility, that no place may be found for the seeds of evil to spring up and bear unwholesome fruit.

"There is no other gift of God more precious than that of motherhood. He has brought you close in touch with Himself by making you a creator of life through Him.

"God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him, male and female created He



them;’ so reads the Scripture, and He gave them dominion over all the earth.

“We here note that God gave mankind dominion. Let me call your attention first to this fact. Man having dominion, we may surely reason that he himself has no powers not under his own control.

“Now, mothers, did God give man and woman,—the two as one, for ‘Neither is man without the woman, nor the woman without the man,’—dominion over all living things, and no dominion over self? Surely not; and yet, because man has fallen so far short of his standard throughout the ages, we have come to count him as a creature under the pall and dominion of his lower passions, and one of the surest signs that he has fallen is the shamefaced secrecy and prudishness of almost every one of us concerning sex matters. The result is that a few of us, struggling through the darkness, have come out pure, but not unscathed; while others have yielded themselves to the blackest and most destructive vices,—vices to which they would never have fallen a prey, had they been taught aright.

“This reasoning, God-inspired being, called man, of all the living, is the only creature falling below the standard God has set. Every other living thing fulfils its destiny. Man alone descends from liberty to license and perverts his highest privileges to the lowest degradation. In consequence, we find ourselves and our children, with an accumulative inheritance of evil from within and from without to contend against. Some of us have learned the lessons that we need from bitter experience, some from close touch with other lives.

“Some of us can look with unveiled eyes and see the fearful pitfalls set for our boys and girls. We shudder

as we read of the 'White Slave Traffic' and the 'Red Lights,' or the 'Black Plague,' so called, with which the 'White Plague,' tuberculosis, cannot compare. When we read of the disappearance of the sixteen year old girl on her return from her church choir rehearsal, we are not wont to think 'It may come to my girl tomorrow.' So also when we hear of boys going wrong. But, mothers, only last week, in my office, the boy of a well-known minister cursed his parents because they had never taught him the truths he should have known about sex matters, declaring that, had he known, he would never have contracted the filthy disease which now disqualified him from highest manhood and noblest development.

"It was not long before this that a heartbroken couple mourned over the dead baby that had just been born to them. And great as was the grief of the mother, who had in joyful expectation prepared her welcome for the little one, greater and more bitter, if more silent, was the grief of the father when he looked upon the poor unsightly babe; and only the doctor, who knew his secret, could fully understand as the poor fellow said to him, 'Why didn't somebody warn me when I was a boy that this might come of a wild life?'

"These and other facts, my dear sisters, I bring, not to disturb your peace of mind and confidence in humanity, but to aid you in realizing the necessity of fortifying your boys and girls against the evils which are bound to reach them in one form or another; and thus avert a possibility of your children being placed in the not uncommon position of those just mentioned.

"Mothers, some of our boys and girls are about to go out from our town to their business or college life. It

is their parents' duty to see that they are properly equipped with the knowledge that should save them from the temptations to which they will probably be subjected.

"Our younger children, also, are not exempt from the danger that vile, polluting knowledge may be imparted to them. It has recently been the painful duty of the teachers of this school to ferret out a ferment of impurity that has been at work in the primary and grammar schools. It may not have gone further than impure talk, and suggestive writing on the walls, and elsewhere; but, unless immediately rectified, it will, in the natural course of things, lead to that which in adults, would be designated immorality."

As Dr. Lyon said this, an expression of surprise passed over the audience,—mothers looked anxiously at mothers. It seemed as though each were saying to herself, "It cannot be my child," yet half afraid that it might be. Some of them showed plainly their disapproval of such behavior, and one ventured to say, "It must be among the poorer children."

"Not so," answered the Doctor. "In that you are altogether mistaken."

Those whose children were least likely to be among the number looked awed, and as though determined to talk to their own children. Censure, however, seemed to be the prevailing spirit. This the speaker quieted by an admonition not to blame the children, whose ignorance and very innocence had made them victims. Even the older victims were themselves innocent when first the evil was thrust upon them, and were probably still ignorant of its results.

"Nor is our school alone in this," continued the doc-

tor. "Teachers all over the land bear testimony to the immorality prevalent among children in the best regulated schools.

"The experiment of seeking to open the eyes of individual parents, has been tried,—but it is not received kindly, and, after careful consideration, your principal has appealed to Dr. Robert Lyon and myself to help the parents that they may know how to save their boys and girls.

"It is necessary to know the facts,—repulsive though they be,—that we may awaken to the true gravity of the situation, and therefore I am not only justified in placing before you these facts, but also in opening your eyes by giving you the following statistics.

"Of the thirty thousand prostitutes in New York City, ten thousand came from respectable homes; these I fear we cannot save, but begone with prudery, and save the ten thousand innocent little girls, now the idols of ten thousand happy homes, that otherwise must fill their places, by teaching them sex facts that shall fortify them against this foul death, and by putting truth in such a light as to make purity their constant aim. These facts are terrible; but I believe this knowledge necessary, that our mothers and instructors may awaken to the necessity of saving our children. As mothers we must face the facts as they are. Some of my colleagues, and many of the laity, who, perhaps, themselves are guilty, will condemn the speaker for thus speaking plainly. But it is too vital a matter to longer keep them from mothers; when it is said to be true that ninety per cent of men have gone wrong, and that very many of them have contracted diseases which are bound to affect the innocent wives and prospective



children. Mothers, do you realize that this leaves only ten pure men out of each hundred from whom our daughters may select husbands? I would not place the blame upon all these men. Some deliberately go into libertinism, but the larger proportion of these infections occur among young men who are totally ignorant of the dangers to which they submit themselves, and before this stage is reached, their minds have been perverted by false teaching with regard to their sex nature. They have probably been made to believe that licentious lie expressed in the words 'Man's Physical Necessity.' The boy who becomes licentious is to be pitied, not blamed; the blame lies at the door of parents and instructors who have neglected their duty: and, mothers, our daughters and their children must reap the penalty along with him, of his debauches.

"Our hope lies in knowledge of sex truths being taught to the children in the homes, by such methods as will lead them to regard procreation as pure and natural, and their bodies too sacred to be in any way abused. This is, I believe, their only safeguard, and they can be so taught that all sense of shame shall be removed, and they will go out into the world knowing where they stand; while if asked when they received their knowledge, they could honestly say, 'I always knew it.'

"It is to help mothers so to teach their little ones, that I hope shortly to publish in book form the Nature Stories which I have related to my own children, so that they may begin as soon as the child is able to listen to any story to gradually lead them on to the knowledge of their being and of the sacredness of sex.

"Most mothers wait too long, and then find that it



is hard to begin at all; and as a result, even when they do approach their children on the subject they are non-plussed by what they find out. One girl of thirteen years, whose mother had decided to speak with her of her coming womanhood, said, 'Why, Mother, if this thing is of God, why haven't you told me before? I thought it must all be wicked, and I didn't like to tell you what the girls have told me.'

"I believe it is for mothers and daughters to free themselves and their husbands, sons and brothers from this terrible curse. Mothers, by teaching their boys and girls true ideals; and daughters, by demanding purity of the prospective fathers of their children. Our girls should be taught to feel so strongly on this matter that it would be impossible for a man addicted to vicious thought and habits to be at ease in their company, much less to ask the hand of a pure girl in marriage. As it is now, society encourages the educated, finely groomed man, even though he be reeking with immorality. Man will give just what woman demands; and it is for her to demand the highest standard of morality.

"Let us not feel disheartened, mothers, we can do much to save our children, now that woman is emancipated from her many forms of subjection. She has proven herself worthy of rising above the humiliation of the past and its resultant suppression of her best. She is no longer a 'dependent,' who must take, or give, whatever her husband has demanded. Man had, ignorantly, and, as he now begins to see, unwisely, created for himself a special masculine privilege of control; but now his honor, his manhood, his sense of justice, show him that this position is both unfair and

dangerous to his well-being and to the welfare of his home and of society.

"It is the pubescent girl we were chiefly to consider this afternoon; and some may say that so far we have hardly referred to our subject. This would be true were it not that our dependent baby girl of today is the responsible mother of tomorrow. The laughing, happy, little school girl quickly develops into full womanhood, and almost before we realize it, the joyous wedding bells are heard. Her place at our home is vacant, and we miss her; but we rejoice in her joy. It will be a delight to watch the home-making and to see the new home grow, though every mother heart grows lonely when the birdlings fly away.

"Now to the new home makers comes the time for the unfolding and developing of the teaching always received from parents who are wise; and if the foundation has not been well laid, parents have missed their high calling, and school training has fallen far short of its ideal.

"Without the home nations cannot exist; happiness and normal social relations cannot exist; anything, therefore, that tends to destroy or build up the home is vital; and consequently the discussion of the question, as I have taken it up, is essential to the well-being of our girls, and bears directly on the subject.

"You are mothers of girls in the high school; you are anxious to do your best for them; you long to have them become first of all noble, well-balanced women, and, God helping me to give you of my experience and my best, I will help you. Some of you are burdened—I see it in your faces. One has a girl, who is forward and inclined to be wayward; another is anxious on ac-

count of her daughter's over-religiousness; another, her daughter's carelessness and irresponsibility; and many, over pale faces, languid manners, long hours of study, and lack of buoyant life; each one has her own problem. We may not be able to cover all these phases in this talk, but I will do my best.

"I wish, first, to arouse your solicitude for the over-worked school girl, who, faithful to her studies day after day, takes little time for necessary rest and play. She may not be really ill, but she is not strong. She can enjoy a good time with her comrades, but afterward she is unduly tired. One would not label her a dyspeptic, but her digestion is not good. She has a tendency to headaches, suffers from dysmenorrhœa (painful menstruation) and constipation, and is often called 'indolent' when, in reality, her physical condition makes every effort irksome. No one thinks of her as really ill, and if she were never called upon to undergo physical or emotional strain,—if her life forces did not wane as the years passed on, this type of semi-invalid might really live out her life without becoming a confirmed invalid. Her negative condition would still be termed 'merely delicate.'

"One common cause for this condition is, likewise, the most common cause of painful menstruation, (dysmenorrhœa), which in young girls may be traced back to the time when they were quite little,—the dysmenorrhœa having its origin in what is called a tightened or adherent 'prepuce,' requiring for girls an operation similar to that termed 'circumcision' when applied to the male. These conditions cause a constant pressure upon most important nerves, which in turn, through the sympathetic nervous system, affect the nutrition

and growth of the uterus and ovaries, causing them to become retarded in development, and very often misplaced. Especially in these cases do we find the uterus bent forward on itself, the canal thus becoming so obstructed that nature must make a painful effort at each menstrual period to allow the scanty flow to escape. This, in its turn, often leads to the general constitutional condition spoken of as chlorosis, in which the red blood corpuscles become so affected that their capacity for carrying oxygen is lessened. As a result we often find anæmia, digestive disturbance, irregular heart action, tuberculosis, mental disturbance and various forms of neurasthenia. Add to this strain upon the system the compulsion to study at the menstrual period, and physical wreckage will follow, sooner or later. On the other hand, if judicious attention be paid at the first sign of such discomfort, and her studies be judiciously arranged, she may be entirely cured of all her troubles.

“It is unnecessary to dwell upon the various disturbances of the menstrual function; these and the ordinary precautions are too well known to the intelligent mother; I prefer, therefore, to call your attention at this time to one of Nature’s laws whereby we may be shown the ill results to our daughters when natural law is thwarted.

“When Nature has work to do, she sends an extra supply of blood to that point upon which the greatest strain will come, so that the tissues may receive proper food for development. At no time does she supply this nourishment so generously as at the age of puberty, when the sexual organs begin to arouse to activity. Reproduction of the species is Nature’s dearest object,



and she spares no pains to prepare the organs that will carry on her great work. Many times, before menstruation appears, nature engorges the tissues in the ovarian locality, and in the years to follow she never forgets to repeat this physiological process until that time arrives when she accounts it best that possibility for reproduction cease.

"We know that a plant or tree, stunted in early life, never attains the symmetry and strength of one more perfectly nourished. We know, too, that a human being, improperly nurtured in babyhood and childhood, is seldom able in later years, no matter how painstaking his treatment, to reach the standard of robustness and endurance which should have been his. It seems as though an organism established its standard for future capacity in its early stages. It is so with the ovaries, for it is during the first three or four years of puberty that their standard of nerve force and vigor is established for all time. The condition of these organs in a given individual, is a criterion by which we may judge of the rest of the body; and it would be well for us all to realize that this is so. Force and achievement result from normal reserved sexuality.

"A normal, properly taught and nourished girl develops rapidly, mentally, emotionally and physically at the time of pubescence. Love, hope and ambition are all in the ascendant; the sexual organism, as I have said before, becoming the foundation of noble deeds, physical endurance and intellectual achievement. Unfortunately, in this over-zealous world, few girls have the opportunity for natural development, at this, the most critical time of their life. Through thoughtless ignorance of nature's demands, our fine schools often



become a menace to health; and society robs the girl of precious hours that should be spent in recuperative sleep. Poor light and ventilation, and ill-adjusted chairs and desks are harmful; but all of this cannot compare with the nervous strain that is often forced upon a girl during the two to four years of her high school course.

"Hours that should be spent in bed, are passed drooping under artificial light, the tired eyes trying to photograph lessons upon a brain that demands rest. Her very emotions, born of this period, make her more brilliant; but the new force that has become such a powerful stimulus is spent poring over books, instead of being conserved, as nature meant it should be, for the building up of a splendid system.

"One earnest educator has asked the question, 'Why is it that girls who are so brilliant and scholarly in high school, so seldom arise to prominence in after life; while a large proportion of boys, who were inferior scholars, rise to high rank in the business and professional world?' To properly consider this question, we would have to cover a large field, but this may be said in answer: one cause is that they have wasted their energy in mental exertion at a time when nature demanded it for purely physical development of those organs upon whose health depends the girl's future mental development and strength.

"How is it with your girl today? Do you impose long hours of study upon her, stealing the blood from the newly awakened organs to the brain cells for combustion? Do you spur her on, and help her to cool the overheated brain by wrapping it in cold cloths, that she may keep awake and not miss promotion? Do you

draw still more and more upon her nervous energy by telling her that people scorn 'left-overs?'

"From twelve to thirteen the whole nature of a girl is wrought up by physical changes, and the mystery of the future wreathes its poetic fancy around her, until one day arrives the testimony of matured ovaries. If this knowledge come with pain and weariness, nervousness or eccentric emotions, it is evidence that the organs can only do their natural work with over-exertion, and over-exertion means congestion in continuing her work; a second menstruation appears, and again comes weariness and perhaps pain to the girl who is forced to study at this period, instead of the physical exhilaration that she would feel under more fortunate conditions. Again, the blood is drawn from the ovaries to supply the brain, the ovaries are thus defrauded of proper sustenance, and the nervous system is kept under tension. So the months pass, until the girl graduates from grammar school, when she has already laid the foundation for some form of neuræsthenia. But her work must still go on through the four years of high school, and from month to month is repeated the cruel treatment of the most important organs of her body. Dysmenorrhœa, which means congestion and pain, and amenorrhœa, which is insufficiency, have now become chronic. You still think the girl 'pretty well,' and no one thinks her an invalid. 'A year of rest will build her up,' say the fond, proud parents. This may be true, for nature is resourceful and youth elastic, but frequently the injury can never be wholly repaired.

"Very many women, having passed through this critical time under artificial conditions, are unable to preserve either physical or mental energy into middle life,

and become semi-invalids when they take upon themselves natural burdens. Such women are often barren, or, bearing children, meet with calamity. One neurologist states that a large per cent of the neuræsthenic cases can be traced back to unfortunate pubescence, causing chronic, imperfect ovarian functioning.

“ You ask, ‘ What shall be done with the developing girl to prevent these results?’ Let it be impressed upon your minds and hearts indelibly that one of your most divine duties and privileges is to prepare your daughters for perfect womanhood and motherhood. There is no class of women who need cultured minds more than the mothers of children; but, without health, superior scholarship avails little. Teach them to take their school work more slowly, for health is worth almost any sacrifice. I appeal to you mothers, for you are the natural guardians and instructors of your daughters, who, however intelligent, are too young to realize what lies before them, or to understand the magnitude of the responsibilities that, later in life, will be laid upon them, if they are to live up to their God-given possibilities.

“ You should realize that the whole educational system might better wait, than that your daughters should be overtaxed during the early days of menstruation. There is no reason why school systems should not arrange for a cessation from emotional strain, and from the study which implies strenuous effort, during menstruation; but as this is not done, mothers must take it into their own hands and lengthen the term of study for their daughters, so that their health will be protected.

“ Because not all girls will receive instruction at

home, there should be wholesome, natural sex instruction from some teacher especially prepared to impart this knowledge in a delicate way, so that a girl will understand the laws of her own being before it is time for her to menstruate, rather than have to wait for such instruction until the end of her college career, as is now the custom in some colleges. Thousands of girls have had their lives wrecked by imprudence, ignorance or false modesty, when the menstrual period arrived, and the blame for this sad state of things rests entirely with their neglectful parents and teachers, but especially with their mothers.

“During the period of menstruation the school curriculum should be made sufficiently elastic to permit the necessary rest without anxiety for the future ‘making up’ of lost recitations and examinations, and only mild mental stimulation should be allowed.

“Following out this plan, under proper supervision, there is no reason why a High School girl should not graduate at sixteen, splendidly developed physically, sweet and pure morally, with high ideals of self, womanhood and motherhood, and ready to take up the regular college course as one conscious of a lofty mission in life and determined to be fully prepared for it.

“Should the time ever come when we shall count honest, healthy preparation for motherhood a jewel above price, and when girls will reverently thank the Father for that privilege, and will see that no sacrifice is too great to keep their bodies sacred, we shall see strong, brave, joyous women singing songs of praise because they are women. It is from such mothers that a race of men and women shall spring, brilliant in in-



tellest, clear-brained, clean-souled, and with an inheritance greater than gold or lands.

"Thus far we have considered the purely physical side of our pubescent girls; now I would call your attention to the emotional and spiritual natures, hoping that we may come to understand them better, and thereby help our girls, and our boys also, over very trying, but not less important, crises in their lives.

"Whether they realize it or not, they have come to a time of important decisions. The sub-conscious self is perhaps more active than at any other time in life. It is now they sub-consciously form their ideals and so decide what type of man or woman they will be.

"Your boy now has his eye on some good or it may be poor type of manhood, from whom he will in a large measure shape even his manners, tones, the carriage of his body, and his method of looking at life. Sometimes the very traits that he dislikes in his ideal, will become his. Likewise, with your girl.

"So, if your boy has his gaze fixed in secret admiration on the cigarette smoker, with his stooped shoulders, forward and downward tilted head, and attitude of general ease and abandonment of responsibility, you can see the same characteristics soon manifesting themselves in him.

"If your girl's eye be fixed upon the fashionable woman, or the self-satisfied air of the professional bridge-player, you will see her mannerisms gradually change accordingly; and the reverse will be true also.

"Thus it behooves us mothers to invite to our homes to meet us at our evening meals, when the duties of the day are laid aside, the highest and noblest types of manhood and womanhood that we can command; and,



while discouraging hero worship, to hold before our boys and girls the best in the nature of all our friends. Some of these noble types will be poor, and others may be rich. Let this be no factor whatever; character and talents being the important factors to be considered.

“To make use of your table for close touch with would-be companions of your children, will result in a natural and easy elimination of the undesirable. Your children themselves, will thereby sooner learn the power of selection, while the family interest tends toward good fellowship and mutual happiness.

“Again, your children are at the age for making decision as to their religious life, their minds being now plastic and easily affected by influences for good or evil. It is now that greatest care and delicacy are needed to guide the spirit through the troubled water into the haven of peace and harmony. It is now that great care must be taken not to discourage them in their desire to know more of God; and if they take a stand, making a claim to a new life, or choose a church-relationship, be very cautious in your dealings with them at this time, and do not allow criticism of their action.

“These things are in God’s hand, my dear mothers; let Him lead you while you in turn point the tender soul to Christ, their Savior from sin, their Friend and their Shepherd. This is God’s time, also, to talk to the children. It is the normal, psychological period that He makes use of to begin the moulding to the highest and best, but let us not forget that the voice of God comes more surely to the child through its own parents, if they be what parents should be,—partly because of the fact that none can so well understand and help one who must inherit many of their own traits

and whose environment has deepened the likeness between them.

"It is a remarkable fact that, among all nations, the time of puberty has been marked by religious rites, and that most Christians so become before twenty years of age.

"It is at this period also, that mental balance is often lost, and children brood over some imaginary ill, or become restless and defiant, even to criminality. These children need a physician,—perhaps even a surgeon. Often circumcision is necessary, and will result in a total abatement of the distressing conditions. This may be called a metastasis.

"There is what I will call an emotional metastasis; that is, a change from the place of attack, to a part that may be remote. In sexual irritation, we often find a metastasis from the physical to the emotional sphere. A boy of twelve years, for instance, developed, with great rapidity, a faculty for lying. A wise physician discovered that he required circumcision; and no sooner was the operation performed than the boy became, and is to this day, remarkable for his honesty.

"A little girl had become thieving, untruthful, and sadly deficient morally. She seemed to be beyond hope, for reasoning and punishment were of no avail, and she began boldly to practice pernicious habits. A surgical operation resulted in restoring the child to sweetness, honesty and purity; and she is now a refined, lovely young woman.

"Again, at the pubescent period, a boy will often get into mischief and do the most unreasonable things. This is often a metastasis from the physical to the emotional, sometimes seen in over-religiousness.

"A wise and loving mother, who is capable of

directing the spiritual needs of her children, and carrying them safely through the storms and stress that often come at this time of life, is a veritable gift of God.

“None can deny that Christianity in early youth has a beautifying and strengthening effect upon the character, and is a safeguard all through life. To get a young soul anchored in divine love, is a firm foundation for a sound and useful life; and the whole being,—body, soul and spirit, will be brought, at these early years, in harmony with its Maker and itself.

“One more suggestion, mothers, and I have finished. It is that of responsibility and confidence. It is against all laws of nature to develop character apart from a sense of confidence and responsibility. Our boys and girls should be made to feel that they have a place to fill in the home; that they have a mind to use, and judgment to exercise; therefore, they must not be leaners.

“A parent cannot begin too early to encourage the child to select its own clothes; to exercise its thought concerning all matters of importance.

“A story is told of a butterfly, struggling to rid itself of its chrysalis. A witness to the struggle, pitied the ‘poor thing’; and aided it to liberty without difficulty. But the butterfly never flew. The struggle was necessary to strengthen its wings for subsequent flight. It is so with our budding boys and girls. Let us guide and protect them, but see to it that we do not deprive them of the things they most need, in our injudicious love.

“I trust I have not wearied you, dear mothers, but I pray for you, and with you, that you may be endowed

with grace and wisdom to help your children to grow up healthy and vigorous in mind and body.

“And now, permit me to thank you for your inspiring attention, which assures me of your hearty approval and co-operation, when, in my coming lecture to your daughters, I shall seek to inspire them with noble thought and desire as I tell them things they ought to know.”

“We certainly will be with you,” said one mother, “and I, for one, will earnestly try to be a better mother in consequence of what you have told us;” and it was long before the doctor could get away, for almost every mother there wished to thank her personally, to consult her, privately, about her own loved child, and to promise that she would try to profit by what she had learned that day.

## CHAPTER XVII

## FATHERS AND SONS

FOLLOWING the talk of Dr. Ruth to the mothers of the High School girls, there was much discussion of the subject among the parents. Some praised the doctor for her plainspoken truths; others criticized severely, and many of them recollected long forgotten visits, which enabled them, under the guise of a call, to go over the ground with old acquaintances. In fact, it had been a long time since the town had been in such a flurry. Never, since the previous election, had there been so much debating.

The conservatives thought that while Dr. Ruth had told the unvarnished truth, it was dangerous to touch upon such matters on account of the extreme delicacy of the subject. The ignorant and prejudiced declared such talk positively shocking and indecent. On the other side, there were many who thought it time that parents should be aroused to a greater sense of responsibility with regard to the physical welfare of their children.

All the clear-headed people were in sympathy with the honest desire of the superintendent of schools to make strong men and women, instead of weaklings, of the High School pupils. All the agitation resulted, however, in lectures being planned for the study of proper parental teaching for the young people. Once a month, these groups met in some central locality, or at the High School, for the purpose of listening to



scientific lectures, given by well known physicians, both men and women, who freely and gladly gave their services.

Two weeks after Dr. Ruth's lecture to the mothers, Dr. Robert gave his address, and to it were invited not only the fathers of the High School boys, but all men and boys over sixteen years of age.

"Brothers," said he, "for such we all are, I have come here to tell you what science has revealed concerning man in his relation to his sexual or creative nature, and to show you the need of being prepared to take your boys by the hand, and say to them, 'Confide in me, my son, for you need a man's strength and experience to guide you across the pitfalls which will open before you now that you are emerging into manhood.'

"It should be the great aim of parents and teachers to fit the child for his second physical birth, which is spoken of as the pubescent or adolescent period. But first those parents and teachers must themselves be freed from the influence of centuries of false sex teaching, that they may get a new perspective,—a broader view of this all-pervading sex principle. From this sex principle, even though so misdirected by the mass of humanity, have been created all the wonderful works of civilization; and one may almost say that there will be no limit to human achievement when genius is once freed from the embarrassment of disordered and misdirected sex functions with its consequent hampered inspiration.

"Created life demands its perpetuation, and therefore impresses its principle of reproduction upon every living thing. This is the strongest and highest force

within us, and, instead of the Creator having made a mistake in placing it first and foremost, man has made the mistake of degrading it, by making it minister to selfish satisfaction,—trailing it in the mire of sensuality and prostitution. The result of this mistake has been fatal to social purity. Woman came to be regarded almost as though she had been created with a view to the gratification of man's physical passions. She was brought under subjection and made practically a slave to her husband and owner, and when she began to attain some slight degree of freedom the satanic doctrine of 'man's physical necessity' was formulated for the benefit of perverted men.

"In ancient Babylon, the dishonoring of girlhood became a part of temple worship, and service, as it is to this day in many temples of India. Throughout the historic period, sexual crimes have been so revolting that their details cannot be published. Crimes against the sexual nature are as old as sin. Ignorance of them leads one to believe that they do not exist, or that they are quite infrequent,—a 'carnal security' this. Man cannot much longer keep his sexual secrets from woman. His history of sexual secrecy and license is near its close. Good men and women everywhere are opening their eyes to sex facts, a full knowledge of which will bring them to the standard of Christ, who said to the woman,—after a thrust at her guilty accusers that sent them away, overcome, for the moment, and convicted of their own prostitution,—'Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.' He then struck a telling blow at the two codes of morals that had been set up by man, and one the full import of which is, as yet, not generally realized.

“Today, the American Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis, headed by many of the strongest physicians and lawyers of the country, and composed of men and women of science and position, is doing much not only to bring about reform, but also to teach true conceptions of the sex principle. Every man here should be identified with that society. To quote from its Articles,—‘II. The object of this society is to limit the spread of diseases which have their origin in the Social Evil. It purposes to study every means, sanitary, moral and administrative, which promises to be most effective for this purpose. III. The Society to be composed of members of the medical profession and of the laity, including women.’ Among its list of members appear the names of Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Baltimore, author and surgeon, and Dr. W. M. Polk of New York City, surgeon; while Prince A. Morrow, M.D., author of ‘Social Diseases and Marriage,’ deservedly holds the honor of being president.

“Through our Secular Magazines and papers, this question, in one or another of its many phases, is being discussed; and nearly every medical Journal has presented articles bearing on the subject. At medical meetings, all over the country, it is being debated, and the general feeling among physicians is toward doing away with the binding conditions of their Hippocratic oath, so far as the social evil is concerned, and no longer protecting the venereally diseased man. This protection has not only condoned sexual promiscuity, but it likewise has made the doctor an unwilling accomplice in the crime of contaminating the innocent with the diseases of the vicious; with which diseases smallpox is not to be compared for virulence and for danger to the

community. From the latter, the law demands protection,—even to the compulsory vaccination of all school children; but as to the former, it still licenses vice, and consequently its diseases also,—to the great detriment of the home, the city and the nation. Some one has recently said, ‘Let us protect the innocent, not the guilty,’ and this idea is gaining prevalence.

“Honest pure-minded physicians (all are not thus) because of the fearful and long-lasting results of venereal diseases,—are seriously considering the advisability of being no longer bound to secrecy; and when all of them adopt the attitude of a Boston physician, who said to two wild young men engaged to two pure, sweet girls whom the old doctor had cared for from birth, ‘If either of you marry either of those girls before I pronounce you cured, I’ll attend the wedding ceremony and raise my voice in protest against the marriage,’ much good will be done.

“But more than this is necessary. The unfortunate wife of a venereally infected husband should be informed of the fact. The result will be the breaking up of some homes; and, for this reason, it will be a terrible burden added to the already heavy responsibilities of the physician. But that such a stand will inevitably be made, it takes no prophet to discern,—one has only to watch the proceedings of the various medical societies, and to read the articles referring to the subject in medical magazines and other periodicals. When medical societies in general take this stand,—as it is believed they will,—and our girls are taught the facts concerning these matters, our men, young and old, will be forced to change their mode of living.

“Too often our boys have been taught by some



sensual elder, that it is their legitimate right, and that their physical health and their real manhood depend upon deliberately seeking illicit sexual relations. Had they been previously instructed by judicious and right-minded parents, they would have had a high ideal of their sex life. They would have known that true manhood depends on self-control, and that strong, vigorous men conserve their sexual forces. The vile stories too often told to youth, and the still viler advice, would not reach them, or, reaching them, would find no lodgment in their minds, and they would pass their pubescent period pure and strong, to await the real joys and satisfactions that are in store for every pure man to whom shall come happy union with a true, well-chosen wife. This is the æsthetic fulfillment of true love, that can never be vouchsafed to the man who has prostituted his life to unfortunate but degenerate and diseased public women.

“It would be much pleasanter for me to bring immediately to your minds the interesting study of the pubescent boy. But that I may be true to him, I must first expose to your view the horrors that you would have your boys and girls escape. These you know in a measure; but to review them is, I trust, to bring you to decision concerning them. It is my object, also, to bring out in strong relief,—as I trust I may be able,—the glorious possibilities of pure and normal manhood.

“‘The welfare of the family,’ says Herbert Spencer, ‘underlies the welfare of society.’ Whatever injuriously affects the family will also injuriously affect the community, and it is but a poor morality which does not consider the actions of the individual in the light of their effect, not only upon himself, but upon



his wife and children, and upon society as a whole. Men have no moral right to marry for purely selfish reasons. The chief end of marriage is the bringing into the world of intelligent, well-formed, vigorous children, who shall help to perfect the human race. What, then, can we think of those men who, if not themselves impure, are yet apparently indifferent to the wrongs that are inflicted on humanity by those who degrade their manhood by sexual excesses and sexual promiscuity?

"We have no time to dwell upon the many physical evils which entail untold suffering and enormous expense through the direct results of sexual immorality. Yet it is necessary that we should consider such facts as that from twenty to thirty per cent of blindness in the United States can be traced to infection due to illicit intercourse, resulting in a cost to the community of many millions of dollars every year.

"That you may have some idea of the extent of the evil, I would call your attention, first, to statistics concerning the two social diseases.

"Statistics show that in Europe seventy-five per cent of adult males have had gonorrhœa, and twelve and a half per cent of adult males have had syphilis, and that in the United States seventy-five per cent of adult males have had gonorrhœa. It is the most prevalent contagious disease next to measles. In this country, eight hundred thousand males reach maturity annually, and of this number five hundred thousand become infected with the last named disease.

"Morrow stated that in 1906 twenty per cent of those who became infected were less than twenty-one years of age; sixty per cent were not yet twenty-five;

and eighty per cent not yet thirty, in the United States; and the most reliable observers calculate that eight million have gonorrhœa or its sequelae.

“As to the ‘race suicide problem,’ concerning which much has been said with unkind thrusts at woman’s supposed unwillingness to bear children, it will be judged from another view point when it is generally known that ‘seventy-five per cent of sterility in childless marriages is due to the gonorrhœal infection.’ It is true that here and there there are married women who rebel against child-bearing without good reason; but there are many whose hearts are bursting with mother instinct and desire that can never be satisfied. Every womanly woman cherishes mother love in her heart and must mother something.

“In this connection may be mentioned such women as Francis Willard, whose mother love extended its arms to all the world, until to-day, in our schools, the influence of her great loving heart touches your child and mine, teaching them the dangers of alcohol and narcotics. Nor has her great creative power ended here; it has reached beyond our means of measuring, and shall live when her critics and their children are no more. My heart goes out to those noble women of the past, who dared, against bitterest opposition, disdain, and tradition, to raise their voices outside of the home shelter and strike the blows that have proved to be the beginning of great and needed reforms. Brave men have gone through hardships, faced wild beasts, and stood before the cannon’s mouth without flinching, but the courage of such women is of a higher type. Their faith, their courage, their endurance, their persistence, their ability and their true worth have made

and are making for them a place that is well earned, and true men reverence them, and, through them, are coming to have a just appreciation and reverence for womanhood, and to acknowledge the justice and the necessity of demanding that men as well as women shall be pure and noble.

"It ought not to be necessary to point out that this can never be while we uphold, directly or indirectly, any institution which does not manifestly make for greater purity. Yet, even in this twentieth century, there are those who claim that the welfare of society demands the licensing of prostitution! On this point I may perhaps be excused if I quote from Dr. Sprague Carleton.

"Many profess the opinion that prostitutes are of value to a community, believing that their presence indirectly protects what they choose to call 'the innocent maids' of that community. However, it is the contrary only, that is true. If any positive assertion can be made in this connection, it is that 'innocent maids' in a community are not only a danger to themselves but a temptation to the male element of the community in which they reside, for man's sexual craving is not always conditioned by his own instigation—but is more frequently the result of the attitude and actions of his associates. . . . Since we know that association with prostitutes exposes a man to venereal diseases which he may transmit to another, and that association with prostitutes gives a man a false idea of genuine womanliness, and that association with prostitutes frequently unfits a man for being an ideal sexual husband, how can one argue that prostitutes in a community tend to protect the 'innocent maids' in that locality? On the contrary, prostitutes tend to corrupt young men by encouraging them to dissociate the sexual act from admiration and respect. They cause men to misunderstand women,—they deprive women of lovers or give them diseased husbands. Thus we see that countenancing prostitutes is surely no way of protecting 'innocent maids.' There is but one right way to protect 'innocent maids' and that is that the parents and guardians do their duty and enlighten and transform these ignorant and so-called 'innocent maids' into chaste maids, for chastity is not so easily seduced as is ignorant innocence.

... The thought that prominent men, the representatives of the people, so acknowledge their use of the wares of the prostitute, that they pass laws legalizing her profession, tends to remove the ban from this element of society. Any representative that votes to control prostitution by laws for segregation or medical examination is inviting and enticing the public to indulge in his labeled and guaranteed wares. Though medical examination may now and then be the means of preventing a man from acquiring a venereal disease, it invites so many more to take chances with what may be looked upon (but is not) a lesser risk, that we must insist that these acts of government are absolutely harmful.'

"How illogical is the mind of the man who believes that laws for the degradation and slavery of women, without whom there could be no world of human beings, must be enacted for his special good, and who reasons, from his preconceived, perverted ideas, that a man must indulge his sexual instinct or suffer mentally!

"Legislating against prostitution, and vigorously enforcing such legislation, combined with the legal demand to report venereal disease to Health Boards, would limit illicit sexual relations to those men and women who mutually elect to live that kind of life, and would be of untold benefit to society.

"Sin can never be a blessing. A perverted or enslaved woman gives to her criminal patrons those infections which result in locomotor ataxia, necrosis of bone, and degeneration of brain and spinal cord or incurable insanity, to be cared for at public expense in our hospitals and asylums.

"The 'White Slave' question has been fully discussed in several periodicals, and of it the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' says: 'Though it may coexist with national vigor, its extravagant development is one of the signs of a rotten and decaying civilization, a phase



which has always marked the decadence of great nations.' We can hardly afford to pass it by; for do not the daily newspapers continually report that some poor girl is missing, only to be found, if found at all, in some den of vice? It is a large subject and cannot be adequately dealt with in the little time allotted to a lecture.

"Says Edwin W. Sims, United States District Attorney, Chicago:

"I am firmly convinced that when the people of the nation understand and fully appreciate the unspeakable villainy of "The White Slave Traffic" they will rise in their might and put a stop to it. The growth of this "trade in white women," as it has been officially designated by the Paris Conference, was so insidious that it reached the proportions of an international problem almost before the people of the civilized nations of the world learned of its existence.

"The traffic increased rapidly, owing largely to the fact that it was tremendously profitable to those depraved mortals who indulged in it, and because the people generally, until very recently, were ignorant of the fact that it was becoming so extensive. And even at this time, when a great deal has been said by the pulpit and the press about the horrors of the traffic, the public idea of just what is meant by the "white slave traffic" is confused and indefinite.

"The characteristic which distinguishes the white slave traffic from immorality in general is that the women who are the victims of the traffic are forced unwillingly to live an immoral life. The term "white slave" includes only those women and girls who are actually slaves—those women who are owned and held as property and chattels—whose lives are lives of involuntary servitude. The white slave trade may be said to be the business of securing white women and of selling them or exploiting them for immoral purposes. It includes those women and girls who, if given a fair chance, would, in all probability, have been good wives and mothers and useful citizens.

"There is still another point upon which I feel moved to place all possible emphasis—the hideous depravity and the fiendish cunning of the criminals who engage in this most abhorrent and revolting of all criminal pursuits.



“ ‘Kipling said in one of his poems, describing the doings of lawless people in the camps of one of the Northern countries, that, “There is never a law of God or man runs north of Forty-nine.” That and more too might be said of the districts where the white slaver grows rich from his traffic in girls. The men and the women who engage in this traffic are more unspeakably low and vile than any other class of criminals. The burglar and holdup man are high-minded gentlemen by comparison. There is no more depraved class of people in the world than those human vultures who fatten on the shame of innocent young girls. Many of these white slave traders are recruited from the scum of the criminal classes of Europe.

“ ‘And in this lies the revolting side of the situation. On the one hand the victims, pure, innocent, unsuspecting, trusting young girls—not a few of them mere children. On the other hand, the white slave trader, low, vile, depraved and cunning,—organically a criminal.’

“The following, taken from ‘War on the White Slave Trade,’ by Ernest A. Bell, is sufficient to arouse any normal man to do his part toward bringing about legislative enactment against this fearful curse:

“ ‘While many American wage-earning girls find homes in private families or among friends, many others are rooming in houses where there is no one to look after them. Many of them have no sitting room in which to receive men friends and have to use their bedrooms for this purpose. Some girls speak of this necessity with regret and a serious realization of the situation. Such girls can live under such conditions and be safe. Others resent the implication that these conditions are dangerous, feeling that their own virtue is questioned. Others treat the matter flippantly.

“ ‘The men and women who are interested in girls for no good reason have no difficulty in meeting the American girls, working as they do in stores, offices, hotels and restaurants. I believe that the American girl is surrounded by more numerous and far more subtle temptations than is the foreign girl.’ ”

#### KITTY SCHAY.

(This story is clipped from The National Prohibitionist.)

“ ‘Another of the horrid stories that have come to light in the work of the Law and Order League of Chicago is that of a young girl who may be known here as Kitty Schay. This girl was born in Milwaukee twenty-one years ago, and be-

came an orphan when only four years old. She was brought up in the home of an aunt who seems to have been a good woman, but somewhat unfeeling, and was given little or no opportunity for education, going to work at an early age.

"Seeking amusement and companionship that her home did not give her, the poor girl began to frequent the public halls where dances were given, under saloon auspices, and came to attract much admiration and secure many acquaintances because of her graceful dancing. These associations led to late hours, and although the girl, under circumstances that made truth-telling likely, insists that she was guilty of no offenses against virtue, her aunt became angry with her and drove her from her home.

"Thrust upon her own resources, the poor creature sought work, living in a cheerless furnished room, and found her associations for companionship and pleasure at dances and in concert halls and in the back rooms of some of the numerous gin mills that flourish in the city of Milwaukee, with the approval and consent of so many of that city's good people.

"Thus she lived, comparatively blameless, amid perils and temptations, until one night she was introduced to a young woman who offered her a position in Chicago where she could earn "good wages." The winter was coming on. The child had no store of winter clothing and looked forward to the terrible days of December and January with dread. She realized that the scanty pay for which she worked would buy her little of what she needed, and when the temptress talked to her of what seemed to her fabulous pay she consented all too willingly.

"Perhaps she did not inquire too closely into the character of the work to which she was going. She had begun to drink, indeed, she says she was partially intoxicated at that moment with drink that had been furnished her by the woman and a male companion. At least, she agreed to go, and at the depot in Chicago was met by a closed hack in which she was taken at once to one of the dives of Chicago's greatest vice preserve where the police, to whom she glibly told the story that she had been instructed to tell, speedily enrolled her as a woman of the "underworld."

"Then began two months of horror. Exposure to disease, unthinkable brutality, degradation never before dreamed of—these were her portion in a full cup; and the alluring prospect of pay that had baited the trap faded away and she received in return for all this nothing but the barest, scantiest living.

"At length a frequenter of the place, in whom honest impulses were not wholly dead, moved by her sorrowful story, fought her way out of the dive and reported the case to the Law and Order League.

"The police have sent the poor creature back to Milwaukee, to what improvement of fate it may well be imagined. And the vice mills grind on, and the police are busy "registering" new victims.

. . . . .

"Some time ago a Chicago girl found herself orphaned and almost friendless; her aunt cared for her a little while, but life was so unbearable there that she decided to try domestic service.

"One of the best known department stores in this city was at that time running a Labor Bureau; the girl went there and in due time was presented to a pleasant-faced ladylike woman, who offered her employment as "parlor-maid."

"The poor girl, with glad heart and bright hopes, set off for her new home; but before night fell she found that she had been sold into a slavery worse than death. Her pleadings and tears were all in vain, and it was some months later before an opportunity of escape presented itself. Then, while walking on Clark street with the keeper of the house, she suddenly espied a little group of Salvationists holding an open-air meeting. To the amazement and consternation of the woman with her, the girl not only paused to listen, but took her stand between two Army girls, saying, "You will take care of me, I know."

"That night she slept in an Army Rescue Home, and stayed with us for some time. An operation, made necessary by the life she had been forced to live, ended her days; but she died in peace, confident that she was going to a world where sorrow and sin never can enter.

"Captain G., a Salvation Army officer while doing house to house visitation in the "Red Light" district, was amazed to meet a woman who came from her own township in the Fatherland.

"It was perhaps a sentimental feeling which prompted the woman so freely to speak to the officer in reference to her chosen life. She said that years ago she had been beguiled to this country by an advertisement, which promised a good home and good wages to suitable girls. She replied to the advertisement and in due time was met at a Chicago railway station by the parties with whom she corresponded; and a few hours later found to her horror, that her confidence had been betrayed and that she was an unwilling guest of a resort.

"There seemed to be no way of escape; and as time went on she grew accustomed to it and concluded that as others were making money in such fashion, she would follow their example. For years she has maintained a disreputable house, and most of the girls who live in it were entrapped and snared

from their country homes much after the same fashion as she herself.

“A Canadian school girl started to make a visit to her married sister in New York State. The train reached its destination several hours late. The sister, who had been waiting at the railway station for hours, had just returned to her home when the train arrived; thus there was no one to meet the little girl at the end of her journey.

“A man who had been lounging around the railway station, stepped up and asked her whom she was waiting for. Innocently enough she told him the whole story, when he remarked that he had been sent by the sister to take her to her home. Stepping into a carriage they drove to a well appointed house; but in his haste to leave the station unobserved, the man had forgotten to ask for the check for the child's trunk.

“Leaving the little one, he returned to the station where the married sister was frantically making inquiries in reference to the traveler and was told that no one, answering that description, had stepped from the train. However the trunk standing there with the child's initials on it made her confident that her sister had arrived and, in some unexplained fashion, had disappeared.

“While the controversy with the station-master was going on, a man came up to claim the trunk; and an innocent girl was thus saved from the hands of the procuress, for the house to which she had been taken proved to be a notorious house of ill-fame.”

“The white slave trade is not confined to one country. It has become a money power, and men are living in luxury on the money earned by their slaves. One girl alone is said to have brought her master seven hundred dollars per month, and out of this amount she was no more able to obtain for herself more than was sufficient for a bare existence than to obtain her liberty.

“Having taken a general view of the degradation of the sex function, we will return to a view of the subject when bereft of sensuality. Let us bear in mind that there is a vast difference between *sexuality* and *sensuality*. Sexuality is high, noble, aspiring,



achieving, creative, constructive and beautiful. Sensuality is its negative,—all that is low, ignoble, debasing, hampering, degenerating, destructive and hideous. It is our children's right to be shown this difference plainly. Impress it upon your boy that continence is never harmful, and that the sexual glands are no more weakened from disuse than are the tear ducts. Teach him that excessive sexual activity of any kind, and at any time of life, will weaken the sexual organs and the general health, robbing the man of his mental creative talents, and reducing him below mediocrity in his body, his mind and his spirit.

“If we review the history of living organisms, we find that one of the very lowest, simplest, most primitive forms of life is what scientists term the ‘amœba.’ The amœba is without emotion, or sense of right and wrong. All sense of feeling belongs to the higher forms of life, and varies in proportion to the complexity of those forms. The amœba eats unconsciously, for it has nothing which can be compared with what we call consciousness; and through this same blind method it propagates its kind by subdivision. When it comes in contact with substances which stimulate its activities, it absorbs them, and when it has arrived at a certain stage in its development its ‘nucleus’ divides into two, its shape becomes elongated—something like an hour glass—and at length, where there was one amœba at first, the observer now sees two. These little things know neither sin of gluttony nor vice, nor are they conscious of any ethical laws bearing on the two fundamental activities of nutrition and procreation.



“In the higher orders of life, however, these two fundamental conditions of being develop and become more complicated; until, in the human being, we are likely to lose sight of the unity of life’s functions in their multiplicity and complication. I wish you to realize my full meaning in this. Some scientist has said: ‘All we are by nature,—all our feelings and beliefs, are but irradiations from one of these two life principles,’ and in this I fully agree with him.

“All art,—I mean art in the broadest, most comprehensive sense,—is a highly developed expression of the instinct which underlies the attraction of the sexes. From the nutritive centre comes self-consideration; from this also emanates selfish qualities, such as envy, malice, revenge, jealousy and all forms of cruelty. Through the development of the sex centre, we reach that highest stage at which mutual attraction results in conscious love, and the consequent attainment of the self-sacrifice which characterizes all true love between husband and wife. As we rise, step by step, from the *amœba* to humanity, love becomes more and more a part of life, until at last, in human beings, we see it culminating in the divinest elements of character. The æsthetic qualities are derived from the sex principle. If you study the lives of birds, you will note that at the time of mating there is developed a remarkable beauty of plumage, and that at no other time is the singing so sweet or the bird so given to the pretty coquettish tricks by which the other sex is charmed. This is one of nature’s wonderful phenomena showing the incompleteness of either sex alone,—the twain should be one.

“Among human beings, our very choice of clothing is, even yet, more or less affected by this same sex in-

stinct. Nature attires the birds in beautiful colors to allure; savage man tattoos or decorates himself, that he may awaken admiration from the one he chooses as the mother of his kind; and civilized men and women choose their clothing,—often unconsciously,—with the same end in view.

“These are but illustrations to prove that all that is artistic, aspiring, loving, masterful, forceful, creative, altruistic, generous, devoted, self-sacrificing, even reverent and religious, are but inspirations drawn from that too often misinterpreted, and too often wasted force within us,—the creative force. The influences for good or bad dependent upon the noble or base uses of the creative functions are, therefore, practically immeasurable.

“Throughout childhood, the sexual organs lie dormant in the healthy, normal child. This is a wise provision; for during the first years of a child's life, its vitality and force should go to the building up of a strong physical constitution. Nothing so detracts from perfect physical development as precocious sexuality. In cases in which this precocity is found, parents should spare no effort to learn its cause, and insist upon its correction. Far better that a child should pass away, than grow into that nervous, incomplete, unsound creature that a sexually precocious child cannot fail to become, if left to itself. Happily, this condition is usually due, in either boy or girl, to terminal nerve irritation calling for circumcision; and so can easily be remedied; but, if not remedied, it will result in serious conditions, both physically and morally, when the child reaches puberty; or, passing this period without out-

break, it will make of the individual a nervous wreck later in life.

“When sexual awakening arrives normally and naturally at pubescence, then we have the unfolding of Nature’s greatest work. We will never have a scientific, wise, helpful school system, until this period in the growth of the human being is understood and appreciated; nor ever a healthy, sane community, governed by a healthy, sound, sane system of ethics, until this period, holding within itself the wonders of life and the prophecies of the soul, is comprehended, and, more than that, is regarded with respect and reverence. As fathers, we should recognize that the most glorious, most promising period of man’s whole range of life’s experience and development in the physical realm, is the period of adolescence.

“I therefore plead with you for both the boy and girl at this critical period. Let us think of this awakening, studying it in the spirit of investigation, and trying to understand the emotional and spiritual stress that make themselves felt at this time; for pubescence is the dawning of the second life,—the ethical, the altruistic, and the spiritual,—as well as a crisis in the physical.

“The importance of this second nature-birth,—this birth of the emotions,—has been celebrated in most nations; frequently in ways most strange to us. The savage celebrates the coming of the boy into manhood with feasts, ceremonies, and mystical rites. Some churches celebrate the event with rites of confirmation and various festivities. Among certain savage tribes, the tooth of an adolescent boy is broken, his flesh is gashed or bruised, or he is made to feel the sting of a lash, to prove whether he has in truth come into man-

hood, brave and unflinching. The civilized Romans placed upon their pubescent boys the 'toga virilis,' as the sign that they had attained manhood, expecting, like the savages, that their young men would now become warriors; and throughout all the world, the boy must pass through nature's ordeal,—for it is an ordeal, and enter upon the inheritance, the privileges, and the responsibilities which the centuries have laid upon him. He becomes a warrior indeed, if he becomes a man in the true meaning of the word.

"We are all familiar with the physical changes of this period; the increase in size of the reproductive organs; the enlargement of the larynx; the elongation of the vocal cords, causing a change of voice; the strengthening of the heart's action; the broadening shoulders; the hardening muscles; and the starting beard. Equally important changes take place in the brain; the shape of the head is altered; new intellectual and emotional activities are aroused, resulting from the growth of cerebral centers which, until now, have lain dormant. With these come a change which, too often, careless parents do not note; namely, the great influx of new sensations that come with the increase of brain activity and the awakening of new thoughts.

"Your hitherto careless, thoughtless, irresponsible child, is becoming a man, who feels, thinks, and deduces as never before. New hopes and dreams are his; new ideas and new ideals; sometimes, perhaps, also tempestuous passions. He begins to have social, ethical and religious impulses; his boyish egotism probably changes to altruism; and often political, social, or religious zeal will take possession of him. As one of our best writers states, 'The boy finds himself



launched, at adolescence, into a sea of storm and stress.' A noted German scientist says that 'In highly endowed natures, this yearning and struggling grows beyond the limits of individual personality, and extends to plans of reform for the world; contrariwise, in a nature low and brutal in its impulses, this tempest of emotion is apt to gravitate toward foul personal aims and debauchery. In the case of the former, these great plans and lofty ideals, these tremendous altruistic impulses, may be so guided by sympathetic parents and teachers, that no one can estimate the good that may be brought from the adolescent state of mind.'

"Let us never laugh at the effervescence, the vagaries of adolescence. Impractical they may be, but they are the expression of an awakening soul, and we cannot afford to crush or blight, by laughter, or sarcasm, one of these Heaven-bestowed impulses.

"Teachers in the last grammar grades, and in the High Schools, should, of all people, realize this; but they often embitter and turn in upon himself, in sullen reservation, these awakening boys.

"Perhaps we are too prone, in looking upon our boys, to forget our own coming into man's estate; for if we could recall the experiences through which we passed, and give them to the world, they might be of priceless value. However, if we read intelligently, literature gives us many instances of this unrest and fermentation to which we can go for guidance. For example; in the earlier pages of Rousseau, we have an honest, if not altogether pleasant, confession of this state. We find similar confessions in the diary of Marie Bashkirtseff, which is probably an honest exposition of that young woman's changing emotions.



George Eliot gives us many similar illustrations; Maggie Tulliver, for instance, with her volcanic upheavals of imprisoned passion, and her wild, hopeless yearning for that something which should be greatest and best of all things. Darwin, in his autobiography, gives an honest revelation of himself; and, some years ago, Tolstoi, in his 'Confession' set forth his emotions as a boy.

"Among the many phases of adolescence is defiance of control, the throwing off of all restraint, rebellion against existing conditions, the fever for adventure, the longing to get out 'into the open.' Possibly it is the 'Call of the Wild,' but no parents can afford to ignore these conditions. Woe to the father or mother who dares to rule with a rod of iron during this critical time. Unwisdom soon might form a barrier between them that grows greater day by day, till at last adamantine walls shut out forever all confidence, if not also all love, between them, and the boy's one thought is to escape from what he terms their 'tyranny.' At no time in a boy's life does he so much need one in whom he can confide; and blessed is the father who draws his son close to his heart in this hour of trial and temptation, becoming his friend rather than his master.

"'It is at this period,' says one writer, 'that ancestral qualities, good or bad, come to the surface. I have watched the development of a boy who all through childhood was morbidly conscientious, passive, shrinking; but when puberty arrived his whole nature changed, and he became one of the most inveterate of liars. I have never met one to equal him. Timidity and self-consciousness were thrown aside; he stole, forged, and continually sank deeper and deeper into

vice. This boy was the offspring of depraved parents, and at the age of eighteen, when I saw him last, he had sunk to the lowest depths that his father had ever known.' I believe, however, that, could this same boy have been placed under proper surgical treatment, and wisely instructed, he need not have fallen to this depth. We shall some day learn that we need more hospitals and fewer jails, almshouses and insane asylums. My experience as a surgeon has proved to me that very many cases of unnatural sexual activity can be cured by means of surgical operations performed on the lower orifices of the body, for my observations have caused me to fully agree with Dr. Edwin Hartley Pratt when he says:

“The slavery of the morbid sexual appetites can thus be ended, and sympathetic nervous forces wonderfully conserved. Aside from the local relief which such patients experience under the magical touch of orificial surgery (surgery of the lower orifices of the body), I have witnessed most marvelous transformations in other human characteristics and tendencies. I have seen the insane made rational; I have seen the irritable made amiable; the discouraged made hopeful; the tearful made cheerful; and the lustful made virtuous.

“As a bird let loose spreads its pinions and soars skyward; so does a caged spirit when freed from the unholy suggestions and associations of morbid physical conditions demonstrate its aspiring tendencies.

“A knowledge of these things only makes one charitable for the weaknesses and eccentricities of the human kind, and so breeds a hope that punishments may give place to cures, and that before man sits in judgment upon his fellow-man, a physical examination

may be instituted to determine whether the offending member of society on trial, may not be an invalid instead of a criminal.'

"So, my friends, consider all that it means to a boy at this age to have the benefit of good inheritance, and of a normal body, and the great danger that surrounds him when he inherits only evil. If he inherit good, then he shall have an anchor to hold him amid the storms that beat around him when his boat of manhood is launched upon the treacherous sea of life, and to keep him from destruction upon the rocks of immorality, of crime, or of insanity.

"Now, at puberty, the boy feels new vitality and energy, and we often see a child who has been delicate, perhaps, from birth, blossom out into vigorous youth, because hitherto dormant energies have awakened the deepest, most powerful forces in the human body. In fact, so persistent is the phenomenon, that we are prone to become too neglectful of childish ailments, saying: 'Oh, he will outgrow it and be all right when he matures'—and it is true enough that nature sometimes does verify this hope, although it is not always so.

"With boys, as with girls, the increase of physical energy must be planned for, and if properly appreciated, and the youth is set to some kind of work, well and good; but when the boy, unguided and alone, becomes conscious of this new force, perversion may express itself in most unfortunate activities. Sometimes it will manifest itself in egotism, in capriciousness, or hysterics; or, again, in religious fervor, which may be normal or abnormal; and most judicious guidance is here needed, that false religious zeal should not be encouraged, or normal religious zeal discouraged. We

often find, also, devotion to morbid poetry, or lurid tales of adventure; or, it may be, entire self-renunciation. We need to be always careful of our boys during this early adolescence, and to be sure that they are understood and receive judicious consideration from parents and teachers. No greater mistake can be made than to laugh at their castle-building, for it will only rob you of their companionship, sending them elsewhere to receive appreciation, when, through tactful guidance of their imagination, you could have helped them to understand the one great talent that God implants in every human heart at puberty, to grow self-reliant, and strong, to lead others in the path of right.

“In very truth, parents need the wisdom born of God, and the love and compassion of the Christ, that they may be ever thoughtful and may fully comprehend the awakened emotions that sometimes drive our boys like leaves before the wind.

“Dr. Stanley Hall expresses this condition of things well in the words, ‘Old landmarks are rushing by; he is losing hold on all that he once cared for; and for which he now finds he cares so little. He now needs above all else, a father; for the first time his mother learns that she cannot be all to her boy. Father has lived through it all; father knows from experience, hence is able to counsel through personal knowledge, and, if he will, he may now save the child for God and himself.’

“My dear fathers, you must learn fully how your boys crave sympathy and instruction along sex lines. Your own boy, whom you look upon as a child, may already be learning from his companions lessons that will forever coarsen and pollute his mind. He may be ignorant of the experiences which are to come to him



personally ;—the physical unrest, and the physical functioning which are characteristic of this period. He needs, now, the advice and comradeship of a *good man*, and that man should be his father. It is cruel to deprive him of such counsel. He must have it, if he is to develop into a clean, upright, self-controlled man.

“Recollect that all which irritates the brain has its reflex action upon the reproductive organs, and vice versa ; and you will then know the great need of keeping your boys free from the contamination of all stimulants, whether it be the inner sensitiveness that is stimulated, or the irritation produced by intoxicants and narcotics which, I regret to say, find their way even to the youngest pupils in our schools, thanks to those conscienceless beings who are determined to obtain the almighty dollar no matter at what price to others it is coined, and who have even gone so far as to sell chocolate drops filled with brandy, and surreptitiously to introduce liquor, tobacco, cocaine and similar products to those who are scarcely out of their swaddling clothes.

“We need indeed to be lynx-eyed, as well as tenderly solicitous, if we would shield our children from all the things which demoralize and dwarf the body and the intellect. Unfortunately, for many generations, parents have regarded all reference to the sex organs and their care as vulgar and immoral. But why? Should not our bodies be held in reverence? Are not these organs the very life of the body which the beating fountain of the heart supplies with blood that ought to be kept uncontaminated by stimulants, narcotics and all that is unclean?

“I have no desire to weary you, yet I do wish to



awaken within you a sense of your grave responsibility to your children. You brought them into the world without their volition. To you God gave little, innocent souls to develop and train, as the florist loves, develops, and trains his flowers, to ever increasing beauty and fragrance and strength.

“Consider the matter well; strive to read along wholesome physiological lines, and when we meet here again we will take a step farther with the parents whose sons have reached another stage of life, and are just beyond the threshold of manhood.

“To quote once more from Dr. Stanley Hall, who is an authority on adolescence: ‘What then is the conclusion of the whole matter? First, that the boy shall consider, honestly and healthfully, through proper teaching, the mystery and wonder of his adolescence. He should have, in his own father or mother or teacher, a true friend to whom he can go with confidence, and who will in turn direct and guide him, explain to him, and arouse him to a high sense of the greatness of this, the psychological hour of his life.’

“Bear in mind that the great influx of activity in your boy’s life must be recognized, appreciated, and provided for. The boy must be kept busy,—busy in mind and body,—and the new activity made intelligent, so that he will become a reasonable thinker, laying a mental and physical foundation adapted to the needs of this period of his life.

“The arousing of ideals at this time is good; but we must not forget that for the adolescent boy, the ideal emotion must be wholesome and pure and must also be expressed in ideal action. See that he *becomes* that which he believes in and idealizes.

“ So, prayerfully, and in love, turn your boy’s new energies into channels of creative work, and let physical awakening find its outlet through brain and hand production.

“ Next week I shall have the pleasure of talking with your boys. This is a great responsibility. I mean to help them to a right understanding of themselves, and to urge them to go to their fathers with their difficulties. I am sure that I may trust you men to stand by all the truths that I shall teach them. Of this, you may be positive; that upon their young minds I shall impress the necessity of giving purity for purity, and that I shall make it plain that it is never necessary for woman’s virtue to be sacrificed to man’s health, and shall show that illicit indulgence on the score of health, is, under no conditions whatever, to be sanctioned.

“ They shall be shown that chastity,—as Dr. Austin Flint and others who are in a position to know, and are in no wise influenced by sentiment or theological bias, have said,—is not, and cannot be a cause of disease, and that an All-seeing Designer did not give a physical law that would cause us to break a moral one, or impose on man a necessity that would mean the degradation of any woman.

“ Remember, friends, that custom blinds the eyes and hardens the heart, and leads the mind to accept as right existent evils. Voluntary celibacy for life is often necessary, and is maintained by many men and women who turn their sexual impulses into some wide philanthropy or mental achievement. This may be called a metastasis of the creative force, and may be voluntarily brought about in the interest of science, art or music.

"As examples of this metastasis may be named, in music, Handel, Rossini, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Myerbeer. Their musical creations,—being their mental children, will outlive children according to the flesh.

"Newton and Leibnitz were celibate scientists; Swedenborg the Mystic writer, and many others in widely different fields, might also be mentioned; while many great men of to-day could be mentioned whose sexual natures are kept under absolute control, and are allowed no activity during months of mental strain and achievement, though they are married. It is generally recognized by all well-balanced men, that conservation of this creative force means expansion of mental achievement and physical endurance.

"Your boys shall be instructed in these facts.\* They

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\* The following extract, taken from "Transactions of the American Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis," is significant, and is recommended to the consideration of those good but mistaken people who imagine that it might do harm to teach young people about their bodies.

"Dr. Mary Wood-Allen said it was desirable to present these facts to the children in a serious light, and make the subject a sacred one to them. As Dr. Elliott said, it was not so much a question of knowledge of facts as the control of the will-power through appeals to the higher nature. The speaker said that during the past twenty years she had had considerable experience in addressing audiences of boys and young men, and she had never yet met with an audience that did not accept this subject in the same serious light in which it was presented. She recalled one instance in which she was asked by a New York lawyer to address a school of boys in a small town. She was informed that she would be expected to talk upon the subject of the physical development of men and women in their sexual relations, and, in spite of the fact that she knew how morbidly curious boys were upon this subject, she determined to make the experiment. In connection with her talk, she made blackboard diagrams, showing the construction and configuration of the male and female organs, and explained the functions of the reproductive systems of each. Her audience was composed of boys ranging in ages

shall be further taught not to be frightened at nature's harmless method in the occurrence of involuntary emissions, and I hope thus to set their minds at rest, and to forewarn them against the demoralizing advertisements of the 'quack' who makes a dishonest livelihood through getting into the hands of adolescent boys pages that frighten and urge them to unnecessary consultation.

"If your boy be not informed of these matters, he is cruelly left to glean his information as to sex functions from the perverting advice of thoughtless companions and lewd men, and it may be also from illicit practices.

"You thus see that I intend to be true to your boys, and I trust that you will stand by them and will save them from the experiences and the regrets through which some of you have passed.

"Finally, let me remind you that it is for us so to live, and so to train our children, that it may be evident to all the world that our bodies are temples, consecrated wholly to the service of the Highest, and kept pure and undefiled. Nay, more, we must realize that our bodily functions are divine, and must neither be prostrated through selfishness or impurity, nor regarded as in any way unworthy of divine blessing and divine guidance in their use; and, following this thought in its application to the relations that exist

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from 10 to 18 years. Upon the completion of her lecture, many of those present thanked her, the boys themselves passed her a vote of thanks, and one of the oldest boys told her that, while it was a common practice for boys to discuss these subjects among themselves, they had never before heard them placed upon such a high ideal or explained so clearly, and they were sure it would help them to be better boys."

between the parent and the child, we must so train our boys that they will share our thoughts upon this matter, and so be saved from contaminating influences."



CHAPTER XVIII

DR. RUTH'S LECTURE TO THE HIGH SCHOOL  
GIRLS—"KNOW THYSELF."

**D**R. ROBERT LYON'S lecture to the fathers aroused widespread interest throughout the community, and it was soon apparent that in some cases seeds of good had fallen upon fertile ground. Some of the fathers were temporarily overcome by a new, deep sense of obligation, and seemed almost hopeless and forlorn in the presence of their adolescent boys; while there were others who sneered and criticized; for in every community there are those to whom any stirring moral appeal gives opportunity for sneering.

A few days after the lecture, a great scandal burst upon the town, originating in the High School itself. It was the old, old story of a handsome travelling man, selfish and sensual, and a thoughtless, untaught, and unwisely loving girl. The world is full of such instances. Every day, every hour, some woman's life is crushed and her heart broken, and the busy world forgets; but in this small town the scandal and tragedy had a more personal meaning, and struck home to the heart of every parent.

One day, a white coffin was laid in the old burial ground; and the aged rector, who had confirmed the young girl who thus paid the price of ignorance and trust in the flattery of men, wept as he laid his trembling hand upon her cold forehead, and murmured: "Oh! God! Thou knowest that if she sinned much, it

was because she loved much. Thou wilt forgive and receive her; for she needs Thy love, Thy pity and Thy peace."

On that same day, the young man left the city for the far west. For him, the incident was closed. He would still be received into society elsewhere; women would fall at his feet, and a few more would be ruined by him; and probably the time would come when he would marry a pure girl and become a respected citizen.

"How blind we are; and how weak and vacillating!" sighed Dr. Ruth, as she pondered over the subject, while preparing her talk to the High School girls. Her heart bled for the sweet girl, cut down like a flower when just bursting into bloom because she had let a blind god of love lead her through her woman instinct.

"She might have been saved from this," she repeated over and over again; "she might have been saved from this calamity, had she been blessed with a mother who understood the need of keeping her girl close to her heart, and always being in her confidence."

That evening, at the lecture, Ruth found many mothers with their daughters, in the audience; and her heart rejoiced.

"I am so glad to see mothers here to-night," she said in greeting. "My heart has been grieved and shocked by the tragedy so recently enacted in our city; and before I talk to the daughters, I wish to plead with the mothers to let this lesson lead you nearer and nearer to your boys and girls, and cause you, without restraint other than that of love, to shelter them under the mother wings of intelligent, practical and prayerful affection.

"The little babe in arms looks upon you, from its birth, as its natural protector. Why destroy this confidence when it has grown older and needs protection even more? From faith in you, the child learns faith in God. Guard its love for you jealously; shield it when dangers threaten; and let no one but your own dear self teach it the mysteries of life. A normal boy, rightly and reverently taught, will never break the heart of any woman; a girl who confides in a true mother, will never be lead astray.

"To you, my young girl friends, this thought especially applies; for you are to become the future mothers; and, for the sake of the children who will, I hope, some day be yours, there are many things I want to help you to understand.

"First among them is that love, in its true sense, is pure and undefiled, and that a man who seeks to destroy your chastity under the guise of love, is only cloaking selfish passion under the raiment of affection. A man who truly loves a woman will allow no shadow to rest upon her good name, even in his own secret thought, nor will he desire her to grant him that to which he has no right. Even though he may not be strictly moral himself, he desires his children to be born of a pure mother,—one whom they can always respect as an example of virtue. So no matter what specious promises of marriage a man may make, that he may rob you of virtue, you may be sure he lies, and that, after his sensual passion has been gratified, he will probably leave you. If, through him, you bear the pangs of motherhood, he will leave your child nameless, unless the law compels him to marry you; and marriage under such circumstances would mean a lin-

gering death and anguish for you, and would but make matters worse.

"It is to open your eyes to these facts, that I am talking to you as if you were my very own daughters or sisters; giving to you of the knowledge vouchsafed to me by years of study.

"For the purpose of the propagation of the species, the Creator divided mankind into male and female, making them complementary to one another and analogous in all respects, the woman being equal to the man and possessing, in addition to those parts which they have in common, a marvelous mechanism for the cradling of the race."

"In consequence of this marvelous provision, great privileges and great responsibilities devolve upon her. Your powers, my dear girls, are practically limitless. But error in teaching and false environment have hampered woman's development, so that but very few ever realize the glorious possibilities of motherhood.

"As a consequence of sin, woman has suffered from the effects of suppression and subordination. Christ came to liberate and to change all these conditions, and, although perverse teachings have arisen through the habit of wresting isolated passages of Scripture from the context, further searching will reveal that in Christ there is neither male nor female,—in other words, that artificial sex distinctions are contrary to truth and to the spirit of Christianity. Scriptural teachings that seem contrary to this, need but careful consideration and comparison with other Scriptures, to forever settle this question, and to show that religion demands that woman shall have the freedom that shall enable her to take whatever place God would have her fill, regardless of man-made regulations.



"God has created each individual a triune being, with his own life to live, his own battles to fight, his own victories to win or lose; he is a body, a soul, and a spirit, each of these having separate and distinct functions; and yet, so long as this life lasts, the three are quite inseparable.\*

"The body, then, was created a human temple, with its marvelous component parts, or organs,—brain, heart, liver, muscles, etc.,—so constructed that at the designed moment it should be set in motion by its Creator. The soul or mind is the conscious life, having power to think, decide and act. The spirit of us is our life, and is, therefore, higher than the soul or mind, and higher than the body. Without it, the body is a dead form, and will crumble to dust; with it, life or energy is passed on from one generation to another.

"This spiritual force within us is being much discussed in the pages of the various New Thought Magazines, and in many other places under different headings, and the discussions may be read with benefit; but the reader should be prepared to recognize the differ-

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\* The ideas here expressed, have been arrived at after a study of mental therapeutics, "faith cures," and psychological phenomena on the one hand, and of the instantly, but permanently changed lives of such men as Samuel Hadley, on the other hand; and, thirdly, by seeking in Holy Writ, for an explanation of these things. The author found that the Scriptures plainly teach that the natural man is a three-in-one, *Body, Soul, and Spirit*. To her mind, this explains much that has otherwise been mystical in the psychic and spiritual realms. It makes real a divine within, and therefore gives confidence to undertake great things. Recognizing the source of both natural and Divine power, one can cultivate confidence and develop ability to succeed in all good. The only Teacher who has had power to conquer death, and to give life, tells us of the indwelling God, and she believes that what she has written is in accordance with his teaching.



ence between the natural inherent spirit of life, and the Holy Spirit. The spirit is the best of us, and that which calls out after God. The 'God within us,' or what has been somewhere called 'The Great Within,' the 'Ego,' the 'Better of us,' or the 'Spiritual Man,' is that through which we have affinity with God, and through which all humanity is reaching out toward God.

"But, as the boy is not the man, neither is the spirit of man the Holy Spirit. If the soul of man has listened to the call of His Spirit,—and this call certainly comes to everyone, in one way or another—he then becomes the temple of the Holy Spirit.

"To reiterate,—the soul is, then, the self-conscious life. It includes the emotions, desires and affections; and is made sensate through the spirit, which is life itself, or the real person.

"The body is the temple of the spirit, the machine through which the soul and spirit have world-consciousness and communication; therefore, if the body become perverted through disease or bad habits, it will, of necessity, carry wrong impressions to the soul, and thus hamper the spirit, which, in turn, becomes devitalized, and leads to body and soul degradation and decay.

"In view of these facts, it is clearly important that our triune being should be properly nourished; first, with nutritious food for the Body-man; secondly, with wholesome teaching for the Soul-man; and thirdly, with spiritual truth for the Spirit-man. We will view the individual from this standpoint, and so speak of him; first as the Body-man; secondly, the Soul-man; thirdly, the Spirit-man.

"We have come to think that the material form

upon which we look, is yourself or myself; but this is not so. It is the spirit-man that is the real individual, living, in his earth life, in the material form which we call the body. We are no larger and no smaller than the spirit-man, regardless of the limitations of this temple in which we dwell; and it remains with the soul-man to choose how great he shall become.

"Have you not met people whose very presence seemed to fill the room with good and to awaken happy emotions, the sunshine of their presence often lingering in the atmosphere, even after they are gone? Such persons have developed the best within them,—the spiritual man.

"You, my dear girls, are at a time of life when you must shape your own destiny. Each of you has an ideal,—it may be high or low. Each one is ambitious for what she considers to be the best things of life; but you need help in deciding what things are best.

"I feel honored that you have given me the privilege to thus aid you, and wish to impress it upon you that that which you now decide for your own lives, will influence those with whom you will be associated in the years to come.

"In our last lecture, we considered the physical new birth,—the development from boyhood to manhood, from girlhood to womanhood,—and we must now, if I am to be true to your best interests, consider the unfoldment of your spirit life.

"You have emotions and longings that you cannot understand. These are two-fold; some arising from the birth of the creative forces within you, others emanating from the natural spirit-man within, reaching

out towards its affinity, God. This has been beautifully expressed in the lines:

“‘There is a mystery in human hearts,  
And though we be encircled by a host  
Of those who love us well, and are beloved,  
To every one of us, from time to time,  
There comes a sense of utter loneliness.  
Our dearest friend is stranger to our joy,  
And cannot realize our bitterness.

“‘There is not one who really understands,  
Not one to enter into all I feel;”  
Such is the cry of all of us in turn.  
We wander in a solitary way,  
No matter what or where our lot may be;  
Each heart a mystery unto itself,  
Must live its inner life in solitude.

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But those who walk with God from day to day  
Can never have a solitary way.’

“These lines set forth the God affinity, calling us to our own. All nature recognizes the call of the new life, instanced in that marvelous awakening of young manhood and womanhood. God recognizes it as the time when every individual begins to need His love. Learning to trust Him then, our entire life is shaped by Him, and we are saved from much turmoil and strife of soul that otherwise is sure to be our lot.

“I venture to assert that there is not a young woman in this audience, who does not long to know God, and to know Him now, in your youth, is to experience a glad spiritual birth. While your body is undergoing its re-creation, God would give you a new spirit, thereby making you at one with Him. That He may bestow this gift upon you, He asks but one thing,—makes but one condition; and that is, that you should look at Him who was God manifest in a human body, that you

may know God as a personality. This historical Jesus, whom all claim to have been a good man, said concerning Himself, that He ‘came to give life, and to give it more abundantly.’ Here He refers to giving Himself to the natural spirit-man. Take Him, God’s Man, as your Lord and Master, and you are then on the road to all truth. This constitutes to the spirit-man, what pubescence does to the physical,—the entering upon the threshold of the fulness of life.

“As with all mankind, the natural spirit of Nicodemus had been born when he was born physically. The Christ therefore recommended to him, as He does to us, that a new spiritual relationship be accepted. Nicodemus, like men of to-day, was so material and over-developed in bodily quality, that he did not, so far as we know, at that time apply these words to his spiritual nature.

“The moment one enters into this new relationship, God has a great gift for him. Of this Jesus spoke, in those last earthly hours, when He so sweetly told of the Comforter He would send, when He should go to the Father, and of whom He said, ‘He is now *with you* but shall be *in you*.’ Here he referred to that person in the God-Head, who is called the Holy Spirit, and who, under the new dispensation about to be inaugurated, should be given to every believer to abide within him forever, and to impart to him the more-abundant life. Thus the Holy Spirit comes to abide in this temple, this body. ‘Ye are temples of the Holy Spirit.’ There He dwells with your inherent spirit, newly energizing your entire being, and becoming your Guide, your Helper, your Comforter, your Strength.

He also will take of the things of God and reveal them unto you.

“As your Teacher, He will show you how to feed your spiritual nature; and all you bring to your being through the medium of your mind, or soul, He will store and use to the best advantage for your present and future development, as well as to benefit those about you. Only one condition can limit your usefulness under His guidance; and that is unwillingness to let Him so energize your being. Your God-given powers are thus limitless. You can do whatsoever He bids.

“The natural man may be beautifully illustrated by the water lily bulb. As a bulb it is perfect, and has within itself the spirit-of-life; but, being only a bulb, something must happen before its inherent powers of God-spirit can evolve a new production or creation,—the water lily blossom. There is a vast difference between a water lily bulb and a water lily blossom, just as there is difference between a little girl and a woman, a boy and a man.

“In the muddy pond, may be planted this perfect lily bulb. Its outer shell encloses its spirit of life,—its ‘great within;’ but it remains an inactive or even disintegrating bulb, however perfect it may have been as a bulb, whatever its environment of water and mud, unless God’s sun from the Heavens penetrates its surroundings, reaching its inner spirit of life,—the God in it, if you please. Then there arises out of the filth, scum and mud of the pond, opening its petals of surpassing beauty above it all, the pure, unsullied water lily,—a new and glorious creation indeed.

“So, my dear girls, the Sun of Righteousness would penetrate all the outer circumstances of your life, and,



reaching your inherent natural God spirit, would make of you a new creation that shall rise up in beauty above the sordid earthly environment, a beauty that, of your natural spirit-self, could never be. It is when we thus submit our talents and our whole being for real spiritual energizing, that we reach our highest possibilities.

"Through your reason (an attribute of your soul-mind), in quietness listening to your natural spirit alone, regardless of the new spirit-life which Christ came to give, you may reach great heights, but not the most abundant life.

"Psychologists of various kinds, Mental Healers, Hindoos, and followers of many other cults, are daily demonstrating by psychological processes, the accomplishment that is possible through the development of the 'Great Within,' the natural spirit. Through this means, also, there is a law of health for the body, and still greater will be its healing influence when the law of the more abundant Power of the Holy Spirit is understood.

"It is for you to decide whether you will rise to the greatest heights which may be attained through the mental process alone, making full use of the natural-spirit-man, or will accept of God's higher plan for earth's children; and that is, to deliberately seek the co-operation of His indwelling Spirit with your own natural-spirit. Thereby you may not only bind your soul and your spirit inseparably to God throughout eternity, but also energize all your natural earth-powers as well. It is through Him you can do all things, and enjoy 'the peace of God which passeth understanding,' for, 'Spiritual things are spiritually discerned.'

“One cannot conceive of the highest things, if he allow his mind to be absorbed solely with the body, and with matters pertaining thereto. Herein must we consider moderation in all things; and while giving due consideration to the body,—which, we have seen, is the temple of the spirit,—and to the soul, our conscious part, we must not neglect the development of our spiritual nature.

“It is because of the unequal care of this triune human being, that we find so many unbalanced persons in the world. In fact, in spirit and soul qualities, most of us are maimed, halt, lame and blind. When we see persons so affected physically, we are moved with pity. When we discover these deformities in their moral nature, we begin to censure, condemn, and imprison; when what is really needed, is sympathetic helpfulness.

“We should ever bear in mind that, when inclined to criticize another, we may be weak where they are strong; and while their weakness stands in strong relief against our strength, to-morrow the tables may be turned. Besides, it is almost invariably true that the weaknesses which we most unsparingly condemn, are the weaknesses to which—though it may be in a slightly different form—we ourselves are most subject.

“This thought brings us to the consideration of the development of character; and here I take it for granted that each girl before me desires the very best for her life, and, so desiring, is willing to accept the higher spiritual birth.

“We have a right to apply to our lives all good things, and it becomes us to seek for the good in all things; for, ‘if we are His, all things are ours.’ We find in the epistles written to the early Christians the

highest thoughts that apply to the building up of the character; and, while an isolated passage is here and there found that appears contrary to the highest ideals, it is well for us not to come to hasty conclusions on that account. The setting of a chapter has much to do with the meaning of the passages it contains, and there are some things we cannot understand, because it is impossible for us to put ourselves in the position of the people spoken to. Remember also that a correct translation of both the spirit and the letter, will sometimes clear a most perplexing question. I would advise you all to study the New Testament. When its teachings are understood,—and not until then, is the mind in a condition to get the greatest good out of the older Scriptures.

"As to character-building then, I will ask you to turn, when you are alone this evening, to the fifth chapter of Galatians. Notice the nineteenth verse, and see there what are the '*works of the flesh.*' By this phrase is meant the results of allowing the mind to respond to all the suggestions that reach it through perverted sensations of the body, with total disregard of the better part of the man,—his *spirit*; and it includes every sin to which humanity is liable.

"Now, contrast with this the twenty-second verse, which tells you what the '*fruit of the Spirit*' is,—meaning the Holy Spirit; and do not forget that He is *in* you. The attributes that go to make up the fruit of the Spirit, are the attributes of God, and those which every child of God may and should share with Him. If you desire it, we will some day take up these attributes separately, and see what each one means. In the meantime, the Holy Spirit will teach you good lessons

through your own contemplation of them. If you place yourselves in the right attitude of mind, the Spirit will never fail you.

"I see that the time allotted for this address is up, and I must hurry to a close. But before we part I wish to warn you that of all the evil done by girls and women the greater part is due to the fact that so few of us have grace enough to 'keep a watch over the door of our lips' that we 'offend not with our tongues.' This week, I have been impressed, as many times before, with the great strifes that are stirred up and the great amount of suffering caused through thoughtless and cruel words. I need hardly tell you that, just at present, my mind is dwelling on the agonies endured by the parents and friends of the poor young High School girl to whose sad death I have already referred. They already had all they could bear, yet their sufferings were made far worse by the wicked words of condemnation uttered unsparingly by the modern counterparts of the pharisee who stood in the Temple and said 'God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men.'

"If you could see, my dear girls, as I have, how much worry and agony, not to mention such things as expense and loss of energy, come to all classes of society, high and low, through the stinging biting tongue, you would earnestly desire to love everybody enough to develop a broad charity that will cause you never to speak at all except in kindness, and will also cause you to avoid even the tossing of the head and the lifting of the eyebrows that sometimes mean more than words would express. This not uncommon action leads to a suspicion on the part of the hearer that is far worse than the spoken truth,—and he often repeats his

impression in actual words which result in irretrievable injury to all concerned.

"Cultivate the habit of prayerful thought before speaking, and you will save yourselves from much humiliation, and become a blessing to those with whom you come in contact.

"Dr. Robert is at this same hour placing these matters before your brothers of the Boys' High School. I trust they are as earnest in receiving the truths that make life worth living, as you girls have been. They are watching your lives. Be strong, noble, and brave; expect great and good things of them; demand of them, likewise, confidence in you, because of true merit, and you will help them on to noble and worthy manhood.



## CHAPTER XIX

### A HOSPITAL STORY

**E**ACH evening, when the doctors were alone, it was their custom to compare notes on the day's work and experiences. The twins were at College, and Edward was away during his school hours and well occupied when at home; so their parents were throwing their lives and energies into whatever channels opened, for the benefiting of humanity. Much time was spent at the hospital with private patients and at their surgical clinic, where doctors from all over the country brought their chronically sick for the skillful, and in many respects, original, treatment, of the Doctors Lyon.

Said Dr. Ruth one evening, "Robert, I must do something to save our young men and women. I operated on a very tragic case this afternoon. My heart aches for the poor girl, and burns with indignation at the criminal neglect of parents, in not preparing their boys and girls for the dangers that threaten them. Our own children and those of our educated acquaintances would be no better, were they brought up in the same environment; and yet, were some of them to enter the hospital and know the history of that beautiful girl, who may die of blood-poisoning before morning, they would hold their skirts about them, and would manifest contempt and condemnation, even though no word might pass their lips. Oh! how hard and uncharitable is humanity!"

"Yes, my dear, I have also seen hard things to-day. I was called to examine a father, who is in a sad plight. He realizes, as far as his weakened brain cells will permit, that there is no hope for his recovery. The family must soon be left to struggle for themselves, the children taken out of school, the household furniture sold, and the father, in spite of our utmost efforts to save him, must sooner or later be sent away to an asylum for life. How much preferable death would be for all concerned!

"Then again, I hear that some weeks ago, when Dr. Thompson was operating on a septic case, his eye became infected and he was totally blind in forty-eight hours.\* That great and good man cut down in the midst of a brilliant career! And still venereally diseased persons continue to stalk through our land, victimizing the innocent, and unnoticed by the law."

"I am not able," said Dr. Ruth, "to know yet, whether the girl at the hospital was brought into trouble primarily through specific infection or not; at any rate it is now a septic condition. The pathological report will come to-morrow. In any case, she stands little chance of recovery."

Just then a young man was announced who would not leave his name, but who insisted upon seeing Dr. Ruth Lyon upon a very important matter.

"Might I see him for you?" asked Dr. Robert.

"I had better go," replied Dr. Ruth. "I feel as if it might be something in connection with my poor girl

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\* This chapter had just been sent to the printer, when the daily papers drew attention to the fact that a certain city was being sued for damages by a man who had lost his sight entirely on account of infection of the eyes caused by using a towel in a public lavatory!—E. H. M.

at the hospital. A man claiming to be her father, and in no wise a bad looking fellow, brought her in, selected a good room, paid for the first week in advance, and a small amount on the operation fee, and said that he wished the best of everything for his daughter. Whether he is the father or not, I do not know. At any rate, he appears well, and talks well; but the whole matter seems wrapped in mystery."

A young man of slight build and of the nervous type, was pacing the reception room floor as Dr. Ruth entered. At a glance, the doctor knew in what class to place him, and intuitively connected him with the girl at the hospital. She had never seen him before, but his type was unmistakable. He belonged to that class who have by inheritance received a quick intellect, irritable nerves, and adventurous inquiring willful disposition, which, if turned into the right channels, could count for good. It was evident that this young man had wasted his best energies, although probably successful in a measure in his business. He had evidently let his passions run rampant. Evidence of excessive cigarette smoking was apparent, and there was a general suggestion of low dance and dining halls about him. Against all this, stood out inherent refinement and mentality.

The physician soon learns to thus classify human beings at a glance; and so it was that Dr. Ruth almost read the story of her hospital girl, before he observed her entrance. With a quick, nervous, assumed air of importance, he raised his head and straightened his sloughed shoulders, as he demanded, "I want to know about that girl you operated on this afternoon."

From his attitude, he might have been a police

officer or a detective seeking to frighten or entrap an unwary victim. He had not well read the character of the doctor before him, in whom were stirring mingled emotions of pity for the sinner, scorn and bitterest denunciation for the sin, professional duty, and motherly tenderness for the girl at the hospital, and sincerest desire to deal aright for the good of both parties. Nor might her own name escape questioning should this girl die; for, while she had done her unquestionable duty by her patient, she had been unable to obtain any statement from her, and, should death result, and postmortem reveal that a criminal operation had been performed before the girl entered the hospital, she could not be sure of keeping herself clear from unjust implication; for she well knew that in certain cities political influence occasionally places in power, on our health boards, those who are more unscrupulous than the practitioners who pay them "hush money" for protection. These become a menace to honest surgeons who scorn such proceedings, when they bring false accusations against them.

The doctor quietly invited the young man to be seated, and he obeyed, feeling that his life and character were an open book before her penetrating gaze, and yet that it was not as humiliating to him as one might suppose. It was a relief to a frank nature, as his undoubtedly was, to feel that he was really understood, perhaps for the first time in his short but eventful life.

"Now," said the doctor, seating herself where she could look squarely into the face of the boy,—for he was only about twenty-four years old, though already

a ruined man,—“Tell me what you want to know, and what you have to do with the girl at the hospital.”

He replied, somewhat peremptorily, “I want to know what was the trouble with her, who brought her, and what name she gave.”

Said Dr. Ruth, “You undoubtedly have a right to show some interest in some young woman, but how am I to know that any of my patients may be the girl in question; and, again, you must remember I have no right to tell a stranger personal matters pertaining to my patients. You will first have to tell me who you are, and what right you have to demand this knowledge. You may be her husband, and she may be seeking release from you. The dear girl is too ill to tell me her life tragedy. She may never regain consciousness.”

The term “dear girl” hardened rather than softened his fevered brain; and he retorted, “Dear girl, indeed! She’s only a prostitute! She belonged to me, but I believe she has been off with someone else.”

“Ah,” replied the doctor, “I thought as much. But you cannot call her by that name in my presence, unless you class yourself under the same heading.”

At this, the color rose to his leathery cheeks, and before he could make any attempt at defence, she continued, “There is no difference between a male and a female prostitute. One is as bad as the other. Sin is sin, and knows no sex distinction. Now to your story. Tell it to me, and I will then tell you as much as I consider right.”

“Well, Doctor, will you permit me to see the young woman? I will tell you; I’ve been tracing her up, and find that she was brought to the hospital, and the story is this. I’ll be frank. I’m the son of a well-known



public man in the city of Chicago. I'm the only son, and they think I'm all right. They 'protected' me from all knowledge of myself, and I began to go wrong while I was in school. In college, I let go all restraint, and moved with the fast set. Since then, I have stopped at nothing. Finally my chum, a young lawyer, and I, said, 'We've gone far enough. Let's stop, and get two nice refined girls who will keep an apartment for us, and we will stop drinking, and settle down to quiet evenings, cards, and music, and stop this rounding business.' So one evening, we dropped in to one of the dining and dance halls that we knew very well, and watched until we spotted two clean looking girls that were new in the place. A couple of low brutes had also spotted them, so we decided to do the protecting act, and so got their confidence. We took them home that night. We were invited in, and found that the girls had no mother and their father was away most of the time. They were lonesome, and just came around to the hall to see a bit of life." This he said with a pride that indicated, that to his mind, at least, he had taken a high and brave step in the right direction.

He continued, "These girls were sisters, and nice girls, altogether innocent, just looking for fun; and their father, the miserable blackguard, didn't even care. And we found out they had hardly enough to eat. We got to liking them pretty well, and urged them to go with us to a good respectable apartment, saying that we would furnish it nicely, and give them all the comforts they needed. After some time, they consented, and we lived decently together. My friend really fell in love with one of the sisters, and married her, decid-

ing to live a respectable life. So they left the city for the far west, and now he is making a name for himself, and they are happy. I intended to marry this girl, but there have been things in the way, so it has been delayed. We had a quarrel, and she went off, and I've not seen or heard from her for weeks, until to-day, when I heard she had been with a man she called her father, and that he took her to some hospital in this city. I've been to three, and I believe I have found her. Now if that *was* her father, I may marry her yet. If it was not, she is untrue to me, and a common prostitute; and I will not."

By this time, the young fellow was again pacing the floor, while he demanded what name was given, and asked for a description of the man. Dr. Ruth ventured to describe him. He gave breathless attention; and the eager tense muscles of his face began to loosen as it dawned upon his consciousness that the man was the girl's father after all. Then came the assumed name given by him, which again led to ejaculations of disdain for the man, because of his abandonment of his daughter in the first place, and his lying cunning in the second; for he had told Dr. Ruth that his daughter was Mrs. J. C. Manning, who had married unfortunately, that her husband had infected and left her, that she had been ailing since her marriage, and had been obliged to come home, and that he wanted for his daughter the best care and skill, and had left her accordingly at the hospital.

"You'll never see him again," said the young man. "You will find that I am the only one in this part of the country that will care a rap about the girl. And

she must prove that she has been straight since she left me, or I'll never marry her."

"Now, see here," replied Dr. Ruth, "you want to see this girl. You own you care for her; and still you want her to show a cleaner record than you can show."

"No, I don't, I've been true to her."

"Yes, but before you met her your life was just one round of vice. Now, I am ready to help you, and to help her, if she is alive to-morrow; but you cannot see her until you see that you are no better than she is, and that you have no right to demand purity from any girl in exchange for what you can give. When you see this, and will agree to forgive her all, and trust and marry her, if she wishes you to, bearing in mind that you yourself are at least as bad as she,—then, and not till then, will I agree to let you see her, and to help you both, if you want to be helped, to live cleaner, better lives."

The man looked the Doctor straight in the eye, and, after a little hesitation, said, "You are right. I am a vile wretch, and am sick of it all. But I do mean to live a decent life; and if she will agree to it, I'll marry her." With a gesture of denunciation he went on: "I've always cursed the day I was born. People have no business to bring children into the world when they can only produce such as I, and then let them go to the dogs. And her blasted father,—after his wife's death, to let those girls come to this!"

Ten days passed, and the patient was now out of danger. Meantime the doctor had won the confidence of the heart-sick girl, who was feeling the need of long-lost mother-love. One day she sat by her bed, and as she smoothed the light hair that fell in pretty

waves over a well-formed and intelligent forehead, she said, "My dear girl, do you think the time has come to unlock the door of your heart and tell me all about it? Let me be a mother to you now."

The poor girl burst into a flood of tears. When she became composed, she said, "I had one of the best mothers in the world," and opened a locket that hung from a chain about her neck, exposing to the doctor's view a truly sweet and noble face. "There," said the girl in bitterness; "and she died of a broken heart. The cruelty,—the cruelty of men! How *could* my father treat her as he did?—Then she died, and he did not care what we did,—he left us months at a time, sending just money enough to clothe and feed us. But nobody cared for us,—just sister and I, two little girls,—and we were so lonesome. He had brought us to that big city where mother died, and no one knew us. We would go out on the avenue every evening, and finally decided to go to some place to dance, so we might get acquainted with some one. And we did."

Then a burst of convulsive sobs, and, "Oh, God! Why can't I die, and go to mother? She will know I didn't mean to. Dr. Lyon, what *do* you think of me? How *can* you touch me?"

"My child," replied the doctor, "I love you for it all, and because you need a mother and a friend now; and I want to help you."

"But doctor, my terrible humiliation! I'm honest if I am not good. You say my father promised to see you again. He will not. I'm off his hands, and I may not see or hear of him for a year or more. This is the way he did before mother died. And I am help-



less and penniless, unless he sends me some money. There is no one else to care."

"But come now," said Dr. Ruth. "Are you going to tell me how you came to the hospital? And she told the story of the two young men, who had made a home for herself and her sister, the marriage of her sister to one of them, her removal to another town, and her own quarrel with the young man who had passed for her husband.

"But," queried the doctor further, "what about this young man? Do you care for him?"

In the abandonment of hopeless despair, she replied, "I did, once; but he didn't believe I was true to him; and, while he had promised to marry me, as his friend had married my sister, he would never trust me, and so I just left him,—and now I hate everything and everybody. I used to think God cared; mother taught me to believe He did, but I don't take any stock in that any more." And she added, cynically, "*He* was brought up that way, too. No, I don't believe there is a God."

"My dear girl," said Dr. Ruth, "please don't say that again, because you think you mean it, but you do not. I can feel for you, and know just how it seems. Now let me ask you something. Would you allow that young man to see you, and, if he would trust you, and wanted to marry you, would you listen to him?"

"I'd rather die than live; but if I *must* live, what else can I do? But even that hope is gone, now."

"But tell me, would you wish to see this young man, if you knew he wanted to live a better life?"

"Oh, yes! If only we could be married, and be happy like my sister."



"Let me tell you, then, that he has found you; that, like yourself, he desires to reform; and, with your consent, he may see you this evening."

Her saddened face lighted with what seemed a very doubtful satisfaction, as Dr. Ruth pressed her hand, and said, "I'll telephone him. You'll see him here this evening. And—will you tell him that you believe in God?"

Eight weeks passed; and one evening it was arranged that the parents of the young man, Professor and Mrs. Wiles,—who were to visit the city, should meet his new-made friends, the Drs. Lyon, at their home, and also the young lady friend concerning whom he had been writing them. A warm friendship arose immediately between his mother and our hospital girl; for she seemed to take the place left vacant in the heart of his mother by her own daughter's death a year before; and finally she accepted a pressing invitation to go home and live with them in the large, lonesome homestead, and there make preparations for the wedding day,—“A privilege,” said the professor, “about to be entered upon by our boy's sister, just before the cruel typhoid fever tore her from us.”

None but themselves and the two doctors know their secret. And now, alas! though she is happy in her husband's love, the young woman longs for offspring of her own, but knows well,—as does her husband,—that no such joy can be theirs. They had sinned, so far as such hope was concerned, beyond redemption.

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NOTE.—This is a true representation of only one phase of life. The underlying principle is the same in all. Each girl possesses in a greater or less degree the attractive and lovable qualities of young womanhood, youth, health, beauty, inno-

cence and sentiment that make or mar the ideal wife and mother. All possibilities of highest human happiness are wrapped up in every maiden; and this is also true of every mother's son. When an honest youth meets an innocent maid, just at the time in life when her whole womanly nature is waking to a yearning for a true man's love, she may become a true wife and mother; but when met by the ungoverned sensual man, she often becomes the victim of the suggestions of the more powerful mind, which compel her to believe in his love,—and he does “love” after the manner of such men, though he soon forgets her for other matters, and leaves her to suffer alone. It is not often that a story closes like this one of our hospital girl. The woman who surrenders to the suggestions of the unclean man through her ardent desire for affection, by that surrender joins the innumerable army of those whose lives are passed in suffering and anguish, and despair, and whose lot it is to be scorned, despised and ostracized; and her misstep may lead her to fatal sepsis, suicide, insanity, or a life of shame. There are loving, ignorant, confiding girls, who fall among thieves, approaching them as friends, who strip them of all and leave them,—for aught they seem to care, to die by the road side; and society shrugs its shoulders and cries, “Unclean!” while it accepts without question the man who is the deliberate cause of all their misery. To all humanity therefore, I would appeal for practical sympathy for the sinning and erring. Every human being is subject to the influences of heredity and environment, especially when young and immature, and none who know what Science has already proved in this respect would think of passing condemnation on the sinner, however abhorrent may be the sin. By all means let wrong-doers be restrained, but let the restraint be sympathetic, not revengeful.—E. H. M.

## CHAPTER XX

## THE DAWN OF MANHOOD

“**I** AM not content,” said the Superintendent, meeting Dr. Lyon one day at the house of a patient, “that our boys should go out from school ignorant of everything but the worst phases of sex life. Give them strong talk, doctor. I’ve been investigating and feel assured of their need.”

“And many of them, I suppose, are going on into college,” said Dr. Lyon.

“Yes, twenty out of the class of thirty-nine.”

“And if all one hears of college life is true, the twenty are going to meet advanced sex problems face to face.”

“Too true, I fear,” said the Superintendent. “My own son I am sending to a small college, distant from the city. I would like to keep him clean.”

“If you have kept him clean even through the High School you have done well,” added Dr. Robert almost with bitterness.

“Yes, I know, it is too true,” said the Superintendent. “If I were to tell half that I know of our own and neighboring High Schools I should be ostracized as a pessimist—possibly also as a vile-minded man.”

“Not by those of us who know,” said Dr. Robert.

“One wonders what ought to be done about the moral conditions existing in many High Schools and Colleges,” the Superintendent continued. “I own I don’t know. Would you believe me if I should tell

you that I know of five cases of venereal infection in our own High School?"

"Yes," answered Dr. Robert, "for I know of a neighboring High School in which, it is said, nearly every boy is or has been infected."

The Superintendent started.

"I had it from one of the boys," said Dr. Robert, "who told me, not in braggadocio or in the spirit of the tale-bearer, but in honest concern for the safety of himself and his class-mates."

"Are matters as bad as that?" asked the Superintendent.

"Ask physicians," answered Dr. Lyon.

"Then why don't physicians do something about it? Why don't they instruct the boys?"

"For the same reason that you stated of yourself a moment ago."

"I have decided," said the Doctor, "to first instill into the minds of the boys high ideals by which they can measure the evil suggestions and temptations that they will meet, and to add to this a scientific knowledge of themselves from an anatomical and physiological standpoint, and judicious information concerning sexual vices and their results. I shall also hold before them the possibilities for highest achievement through the conservation of their creative functions.

"Even the slum-boy, who may become one of the most notorious of criminals, is an illustration of the masculine love of some high quality. He is usually not without heroism, and is daring, romantic and adventurous. As says Havelock Ellis, in his book on the criminal, 'Those whom we call enemies of society, are only following impulses which were praise-

worthy in another age.' These same leaders in deliberate thievings and murders, possess the qualities that would have distinguished them as chieftains of clans.

"For instance, take a boy who is strong, active and full of daring, and who is conscious of restriction and limitation owing to narrowness of circumstances. He feels a strong impulse to throw himself heart and soul into the dare-devil adventures of a boy hungry for a big life, and bold enough to fight for it. This is no extravagant description of some natures. Such a boy cannot be neutral, he must be a power, a leader, in good things or in bad. It is the manifestation of his creative and original powers, and if they are turned in the right channels, he will fill an honorable position in life. If he be imprisoned he will but turn in upon himself and become a menace to society as well as to himself; that which might have manifested itself in heroism then begins to take pride in lawlessness, until he becomes a sort of hero among criminals, and he desires more and more to be admired, as one fearless of the power of the law. Our schools teach many things less essential than the study of applied psychology. Could parents and instructors recognize these qualities as good in themselves, and appeal to boys through them, they would save many a boy from going astray. That tendency which manifests itself in vanity is a good quality in a daring child, and if developed into a pride in right doing its exercise is most beneficial.

Says Ellis, "The vanity of the artist and literary man marks the abnormal element, the tendency in them to degeneration; it reveals in them the weak points of a mental organization, which at other points is highly developed. Vanity may exist in the well developed



ordinary man, but it is unobtrusive; in its extreme forms it marks the abnormal man, the man of unbalanced mental organization, artist or criminal." Did you ever see a boy who suddenly developed a pride in such things as his neck-tie as he emerges from the dirty-hand-and-face period? This shows his desire for approbation. If then the boy may from his very infancy be led to recognize good instead of evil, as praiseworthy, as he recognizes his clean linen and properly adjusted neck-tie to be things desirable, his very vanity will come to his rescue in saving him from vice. Every normal boy wants to be recognized among his kind as a leader; and if his associates be evil, the deeper into evil will he go. That this very element of vanity may be turned into worthy channels, our boys must have worthy ideals. They can aim no higher than they know.

"Thank you, Doctor," said the Superintendent, "you have given me something to think of, and I know our boys will be sent out the better equipped for life's battles, because of your lectures. I will announce your talk to boys for Tuesday evening at the Y. M. C. A. Hall, and will urge the attendance of boys throughout the city, not confining the invitation to our school alone.

"Good will surely come of it," said the Superintendent, as he watched the doctor's carriage rolling down the street.

So it came about that on the appointed evening Dr. Robert again stood upon the platform of the Y. M. C. A. Hall,—this time with an audience of over a hundred boys.

"Boys," said he, "I am meeting with you to-day,

because I know you want to be Men. Every boy here honestly desires and expects to be a Man, in the broadest and highest sense of the term,—and I am here to help you. Some have one ideal, and some another; but each one, if he looks deep into the recesses of his heart, will find there an image of some kind, and an underlying expectation of some worthy ambition or accomplishment. The image may not be so well defined with one as with another. But of one fact I am sure; that not one of you is planning to be a thief, a drunkard, or a libertine; nor, indeed, did any criminal deliberately plan so to be. The seeds of criminality were planted in his boyhood, although he did not know it. It probably came about in this way. He first admired something in somebody toward whom his thoughts had been directed. That somebody may have been a character in a story,—a pugilist, an outlaw, a statesman or a soldier. The boy admired some strong quality in the character, and unconsciously imitated the entire man, not rightly recognizing the really good quality dissociated from the bad.

“You know about the man, Tom Savage, who recently closed up his Raines Hotel because he had decided to take God’s Man, Christ Jesus, as his hero, and live a Christian life. He told me only a week ago, that he arrived in America at sixteen years of age, with an impetuous mind and a strong body, and twenty dollars in his pocket. The first man to befriend him was a portly, self-satisfied, easy-going, well-dressed race-track gambler, who wore a very conspicuous diamond on his shirt front. This brave but homesick boy-heart was drawn to the man who thus befriended him, and immediately he became a hero-

worshipper of a sort and said, "I'll be just like him some day, and wear a diamond, too." Fortune smiled at every turn, until he really was a second edition of the man, and led many another lad in the same path. "During my career," he told me, "I became a pugilist and my prowess was an attraction to many a boy. I entered deeper and deeper into sin, until the day came that I was never one minute sober, and my two sons ran my business while I played cards and drank."

"On the other hand, another boy will select as his hero one of noble character, and year after year will become more like him, and fortunate indeed is the boy if he has a father worthy of imitation. I recall a preacher of my boyhood days, whose manly bearing, and good wholesome fellowship with the boys was so reflected in their characters, that to-day I occasionally meet some of them and am reminded through certain characteristics,—carriage of the body, or intonation of the voice, as well as other traits,—of that pastor whose person had long since passed out of their lives. Taking for granted, then, that you boys will recognize this fact, and therefore see to it that you select only the best out of the many men you shall meet, as worthy of emulation, I must next call your attention to those habits and practices which, if indulged in and continued, will as surely debar you from the possibility of achieving any permanently great and high position in life, as would the iron bars of a prison cell. These practices to which I shall refer, may be stated in two words, namely, SEXUAL VICE. This means a pollution of the highest quality of your body; that which, if respected and conserved, will make of you strong, noble men; and, if polluted, means a wasting of the

vital forces of your body as well as of the electric energy of your life.

“There are several forms of sexual vice that can be expressed in two classifications. First,—that known as self-pollution, self-abuse, or secret vice; and secondly, that known as the Social Evil, or the illicit relation of the sexes. The first means just what it expresses, the pollution of one’s self,—one’s self meaning one’s entire being. The body of a human being is the most wonderful and most delicate piece of machinery that was ever made, and it is expected to run, in good working order, after being once set in motion, for at least seventy years. It is a machine sensitized by a marvelous electric nervous system that keeps the conscious part, or mind of the person in touch with the outside world. Then your spirit is that life within your body that makes possible the continued existence of your body and its mind. This spirit is the real you. It was born with you, and never ceases to manifest itself until your body becomes too feeble, through pollution, or sickness, or old age, to longer be a fit habitation. Then death comes, and releases it. You thus see how important is this body, this wonderful machine, given into your keeping to care for, develop and nourish. This, then, is one’s self,—his entire living, feeling, thinking self,—and anything that pollutes the body pollutes the whole. There are times when a stream of pure water becomes polluted by typhoid fever germs and carries death and destruction to hundreds. Often such water looks clear and pure, though perhaps the entire stream is polluted. So it may be with you. In your case it is certain that self-pollution means the



pollution of the entire being, and that pollution may result in moral and physical disease.

“Boys, I am not here to condemn you, but to save you from the further continuance of such a habit, if any of you have been so unfortunate as to have fallen victims to it, and to give you wholesome advice that shall, if taken, keep you out of the weak, low, degraded ranks of mankind, and help you to attain the highest achievements and positions of which true manhood is capable.

“In this lecture, I cannot take time to speak to you of the anatomy and the functioning of those organs of your body which distinguish your sex. Nature,—for the purpose of the reproduction of the species,—has given to every man the power of fertilization,—and thus, after the boy reaches puberty, he is capable of becoming a father. He has no right to waste this gift, but must carefully guard and preserve it. He is therefore given a mind, a controlling force by which he is enabled to make himself master of his high creative power. It is not so with the lower animals, which propagate their species by instinct alone. They live up to the standard required of them in this manner, and man alone falls below the standard set for him. This creative force in man has been so perverted throughout the ages that parents have become shame-faced, and do not tell their children what they ought to know about themselves. As a result a boy, inheriting an over-sensitive nervous system and weakened self-control, often goes to his play-mates and learns from them to cultivate the practice of mechanically irritating his organ of procreation; as a result the brain cells which preside over his sexual functions become developed over-much and so responsive to that part of his



nature that he comes to enjoy the foul stories which depraved boys are only too ready to relate. These, in turn, excite his sensations, and he begins, perhaps, to have frequent, involuntary discharges at night in his sleep, sometimes accompanied by licentious dreams. He gets into a state in which he is always tired, and languid, he dislikes study, can't think as clearly as he ought, wants something exciting to do, and somewhere to go, and perhaps his face begins to break out in pimples. Perhaps there falls into his hands literature, written by a conscienceless medical firm, describing his condition exactly, and advising a consultation. Without advice from father,—for his father failed to speak to him a few years before, of his coming manhood,—and, feeling that his case has some special feature peculiar to himself, and that he needs treatment, he consults the advertising medical firm. He enters the office, his urine is examined, and on the addition of a certain chemical, generally a solution of silver nitrate, it makes a white deposit; this glass container is then held up to view, and he is led to believe that this is due to the existence of the vital fluid (semen) in the urine. He is told that he must have treatment immediately, when all he needs is wholesome advice and appeal to his manhood that he will be master of himself. Next, a relative of his own family who himself has known only perverted sex nature, may give him such advice as was given, only last week, to a seventeen year old boy by one who said, 'Say John, what do you want to be such a fool for, go with a girl and get that face of yours cleared up.' A man calling himself a physician, said to a mother who went to see why her nineteen year old boy did not recover from his attacks

of indigestion, 'Mrs. X——, if Henry is not better soon he must get married or get a 'mistress.' My boys, I would rather a doctor should send a bullet through the heart of any boy while he was innocent, than give him such advice as this.

"The Social Evil, as I have said, is the illicit relation of the sexes,—and this *need never be*. Says Dr. Sprague Carlton: 'There comes a time in the life of every youth when, due to the developing sexual desire and the doings and sayings of his associates, he feels called upon to decide for himself the question of "Prostitution vs. Masturbation." There is nothing more vital to the mental vigor and calm of a man than his sexual manhood, and it is in the fear of losing this that he acts on the common misinformation and advice of the day and decides to seek prostitution, or, fearing such results of this as he may know, he secretly indulges in masturbation. Life to the contrary, physiology teaches that there is no such vital question for the unmarried man as "Prostitution vs. Masturbation." Statistics show that there is no degeneration of the sexual apparatus in those who do not cohabit—provided that they do not abuse themselves—due to that functional phenomenon known as the nocturnal emission. With the great majority of men, however, environment has played so forceful a part in their mental and physical development as to eradicate almost absolutely such peace of mind as should be conditioned by an acquaintance with the aforesaid scientific fact, and has forced many unmarried men to believe that there is a question of engaging in one or the other of these two practices.'

"The Social Vice is followed by venereal disease

in nearly every case. Of these there are two; the first and more common is often, and that ignorantly, lightly spoken of; but you will see that it is no light matter when I tell you that when the blood becomes charged with the microbe of this disease (gonococci), they may grow in the lining of the heart and the victim dies. If they ascend to the kidneys, and both kidneys become affected, there is no hope. If one kidney only is affected it can be cut out and recovery is then possible. If carried to the brain, no patient so infected ever recovers. If carried to the joints,—and this is a frequent result,—the patient is crippled for months, and often for life, and it were better a thousand times that he die. In forty-eight hours, blindness for life may result from an almost infinitesimal quantity of this poison getting into the eye.

“The Nervous System may be affected slightly, or it may make a man insane with such depression of spirits that he will take his life. In the hospital I recently had a case of this disease in which the testicles actually rotted away. In this region all manner of pain and degeneration may occur, resulting in blood poisoning and death; and the disease, when not in its severest forms, often leads to such conditions that the man can never become a father.

“The other disease requires at least three years of the most careful and scientific treatment, for its cure—if ever it may be cured at all. It becomes so contagious that it may be contracted through the use of drinking cups, or cracked dishes in restaurants, or by coming in contact with any article on which a particle of the virus has been deposited.

“We see as a result of this disease, among other

things, the rotting of the bones, the ulcerating away of the lips, the growth of brain tumors resulting in the most horrible insanities and the dying of a slow torture-some death. With all that I have said, I have not told you a hundredth part of the possible hideous retributions of an impure life.

“ We will leave these pictures now, and learn how to keep free from all of these calamities. First, boys, scorn the foul story and the indecent picture, the impure book or questionable amusement, and the sensual play or moving picture. A genuine manly man or boy is disgusted with these things, and they find no lodgment in the mind that is set against all that is impure. If these deadly things have already touched your life, just stop right where you are, and with all the bravery of your manly nature strike out for victory. It is because I have been through the temptations of boyhood and manhood, and, in my profession, have suffered with the guilty and rejoiced with the pure-minded, and because I have listened to the life stories of sins committed, and agonies suffered, until it has seemed that all have been my very own, that I can claim a special fitness to help you boys before me.

“ Some of you are secretly fighting battles within and without; battles that you may think are peculiar to yourselves. Others, who are passing through the same stress and storm of transition from boyhood to manhood, may be contemplating the advice of some companion, some evil-minded elder, or even some respected friend of the family, who has advised you to the performance of sexual vice.

“ I am here to help you over the hard places, and to advise you in a way that shall be scientific and ap-



proved by the practice of our world's ablest and most successful men. Some of you may have been so fortunate as to have parents who have taught you from infancy about yourselves; but most of you have been left to your own imaginations, which, perhaps, have been fired by foul and erroneous teaching. In that case you have probably listened to unclean stories and, if not led already into actual sin, you have contemplated it.

"Some of you have read the recorded sins of David and others, but have not seen that God always punished sin,—giving the sinner a chance for repentance, but compelling him to suffer the physical effects of wrong-doing. These records are given to show up man in his natural weakness and frailty, and not in any way to excuse him.

"It is the plan of the Creator that every normal boy and girl shall undergo a second physical birth. At the time of your birth into the world, as you know, there was physical struggle. That struggle was your blessed mothers', while a struggle of heart and mind agony was passed through by your fathers, and, in a lesser degree, the struggle was participated in by all concerned at the time. All of them bore up bravely, because of the compensation that was soon to be.

"Of this, your first birth, my boys, you were unconscious, and with it you had nothing to do. Your safe arrival, however, was the first step toward life in your world, and in this second physical birth, you are yourselves chiefly concerned. Your knowledge, and your attitude toward this new birth-struggle that is upon you, will determine the character of the new life,—the real man-life that will soon be fully born to you. Within you is the God-given power to develop a per-



fection that will bring blessing to yourselves, and to all who may be touched by your life.

“As I was at the bedside when many of you took your first peep at the world, and breathed the first breath of life,—so I am here now, with the same tender solicitude, to help you into the knowledge of your being; and, if any have already gone wrong, to bring you by firm manly advice, to claim your unspotted manhood.

“This new physical birth to which you are now called, means, primarily, but one thing; and that is, that you are becoming capable of parenthood,—capable of being creators. This power, properly exercised, is one of man’s greatest privileges, for from the creative power grow all great achievements; so likewise is the reverse true, that from perversions of this creative power arise the destruction not only of nations, but of all that is desirable and worthy in life. Parenthood is one of the sacred duties of mankind; but perfection in this, as in all other duties, is demanded of us, and there is, therefore, much preparation needed to this end.

“This epoch, this beginning of the new physical life, is called the Adolescent or Pubescent Period. It covers the years between twelve and twenty-four, and is accompanied, in both boys and girls, with a development of the sexual organs, a change of emotions, desires and affections, an interest in the opposite sex that was before unfelt, and, often, a strong desire for travel, adventure, and excitement. It may be that this period is marked by growing interest in machinery, or in the things that interest father (if father really knows his boy). Your voice changes, becoming very unreliable and, perhaps, causing those about you to smile; you

develop an interest in men's society, you unconsciously imitate some man, good or bad, whom you are likely almost to worship; and last, but not least, a normal boy, and also a normal girl, is likely to look Godward at this time, and settle his heart and mind on the religion or church of his choice. This is a very important matter, and if parents and teachers better understood, many a boy would be saved much life-long sorrow, if spoken to, judiciously, at this time; for at this time he has the power of selection of his new spiritual birth, as well as of the physical.

"This creative power, then, if properly conserved, will result in great mental or physical possibilities. Thus, my boys, with a proper control of your sexual functions, you may become powerful professional, literary, legal, or business men; exerting a creative originality that will accomplish things worth while. If each of you will profit by the facts I mean to put before you, but a few years hence we shall hear of more than one great man who was brought up in this little town.

"Let me now call your attention to just one point in anatomy. There is, within each one of you what is known as the Seminal Vesicle—meaning simply the vessel that holds the semen. This may be compared to little sacs, in which the semen is stored until, when they are over-filled by not being used,—for Nature always produced in over-abundance—they contract and force out the semen they contain. This usually occurs during sleep, and is called a nocturnal emission. It is a natural process, and does not denote the presence of disease, as some would have you believe, unless it occur frequently.

"Emissions are common to all boys, just as the

regular menstrual flow is common to all girls. Because of this occurrence there should be no sense of anxiety or shame. On the contrary, we should feel a sacred gratitude to the Father for His wise provision and the trust He has imposed,—well knowing that in due time kind Nature will regulate herself to an infrequent occurrence, and that it is of no importance, and will not produce depression of spirit, or vitality, unless it occur so frequently as to lead to poor health, and so necessitate the advice of a conscientious physician. And here let me say that scientific advice, boys, is never, to in any way indulge your sexual functions, outside of the bonds of the true and legitimate love of one woman for one man. Any other course will lead to the disappointment of your highest hope and noblest desires.

“The sex life, in its exercise, like the man himself, is ‘triune,’ and every healthy normal man has the power of control over this part of his being. The threefold sex function, then, is, first, MENTAL; secondly, EMOTIONAL; and thirdly, MECHANICO-PHYSICAL.

“I. MENTAL. Let us first turn to the mental. The perfectly normal man is healthy in his body, his mind, and his spirit. He has been rightly taught,—as we are seeking to teach you boys to-day,—he therefore has the right mental attitude toward his sex life. As I have already said, he has the right idea of womanhood; and he keeps ever in mind the thought that somewhere in the great world, is being prepared for him the one woman whose life is to be inseparably linked with his, and that for her he is preparing and keeping himself, that all his hope and future happiness be not cast on

the relentless shores of Time, already strewn with human wreckage.

“Boys, language cannot depict the utter sadness of this wreckage; the blasted hopes, the broken, bleeding hearts, the lives from which has been robbed every vestige of human happiness; the children whose eyes can never behold the light of day or look on the face of loved ones; those who are crippled, epileptic, weak-minded, mentally deficient, morally perverted, insane, and in every conceivable way unfitted for mastering the stern realities of life,—a menace and expense not only to the individual but to the nation. These facts will give you a mental picture not nearly so terrible as the reality, but one that, even so, should assist you in maintaining the right mental attitude toward your sex-life.

“I have mentioned certain diseases which are often the outcome of vice. You will, of course, not be so narrow as to think that every epileptic and every person afflicted in the manner I have described is suffering from the effects of these sins, either in himself or in others. I would make it clear to you that all these physical ills may have arisen from other causes,—accident for instance, is often responsible for epilepsy, and also for other ailments.

“The mental attitude toward the sexual life, as a safe-guard from sin, may be summed up as follows:

“First, and foremost,—The knowledge that there is no ‘physical necessity’ for the exercise of the sexual function.

“Secondly,—To conserve this power, is to develop the highest possibilities for achievement. Promiscuous or perverted sex-life, leads to an infection of the blood,



in nearly every case, which ruins health, and often mentality also, and leads to horrible physical diseases in middle life, if not before, that will extend to children's children,—if not first wrecking and destroying the life of her who may some day trust you to be her husband.

“ Thirdly,—Some day you will want a home of your own; and you have no right to take from a wife what you can not give her in return. You must be as just to your future wife as you are now to your companions in the ball game, even though you may have no idea whom you are to marry. You will expect her to be pure and good. Then you must be pure and good yourself,—now, as well as after marriage.

“ These rules, boys, I am going to have printed; and I will supply each one of you with a copy. They will be a proper mental stimulus, together with the knowledge which you have regarding them, to keep your mental attitude right. This is the most important step toward the mastery of self, not only in the sex life, but in all other things as well. With this decision, you manfully settle the question forever. The matter is disposed of, and will not bother you again. You have chosen the right, and have determined never to be a slave to passion. You will now give your energy, your thought, your creative power, to other and important matters.

“ However vile a man may be, he knows the boy or man who has finally made up his mind on these questions. It is the weakling, and the weakling only, who cannot escape the sneers and taunts of the sensual men about him. The strong and true invariably win respect and confidence even from the vicious. This stand



will also invite to the mind according to the law of impenetrability,—which discloses that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time,—high and noble thoughts, clearly defined principles, and plans which will clear the mind from evil suggestions that may have been planted there.

“II. EMOTIONAL. We come now to the second main division, namely the emotional side of sex life. On this I do not need to say very much, after what I have said already. In the healthy, sane man or boy, *all* the emotions,—this one among the rest,—are directly under the control of the intellect, and so are kept from running riot. And yet the great need of your being forewarned, and so prepared, in case of necessity, to discipline yourselves, is apparent in the lives of others every day. Hardly a day goes by in which you may not read of horrible tragedies due to no other cause than that sexual emotion has conquered reason, and wrought havoc that can never be set right. Even men and women have suddenly seemed to lose their mental balance, and have fallen into sin and given signs of what is really temporary insanity, solely because the power of sexual attraction has come upon them unprepared. The lesson for us, here, is evident. Each day, and all the time *all* our emotions must be kept in check; and when we feel the promptings of affection, we must be careful to keep those promptings well in hand.

“III. MECHANICO-PHYSICAL. The mechanico-physical will follow the mental consent to the emotion; and is, or should be, resultant upon the second element of the triune sex function.

“We have been considering a normal man, but sad

as it is true, is the fact that not all of us are normal; and, if physically so, few have been rightly taught. We will, therefore, look at these two classes for a while.

“Those not having the right physical start are of two classes: some of them have inherited weaknesses and tendencies to certain diseases, such as tuberculosis; and others have conditions calling for slight surgical treatment, which are born with them, or have come into existence through errors of one kind or another. In either case these conditions will result in physical and sexual weakness. I refer, particularly, to a tightened foreskin, to papillæ, which are small growths in the rectum, a prolapsed or inflamed portion of the lower intestine known as the sigmoid flexure, which is prone to telescope into itself or to become distended with waste intestinal matter called fæces, or to have its circular muscles lose their tonicity and become unbalanced. Each of these conditions is quite common, and will keep up a continual excitation of the sexual sense, as also will pressure of irregularly tense ligaments upon certain spinal nerves cause ‘osteopathic lesions’ requiring the skill of a well-trained and scientific osteopath to discover and treat them. Any of these irregularities,—especially the first named,—may so call the attention of the boy or man to the physical that, whatever be his ideals, he falls prey to too frequent involuntary losses, it may be at every evacuation of the bowels or bladder,—and he is further likely to make matters worse by voluntary action that will do him physical and moral injury.

“Such a case, boys, I have in mind, and will tell you something about it. At puberty, his face began to be

blotchy, his appetite to be capricious, his bowels constipated, emissions became very frequent, and sexual excitement almost constant. He answered quack advertisements, as boys are apt to do, and spent much money on them; only to be disappointed, discouraged, and fearful that his reason would fail (as he had been told it would), because of the drain upon his system. His father now insisted, as he observed his pale face and loss of flesh, and especially as the boy had a slight morning cough,—that he consult the doctor. Unfortunately for him, as for some other boys, the doctor, after questioning as to his sexual nature and symptoms, made the astounding statement that there was but one way to reach health, namely, to seek illicit sexual relations. This was abhorrent to the boy, and he refused.

“At this stage, through the earnest solicitation of a friend,—a young man who had found wholesome professional advice and treatment at the hands of a well-known physician,—he also was persuaded to seek for consultation. As a result, his mind was set at ease, at once, concerning his involuntary emissions, as he was assured that these losses were due to pressure and nerve irritation that could be relieved, and cured; his intestinal condition was corrected by bowel flushing; his prolapsed intestine was kept cleaned and raised to its normal position, bringing relief to the congested sexual organs, and, in turn, to the entire system. With electrical treatment and other measures, followed according to instructions, the young man made steady progress toward health; and only last week he called to express his gratitude for the excellent health he now enjoys. He had, in six years, developed a fine physique,

and achieved great success in business; he had a wife and a nice home of his own; and, as he said to the doctor, 'Among other blessings you made possible to me, is a fine robust boy, two years of age. I wish you could see him.'

"To bear in mind these things, my boys, will not make you 'prigs,' or 'pedants,' weaklings or oddities. It will deprive you of no rational enjoyment; it will rob you of none of the world's benefits; but, on the contrary, it will lead you to a clear-headed, self-respecting manhood, and a happy, joyous productive life. It will give you an ambition that will so fill your life with activity, that the morbid desire for unwarrantable and pernicious activities, shall find no place in your minds.

"Byron, at twenty-five, had poets, who later became famous, at his feet. He cannot now be classed with them, for he wasted his creative power, and died at thirty-four. Athletes, however low in the scale, recognize the necessity of conservation of sexual energy under the quiet directing and controlling force of mind in order that their muscles may be strong.

"In a booklet published by the American Medical Association, the author says:

" 'It is manly to keep away from all temptation, and you are the only one who can make you strong enough to do it.

" 'Have you ever inquired how a trainer prepares an athlete for a sparring match, a rowing or foot race or any other manly contest? Besides the regular exercise and carefully selected food which the athlete must take, he is forbidden to smoke, drink intoxicating liquors, or approach women. The trainers want their men to win. To win they must be in perfect health,



and if they do any of the forbidden things their health can not be perfect.

“ ‘So it is in life, and so it will be in your life. If you want to be a strong man you must preserve your health. And you can not be healthy if you do any of the things you should not.

“ ‘But what if you have already begun to think and do things that are dangerous? Your task will be harder, but I can sum it up in one word—Stop!’

“Men of accomplishment everywhere recognize this in a greater or less degree; and still we see the very ones who give utterance to the fact, themselves slaves to their uncontrolled passions. This slavery has been a natural outgrowth of their early habits, and like a drug or narcotic habit, it completely masters them. These facts being placed before a boy,—he is no longer excused; for he now will begin or continue any form of pollution of his body, wilfully. If he would be pure and strong, he will have his struggles, but out of struggle is manhood developed.

“In conclusion let me add a few words about alcohol and tobacco. When you go into college, you will find that students are encouraged in the use of beer and wines. I cannot take time now, to prove it to you, but alcohol, in any form, makes sexual immorality easy and probable. It paralyzes the higher moral senses, and irritates the sexual centres. Alcohol and all forms of sexual vice, go hand in hand.

“Those vampires who enslave pure girls in dens of compulsory degradation and keep them in their iron grip until death comes to their release, well know that they can only accomplish their purpose through the action of drink,



“The manly thing, at this day, is to be an abstainer from alcoholic drink. Besides, none can afford to take chances on the ‘drug habit’ that follows in so many cases. It is not a matter of taking it, or letting it alone. The drunkard was only a ‘social glass fellow’ to begin with, and did not intend to become its slave. He is to be pitied, and regarded as any other insane man; but do not forget that you, who are forewarned, would be far less deserving of the pity of strong, clean, abstaining men and women, should you fall victims to this dreadful curse.

“Tobacco, also, fastens itself upon the nervous system, though in a less degree; and they, too, who become its slaves, likewise deserve and need our pity. No man can accomplish his highest purpose when becoming thus enslaved; for, it is his divine privilege to be his own master. Perhaps you may be saying to yourself that you know good and strong men who smoke. That may be true. I do not say that good men do not use tobacco; but this I do say—that there are very few such men, who, had they only known, would never have allowed themselves to form the habit. For confirmation of this fact I do not ask you to take my word, for, as you know, I do not know one thing about the effects of smoking from my own personal experience. I ask you to approach a man who smokes, and for whom you have good reason to feel respect, and ask him his advice. Not one will advise you to follow in his steps, and nearly every one will warn you not to do so.

“What stronger proof could we have that the tobacco habit is a curse? Indulged, at first, perhaps, with the mistaken idea that its quieting effect upon the

nervous system will lead to better work, it soon becomes a tyrant, and very few indeed can use it without incurring irreparable injury.

“So, boys, I beg of you, avoid all things that tend to lessen self-control. Be men, strong in your God-given powers, pure, clean, and wholesome in body and in mind; and thus shall life be always bright and always tend to good and not to evil for yourselves and for the world. A controlled body means an unhampered spirit that can see with a clear vision things eternal.”

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE ENGAGEMENT

THE four years had slipped away rapidly, as happy years are wont to slip away. The whole Lyon family, including the faithful, grateful, and now healthful governess Miss Archer, was waiting to see the procession of seniors cross the campus and enter the hall, for among them was Lewis, now a tall strong handsome man.

There was another year ahead of Esther, for she had, from the beginning, lessened her work in accordance with the wish of her father that on no condition should she be under mental strain on those days upon which nature had the greater claim.

"What is one year's delay of cap and gown, my child, in comparison with a fine physique that shall make you a healthy woman, a good wife and mother, and so a valuable member of the community?" This her father had impressed upon her, and if, sometimes, she longed to rush forward with her classmates, she had but to look upon the undeveloped, flat-chested, narrow thighed, nervous girls around her, to realize the wisdom of her father's teaching, and to content herself with an additional year of college life.

"See, there is Esther! There in that bunch of Sophs," said Miss Archer, with whom Esther had always been a favorite. "And there isn't another girl in the bunch who has such a glow of health, or who carries herself with such splendid vigor."

"No," said Dr. Robert proudly. "There isn't. I see 'N-e-u-r-o-t-i-c' written upon the face of many girls in the class. That's the ordinary public school product. Yes, I think we must organize a school for adolescent girls," Dr. Robert went on joyously. "You shall be the principal and I,—the board of medical directors."

"And our school shall be——"

"Admitted at twelve," interrupted Dr. Lyon. "All unnecessary grammar school stuff dropped, and preparatory studies for college early entered upon. A gymnasium in which the girls shall exercise or run or play after each recitation—and to the jolliest, liveliest, purest music that can be found. A circulatory system cannot be wound up once a week, like a clock, and warranted to go for seventy-two hours, as some of our educators seem to think. Exercise should be frequent, if one expects to establish a self-sustaining circulation. And physical measurements, yes, these are indispensable, and each girl shall be set to her own special work. Frequent new measurements, too; for this encourages the girl as she sees her deficiencies decreasing. But what next? Let me see. Society—O yes—social functions, boys invited, every week. Girls should learn to be at ease with boys, and they should learn each to have a responsibility in entertaining. A wholesome social training should be an essential part of every college life.

"The curriculum shall be so elastic that every girl may afford time to rest from undue mental stimulation when such rest is desirable, and that, too, without needing to worry over loss of time.

"Careful medical supervision, in consultation with

the family physician, so that any early tendencies to abnormality may be corrected in the beginning; for no doctrine is more harmful than that which excuses neglect of a young woman on the ground that 'she will outgrow it in good time.'

"And one thing more—there shall be some one teacher who has the tact and the delicacy to give full sex instructions; and there shall be a class in which the young people shall be trained in the selection of life mates, and in home building, so that they may have normal ideas of life and its responsibilities. Unless such ideas are instilled, education becomes a sort of 'go as you please' in the very matters in which greatest care and most patient guidance should be given; and it will be our aim to educate thoroughly, and not one-sidedly."

Just then the class song rang out across the campus, and Dr. Lyon realized that he had theorized too long. "It was your fault, Miss Archer, you shouldn't have started me on my pet theme," he said, and they turned to the chapel, where Dr. Ruth, the happiest mother in all the world, and Lewis, the proudest son, awaited their coming.

Into the chapel marched the candidates for degrees, and following them the Sophs. At Esther's side walked a handsome honest-faced lad, Lewis's particular chum, and one of whom the Lyons had heard much during the four college years.

"Philip is the best fellow that ever lived, Pop," Lewis had said; and he looked upon the growing friendship between his chum and his sister with glee.

"He has the right ideas, Mother mine," he said



earnestly one day to Dr. Ruth; and she knew that she could trust her son's judgment.

"You must take good care of Esther, next year, Philip," said Dr. Ruth, when she said good-bye at the railroad station before turning homeward with her own precious children.

"It will be my greatest pleasure," said Philip, gallantly; and there was little doubt of his sincerity. Nor did he fail to keep his promise; for when the next Easter came around, and Esther and Philip were graduating, both were carried off in triumph to the Lyon farm, and, in due time, an engagement was announced.

"Just as I predicted," sniffed Aunt Mehetabel. "All that time and money wasted on her education! They might have known she'd study boys, instead of books!"

CHAPTER XXII

MEDICAL SUPERVISION IN THE SCHOOLS

**R**ING! ring! ring! ring!  
 "Hello!"  
 "Hello! is this Dr. Lyon?"

"Yes."

"Good morning, Doctor. This is Edwards, chairman of the School Board."

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Edwards."

"The Superintendent has been telling me, Doctor, about your lecture."

"Yes?"

"A fine thing, I say. I'm glad you gave it,—mighty glad."

"Thank you, Mr. Edwards."

"Now, Doctor, we aren't meaning to ride a good horse to death; but I've been wondering if you would favor us once more, and come before the Board this evening to explain to us this matter of Medical School Supervision. I'm not a learned man, and I don't know about these things; but if it is best for our town to have it, why we must—that's all."

"It is certainly a grand thing—a necessary thing, Mr. Edwards; of that there can be no doubt. And I shall be glad to come and talk it over with you."

"All right. Thank you. This evening at eight—will that be all right?"

"All right. This evening at eight. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

It was, then, at eight o'clock that Dr. Robert went before the School Board, the clergy of the town, and four other doctors, together with many mothers and fathers, to speak of the crying need in our Public Schools for medical supervision.

After a brief introduction by the chairman, he began:

"With all due appreciation of the various modern innovations and additions that have been made to the once meagre school curriculum, the doctors and the parents of each community might well combine and demand that one more department be added—a department of thorough and continuous medical supervision.

"To draw, to paint, to construct, to sing, to cook, to sew—all these are good; they make for usefulness, and, better still, they make for broad sympathy and for generous outlook upon life.

"But the one thing that underlies all usefulness and all success in life is a firm, well-balanced nervous system. With it, one is brave and courageous, able to override obstacles and defy defeat. With it, life is a joyful thing, and things become worth while.

"A medical supervisor should be one who gives his whole time to a community—ranking with the other special teachers. At present our medical supervisors are physicians in practise, who give a certain small portion of their time to school supervision. This is far better than nothing; but a supervisor whose whole time could be given to the schools, and who could thereby tabulate facts about the children and watch developments, would be of infinitely greater value.

"This supervisor, like the primary teachers, should, I think, be a woman, because of her tact with children and close motherly sympathy with them.

"She should, if possible, have been herself a school teacher, for then she would understand the relation of her work to the work of the school.

"Thirdly, the medical supervisor should be one who is capable of direct and vigorous platform work. This is essential to the most important part of the medical supervisor's duty, as she should form and maintain parents' clubs in which the training of children is to be discussed. Each large building should have its own club, made up of the parents of the children of that particular school.

"The medical supervisor should be as closely in touch with modern pedagogy and modern child study as she is with pathology and therapeutics. It is her duty quite as much to acquaint the parent with every stage of the child's mental growth as with his physical development. Without such knowledge no parent is able wisely and fully to meet the child's needs. The nursery maid type of mother no longer can be counted as completely equipped. The twentieth century mother must meet the demands of her whole child, and no one but a good medical supervisor, is fitted to assist her to this perfect, all-round understanding of her duty. A supervisor should instruct both parents and teachers; and seeing that any woman of average intelligence can graduate as a nurse, any mother of average intelligence can be taught, for her own and for her child's good, those things pertaining to health and disease that a nurse is able to learn.

"Every mother and every teacher should know enough of pathology and therapeutics to intelligently watch a child and know what disease is brewing, and, when the disease is passed, what its sequelae may be.

She should be able to tell when nerves and eyes are normal, and when irritable and abnormal; when a child's languor or inattention or stupidity is due to mental deficiency, and when due to physical conditions which affect the child's mentality.

"No one movement could perhaps prevent so much human misery as a movement for universal medical supervision of helpless children. Under such supervision the children who now grow up sickly and diseased would have fair opportunity for physical development. Their limitations may be early discovered, and the proper light be thrown upon these limitations, so that they may be rescued from the misery that might come later in life to them.

"There is also another moral aspect to the matter of medical supervision. So long as the parents are so criminally neglectful in matters pertaining to the period of adolescence in their boys and girls, and since young people are thrown out into society from which the old Puritan simplicity and honor and morality are fading, there is serious work for the schools to do in saving the children through intelligent instruction.

"Now and then a brave voice rings out, but we pay little heed. Dr. Stanley Hall's book on Adolescence ought to arouse the interest and concern of every intelligent mother; but if she still fail to understand and appreciate, then the school authorities should come to the rescue. There should be, over every high school community, one good medical man, and one good medical woman, to whom boys and girls could go with the questions, and by whom they can be informed concerning the grave needs which parents so wilfully or ignorantly overlook.



"We are, one and all, very loth to consider these problems,—the deepest and most important in human life. We prepare our young people for trades and for professions; but for home making,—the part of life which, above all, makes a heaven or hell of the personal life,—we prepare our young people not at all.

"Every young man should have it impressed upon him by some reputable physician who will state plain scientific facts without sensational attempt to terrify, that a life of youthful debauchery means defeat in middle life and physical wreckage to wife and children. Every young woman should have placed before her pictures of the dignity and the beauty of true home-making. She should be shown what her own possible wifehood and motherhood might be in a home where high ideals and kindly intelligence reign—where motherhood is a sacred thing, and where duties to children are a religion.

"We are told by psychologists that religion and sex are the two deepest, most fundamental instincts in life. The church takes care of the one; the school, until there are more mothers who are wise in the deep things of life, should take care of the other.

"Finally, then, all medical supervision must be profoundly sympathetic. The supervisor should be able and willing to teach, to exhort, to direct; more than that, she must be consecrated to the cause of the little children. She must understand the child, and appreciate his feelings. She must recognize that every child is facing the great facts of life; and she must have for the little one that sympathy for human weakness which Christ himself exemplified when he stretched forth his hand and drew the children to him, yearning, as only

a great soul can yearn, to save, to guide and to protect them.

"It may be that his 'Suffer little children to come unto me' means more than we are wont to attribute to the words. It may be that, as one who feels because he himself has lived deeply, he spoke the words more as a prayer—a human yearning to save these little children from the sufferings which, through ignorance and neglect, were already revealing themselves to his illumined vision; for every child is a pathetic little creature, bearing, as it does through heredity, the burden of generations gone before; cursed or blessed, as the case may be, before its own birth, by the lives of its ancestors; helpless, guileless, ignorant, inexperienced, and moulded by its environment.

"What greater work of charity, of philanthropy, then, can one do than to work for these children, with the view of protecting them from accident, developing their life force, sustaining their physical vigor? Without this there is little joy in life, no satisfactory activity, no harmony, limited usefulness, no happy fulfillment of purpose. The physically limited human being leads a life of limitation, of inhibition, of disappointment, of thwarted ambitions and aspirations.

"That we have, each one of us, a soul and a spirit some may question; but of one thing we are sure,—that we have a body; and that this body is the bridge between the unknown soul world and the known sense world; and however great, however divine, the soul and spirit may be, they cannot speak to the conscious human being, cannot send convoys to earth with messages of joy, through a body that is over-wrought or over-burdened,

"Let us then do what we can for the physical welfare of the little child; for in that way, quite as much as in any other way, we may fit him for a life of satisfactory fulfillment, and so make for him the conditions which the Christ foresaw when he said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not!' or again when He said, 'But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hung about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.'

"A distinguished authority on these matters has said, 'The chief aim of education should be to prolong adolescence'; and by that he means, to prolong that period of innocence and faith which, as we all know, fades away as the years go by. It is then that the doctor says life's forces are waning; the psychologist says, adolescence is passing; the individual says, I am tired of the struggle,—and he truthfully thinks he is.

"This is true, and if we would preserve health to middle life, we must look to the health of the children. As an illustration let me say that in a certain school containing some two hundred children whom it was my privilege to examine, twenty-nine were found with marked far-sightedness. Far-sightedness was a characteristic of the primitive eye, and was most useful when, as a primitive people, we followed the herd or pursued our prey across the plains. A far-sighted eye in modern times, in a period of near-sighted occupations, is, however, most disastrous. Such an eye is under constant strain and tension in its attempt to bring its natural focus down to fit the artificial condition under which it must work. As the result of years

of such strain and tension, it is little wonder that disturbances of the sympathetic nervous system are brought about.

“For some time—years, if the child be strong,—this strain may go on; but there comes a time when, like the over-loaded bridge, the foundations give way and disaster follows.

“One of these children was whipped at home, and prodded on at school, for what was counted obstinate carelessness in reading and in number work. Another was nervous and thin, and never slept soundly,—a most common result of the congested condition at the base of the brain produced by eye strain and often also by preputial adhesions in both sexes. Another had almost never a good appetite, and nausea was of frequent occurrence. This child was forever being ‘built up,’ but, as the doctors had often told the parents, its abnormal lack of appetite worked always against it. This is a very typical case.

“In this school there were also several cases of adenoid pressure in the pharynx back of the nose; two of them quite advanced, the others in incipiency, and capable of easy correction. Of the two advanced cases, one was a girl of thirteen. Her mother testified that the child snored in her sleep, and that they tried to break up the habit by tying up the chin. Of late articulation had become poor, and the sensitive child was beginning to beg to leave school, so behind was she in her class work, and so conscious of her peculiarity. This child had the ‘adenoid expression,’ as it is called, to a marked degree,—the drawn eyes, the open mouth, the protruding lips. On examination, deafness was revealed, due to the pressure of the adenoids upon the



eustachian tubes; and the blood was found to be far below a well oxygenized standard, due, of course, to inefficient respiration. The other child, in very similar condition, died a little later of pneumonia, the capacity of the system to resist the disease being doubtless lessened by the impeded respiration. Of the incipient cases, three parents were induced to take their children to a surgeon and have the adenoids removed. If the operations were done skilfully and successfully, no one can estimate the suffering from which the children were saved, to say nothing of the fact that these children were in a fair way to become useless members of the community.

“Another line of assistance to children that might come through medical supervision of our schools, would be that of the careful watching of children when they come back to school after illness. To most parents, either through indolence or ignorance, a child is supposed to be cured when the acute symptoms are passed, and little or no attention is paid to after effects. I once saw a child who had returned to school after a rheumatic fever. The child was free from rheumatism, to be sure, but the palpitation and breathlessness that were all too evident, showed plainly the probable valvular sequelae of the fever. The parents were informed of the child's condition, and it was taken to a physician more careful in the treatment of children than the family physician had shown himself to be.

“Knowledge of such conditions should, of course, be taught to the teachers by the medical supervisor, so that they, watching the children, and knowing the nature of the disease through which the child had passed and the probable conditions which follow, might call



the attention of the visiting supervisor to these cases, and name them for examination.

“Scarlet fever, and even measles, have been known to leave their trace upon the child. Should a teacher find a bright child, on his return to school after suffering from one of these diseases, manifesting signs of inattention or blunted interests, it would be well to see if the child’s vision or hearing have not become affected, as is often the case. Nothing blunts interest like inadequacy of sense perceptions, and the consequent blunting of response to stimulation. We often blame a deaf person for inattention, and feel that he is needlessly careless of the comfort of others; but we must recognize that there is a physiological reason for this inattention. In these cases the auditory nerve has learned not to listen because it has learned that in all probability it will not hear. So it may be with the child whose inattention becomes marked, following a certain class of diseases.

“Quite recently I have come across several cases of chronic illness, late in life, resulting from neglected accidents or illnesses of childhood. To these I call your attention for a few moments, to further illustrate the importance of the supervision for which I plead.

“Case 1. This person was forty-one years of age, and had suffered from an eye strain, that yielded to no treatment, until the coccyx was found to be broken. It was learned that the manipulation of the broken bone increased, immediately, the irritability of the eyes. The patient recalled that at the age of sixteen, she had had a severe fall on the ice, and that, for months, sitting for any length of time, had been painful. The coccyx

was removed, and the patient made marked improvement in the eyes, and the cure was complete.

"Case 2. Age 38. The patient was melancholy, tearful, and with constant pressing pain upon the top of the head. Eyes were also irritable. On examination of the lower bowel, two burrowing ulcers were found; one upon the sigmoid ring, the other just below the first. The patient reported a severe dysentery at the age of eleven, at which time she recalled a two-year period of headache similar to that which now afflicted her. The ulcers were cauterized, the eyes became, in two days, less sensitive to strong light, and the headache disappeared completely.

"Case 3. Age 36. Man of business. A neurasthenic. He was found to have marked lumbar curvature of the spine, together with the chronic bodily weariness which often accompanies such curvatures. Upon investigation of his history, it was found that, at the age of nine, he had been put to work in a country grocery, where he handled more or less heavy barrels and boxes. At one time he remembered distinctly that when he threw a box onto the wagon he was taken with sudden pain in his back. Seat of pain was bound in Balm of Gilead, and the lameness wore off in a year or so. The seat of this childhood injury was now found to be the seat of a present anæsthesia under the Faradic current, and hyperæsthesia from pressure.

"Case 4. A farmer, aged 64. Crippled from stiff shoulder, and arm gradually withering. On examination, a certain articulation was found out of place, and so long had it been in this condition, judging from the asymmetrical development, that reduction was almost impossible. The patient had never, in his

memory, had quite free use of this arm. The patient's sister recalled a severe wrench which this arm had received in his boyhood through a fall from the haymow. She remembered a period of lameness, from which the boy finally recovered more or less, and the incident was forgotten.

"Case 5. Age 27. A woman with marked curvature and accompanying neurasthenia. Her back had ached, at intervals, from childhood. On careful examination, it was found that one leg was fully an inch shorter than the other, throwing the spine into a mechanical curvature when standing or walking. The mother recalled that, as a child, the patient had a severe fall, followed by limping and sciatic pains for some few weeks. The left os innominatum was found dislocated,—pushed forward. This was reduced under an anæsthetic, and marked improvement followed.

"Such, then, are a few of the hundreds of neglected injuries, in children, which report themselves in later life, disproving the cruel and careless theory that children "outgrow" ailments. The above cases are significant, moreover, in that they prove that often it is not well to be content with merely examining the eyes of children and prescribing glasses. The eye strain should, of course, be corrected; but the possible remote cause of the eye strain should also be investigated.

"Much more might be quoted, but I am sure that enough has been said to convince any intelligent hearer of the need for medical supervision in our schools. Even the best of parents do not understand pathology; and the family doctor is far too busy to follow up individual cases.

"There are already a few directors in our schools

who believe that such supervision is necessary, and the time will come when a community will no more think of dispensing with a medical supervisor, than with a superintendent.

“ Last, but not least, the medical supervisors should be men and women of broad enough views of life to recognize that much suffering and physical decay arise not only from perversion of the sex nature, but also from nerve irritations that are themselves the causes of such perversions, and that of themselves will produce the same symptoms that arise from vicious habits. Parents are loth to believe a detrimental report concerning the morals of their children, but they will be ready to permit a thorough physical examination which may disclose the need, in either boy or girl, for advice as to cleanliness or for a small surgical operation that will save the child otherwise doomed to physical or moral degeneracy.

“ There has been little instruction furnished, private or public, either to the under-graduate or to the rising generation of the laity, upon the proper condition and treatment of the sexual system. The subject, by universal consent, has been almost wholly unmentioned and unconsidered.

“ As untilled soil is pre-empted by weeds, and uncivilized countries are occupied by savage races and beasts of prey, so this untamed part of human nature calls loudly for medical missionary work. The pernicious sexual habits of early life, and the consequent weaknesses and sins of maturer years, form an unwritten history of our kind that fully explains a large percentage of its miseries.

“ In view of this almost universal and prodigal ex-

penditure of the creative force, now that we are awakening to the fact that the welfare of society is entirely dependent upon the vigor of its men and women, is it not time for the medical profession to take this matter in hand and see if some preventive measures cannot be employed to remove this predisposing cause of decay?

“With freedom from temptation to wayward practices, may not the chastisements of time be lighter, the fabric of human society be raised upon a more substantial basis, and man approach more nearly the image of his Maker?

“As prevention is better than cure, all measures that tend, not only to restore, but to maintain the equilibrium of bodily functions and activities merit the most careful and thorough consideration of the medical profession, and of our educators generally.



## CHAPTER XXIII

## WHEN THE BIRDLINGS FLY AWAY

“Dear hearts, you were waiting a year ago  
For the glory to be revealed;  
You were wondering deeply, with bated breath,  
What treasure the days concealed.  
Oh, would it be this, or would it be that?  
Would it be girl or boy?  
Would it look like father or mother most?  
And what should you do for joy?  
And then one day, when the time was full,  
And the Spring was coming fast,  
The tender grace of a life outbloomed,  
And you saw your baby at last.  
Was it or not what you had dreamed?  
It was, and yet it was not;  
For oh, it was better a thousand times  
Than ever you wished or thought.”  
(John White Chadwick.)

**T**HERE comes to every parent, at middle age, a period of loneliness. At this time the children are grown up, and are beginning to find their own interests. They love Mother; but she is no longer necessary to them in the little things that once filled their days. Esther and Lewis were very proud of their mother, and loved her reverently, but their own lives were now more absorbing; and it was right it should be so. Little Edward too, was rapidly growing out of childhood into the awakening adolescent boy, and was no longer a clinging child.

And Dr. Ruth—yes, this busy physician, was lonesome. Robert was just as devoted a lover as ever, and Ruth grew prouder and prouder of him every day. But the children were grown up; and she realized that in a few more years Edward too would be in college,

and the twins would have left the home nest for homes of their own.

"Robert," she said, "what *would* I do when the children are gone, if you, too, were growing away?"

"*I* growing away? What *is* the matter with my little wife?" and Dr. Robert pretended to be surprised.

"I wonder if all mothers feel like this when their babies grow up? Oh Rob, I want my babies again! I want those dear sweet days when Lewis and Esther were little helpless babes. Do you remember how we used to sit in the nursery, and hold the little things in our laps and dream dreams for their future?"

Robert gathered his little wife in his big strong arms, and held her close. How she rested in that loved embrace, and how his strength compassed her about! Soon she drew a deep sigh which meant, rest, rest; for to a woman this is rest indeed, and peace.

"Darling," said Ruth after a time, "Mrs. Martin was here this afternoon, and she is so angry because she is to be a mother again. She is forty-four, and Willie is ten years old. She seems to feel that she has been misused and imposed upon. And, somehow, her anger and defiance set up a great cry in my soul. I couldn't understand the bitterness in her heart against that little coming baby!

"I, too, am forty-four; but I am not glad the babies are out of the way, as Mrs. Martin would be. It makes me so lonely to see the twins drifting away. They were our first babies, Rob; and how wonderful it all was to us! Some way, of late, it all comes back to me, over and over, the wonder and the joy of those early days!"

"I have seldom heard women express anything but

anger at the coming of a baby in middle life," said Robert slowly, "and of course, it is not for a man to judge, but it has always seemed to me that these late babies might be a great comfort and might receive great benefit. They ought to keep one young; and they ought to postpone that lonely period after the first children drift away and the mother sits with empty arms, and with, perhaps, also an empty heart."

"Yes Rob, with all the affection I bear for you, and the children, something in my heart longs again for a wee baby, a little helpless dependent baby, to hold tight and to brood over because it is helpless and dependent;" and the strong lips quivered, and the tears came into her eyes. "Very soon the time will come when the possibility of motherhood will have gone from me; and I don't like the idea of losing the thing that one feels to be the dearest.

"Tell me, Robert dear, might we not have just one more sweet little baby? It would not wrong the child, do you think, at our age? We should give it excellent prenatal influences owing to our maturity and experience; and again, with our years of experience and study, with mature love and a better knowledge of human nature, and the widening of sympathies and thought that our surgical practice and lectures have given, might we not produce a better child than even these three. I'd rather like to see. It would be quite a study, and such a joyous expectation!"

"No dear, I think there would be no wrong to the child. Were either of us broken in health, there would; but we are not. Few women at thirty are as well as you are to-day."

"I am so glad you think it would do the dear little

baby no harm," said Ruth happily—"and so glad you do not think that I am selfish."

Dr. Robert looked down into the face that appealed to him so pathetically, but he said nothing. What could he say? What words are adequate in presence of the deep longing that comes into the heart of a true woman at this time in her life?

Someone has said that nature is cruel to women. She builds up her schemes of reproduction step by step, from the soulless, unconscious amœba to the consecrated, loving heart of the woman. She weaves love, love, love into the fibre of her nature, and compasses her round about with the sublimest of sentiments. She evolves great love between men and women,—a love so deep, so self-sacrificing, that the world knows no greater; and she adds to this a love of offspring that counts no cost, no pain, no sacrifice, too great. All these she superinduces upon the fundamental instinct for simple reproduction; but when suffering takes the place of joy, when death claims the loved ones, when physical vigor grows less, while the wife and mother heart remains the same, then Nature ruthlessly and relentlessly turns her back from her desire. "What care I for sentiment?" she seems to say. "What care I for the individual? I work only for the species!"

Said Robert, "Listen to a plan I have for running away for a vacation, now that the twins are off to college. Indeed, I have been thinking it is high time we went off for a change. You are tired, and I suspect you have been thinking too much. Now I have a plan. In "The British Weekly" I read that the Duke of Norfolk has put a promenade, a mile in length, along the water front at Littlehampton, and that here and

there are little rest houses where one may sit and look at the sea."

"Dear Littlehampton, I love every foot of that wee town," said Dr. Ruth dreamily; for her memory ran back to one sweet time, now ten years since, when she and Robert had taken a slow steamer across the ocean, and had spent a quiet month together in that little English seaport town.

It was a tiny town, off the main railroad, and seldom visited by strangers; but it was very picturesque, with its little hedge-row streets and its quaint little lattice-windowed houses.

Robert had taken one of these little houses; and there, like romantic children, these two married lovers had spent a happy month.

"Do you remember the night of the storm?" asked Robert, "and how we struggled down to the shore to see the breakers?"

"And the next day—it was Sunday—and we walked along the shore over to Rustington, and went into the quaint little chapel. That was the first old church I had seen, you know, and how I loved the weather-beaten doors, and the ivy, and the quaint old chancel! And do you remember the rector's text—dear old man—he seemed a part of the church and of the service?"

"Yes, it was 'Faith, hope, love, and the greatest of these is love.'"

"And—you won't think I am silly to remember?—but you put your arms around me, there in the shadow, and drew me close. A woman remembers those things, dearest. And it made my heart go out to the whole world in love and desire to help humanity."

Robert drew her close to him again, as he had done



in the little Rustington chapel. "Shall we go there again?" he asked, when they had sat in silence for awhile.

"O Rob, it would be so beautiful! Will it do to leave now?"

"I am sure we can. I'm tired of work, and I am sure you need a change."

A month later the doctors and the whole family were on the New York pier. The last signals were given, and the friends of the passengers hurried off the boat. Then the great steamer moved away.

How brave and handsome Robert looked as he waved his good-bye; and how young, quiet and sweet Dr. Ruth looked as she stood beside him. She was still as blithe as a girl, and her clothes were as beautifully simple and as becoming as Esther's. "Old people can't afford to grow careless," was one of her axioms. There was just a sprinkle of gray in the soft hair, and a few lines round the eyes; but these only seemed to soften the happy face. Why is it that no one, in poetry or in prose, sings the song of the mellow, soulful beauty of middle age? Color, and the brilliant dash of youth, are beautiful to look upon, and youth is full of promise; but what a tender pathos, and what a gentle spirit shines forth in the faces of those middle-aged women—and those older women too—whose hearts have been filled with the sacred burdens and trials, and joys of wifehood and motherhood, such as Ruth had known! Their feelings have deepened and their sympathies have widened with life's deep experiences, and to such as these comes a look which tells of an understanding, a sympathy, such as Christ himself must have had. And to those who are weary.

those who are suffering, those upon whom the burden had rolled too heavily—upon such the loving face of the older woman rests like a benediction, and its mellow beauty speaks of a “peace that passeth understanding.”

It was June when they returned; and never, Ruth thought, had any month been so rich in golden lights, so full of soft and soothing sounds. This month they spent upon the farm.

Dr. Ruth had certainly grown ten years younger—everybody said so—and the happy light in her eyes was only exceeded, if at all, by the happy light in Esther’s eager, youthful eyes.

To Dr. Ruth the whole world was pressing forward to the day when her baby should come—the dear late baby who was to fill her heart and her empty arms now that the twins were gone away, and who was to be the comfort of her later years.

Dr. Ruth and Esther, during this vacation time, sat upon the wide piazza and sewed upon the tiny little clothes for the coming stranger. Now and then the former told some sweet story of her own early married life, but especially did she love to tell of the happy time when she was waiting for the coming of her first babies.

From childhood Esther had been brought up simply and honestly in all these things, and had talked freely with her mother about them. She had learned to revere the sweet maternity that brooded ever in her mother’s heart; but never had it seemed so real to her, never had it come to her with such tenderness as now, when she sat by her mother’s side on these glorious summer days. It seemed now to have a deeper and

more personal meaning; and as she worked, day by day, upon the tiny clothes, every stitch of which was made in love, there grew up in her own heart a deep sense of what the other heart must feel; and she dreamed of the motherhood that might some day be her own.

One morning the little stranger came, and when Esther returned from college and saw it, she pressed it to her heart, as she realized that she had grown to love this baby with an almost jealous love, as if it were her very own.

One day Philip saw her as she stood with the baby in her arms, looking down with divine tenderness into its little face. She did not notice his approach; and as he stood in the doorway and looked upon her, a new feeling of awe and reverence came into his heart; and there came into his mind tender thoughts regarding all young women that had never come to him before, thoughts which came as a benediction to him, and humanized and glorified the knowledge which hitherto had been to him but knowledge.

And so it was that the dear late baby brought its blessing to them all.











